What Do You Know About China?

WILSON

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WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT CHINA?

A Source Book of Materials

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A SOURCE BOOK OF MATERIALS

BY

SADIE MAI WILSON

Associate Secretary of Missionary Education, General Sunday School Board, Methodist Episcopal Church, South

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PREFACE

THE object in compiling this Source Book on China was primarily to supply a background of information for teachers in daily vacation sessions of the Church school; but the nature of the material is such that it should prove helpful to children, young people, or adults. A manual, "Chinese Gateways," has been prepared for the guidance of teachers in the use of this material. It suggests a continuous project for Juniors such as might be worked out in a daily vacation course of three to five weeks.

In recent years much has been written and more has been said on the subject of "changing China." There seems to be no end of articles, volumes, and lectures on "chaotic conditions in China," "the new day in China," and similar themes. It has been difficult, however, for one who has an interest in the study of China as a country or of the life and customs of the Chinese people to find some source where he might obtain answers to definite questions on these subjects. The material in this Source Book should help in meeting such a need.

Although some of these articles were published several years ago, they present historical facts or descriptive features which are as significant to-day as when the articles were written.

There is danger in generalizations. It would be presumptuous for any writer to make a general statement and apply it to China as a whole. What is true of one section of China may not be true of another section only two hundred miles away. We must recognize variety in climate, physical features, dialects, customs, and other phases of life. Any superficial survey is likely to seem on

the order of patchwork. Brief though the selections may be, it is hoped that the nature of the material offered is such that it will open up new interests for those who study it, whereby they may seek to obtain a new appreciation for the life and culture of the Chinese, a richer understanding of the thought and character of the Chinese, a wider comprehension of the recent changes which are being wrought out in the political, social, economic, and religious life of the Chinese people, and a more sympathetic recognition of the problems which face leaders in China to-day.

S. M. W.

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I

DESCRIPTIVE MATERIAL

QUESTIONNAIRE—A COMPILATION OF FACT QUESTIONS

1. *What is the oldest nation on earth?*

China. (See chart on page 24 for comparative study of China and other nations.)

2. *Locate China.*

China is in the extreme eastern part of Asia. A glance at the map will show the favorable position occupied by the empire. To the north lies comparatively barren and largely frigid Siberia. To the west and southwest are the dry regions of Central Asia, Afghanistan, Baluchistan, Persia, and Arabia. India and southeastern Asia are fruitful and populous, but their inhabitants are subject to the enervating influences of the tropics, while the Asiatic lands of the Bible are less favored than is China. Japan and Formosa and portions of Korea are as fortunately located as she, but are of very limited extent.

3. *What of its physical features?*

"Were a traveler to encircle China, he would need to journey a distance greater than half the circumference of the world. Of this distance over two thousand miles would be coast line; still more would follow the great mountain systems which are its natural boundaries, and for many miles he would pass through the great plateaus of Tibet and Yunnan and the great desert regions of the Gobi. Along the southern border he would pass eight degrees within the Tropic of Cancer and in the north would reach to within sixteen degrees of the Arctic Circle. Between these two extremes he would meet great varieties of temperature and climate.

"Within the boundaries of the empire all the necessities

of life can be supplied. Grains of many sorts, fruits, both from the temperate zone and from the tropics, wool, cotton, silk, the bamboo, the camphor tree as well as fir and pine, fur-bearing animals, fish, edible birds, medicinal herbs, and flowers abound here. It is small wonder that, isolated as China is, and with such a wealth within her borders, she should have become so independent of the outer world.

"Less than a tenth of China's surface is even moderately flat. It slopes eastward from the Roof of the World, ribbed on the west with cordilleras from which its two great rivers, the Yangtze-Kiang and the Hoangho, or Yellow River, flow eastward to the Pacific. Only in their lower reaches is there a low-lying alluvial plain, but this is equal in area to New England and the Middle States plus Maryland and Virginia. It is rapidly extending eastward.

"In the incessant shiftings through the last three thousand years the rivers of China, particularly the Yellow River, have strewn over an enormous area layer after layer of fine yellow loam or silt. Almost every square foot of this alluvial deposit is underlain by a deep and fertile soil. The water supply, though not lavish, is sufficient. This portion of China has more homogeneity than any other part, since it is easily traversed and contains the bulk of the population. Naturally it differs widely from nomadic Mongolia or the scattered settlements of East Turkestan. But when rains swell the rivers the resulting floods are sometimes very destructive to life and property.

"'Loess' deposits are layers, sometimes a thousand feet deep, of dust blown by strong winds across Turkestan and the deserts west of China and deposited on China's soil. Decaying vegetation mixed with the dust through succeeding layers makes a soil of remarkable fertility,

and of a porous quality that brings moisture continually to the surface by capillary attraction, thus providing a perennial yet moderate supply.

"The total rainfall in a year is greatest in the south and east and diminishes toward the north and interior, ranging from over 80 inches to 25 or less in the north. Frost and snow occur everywhere in China, though rarely at Canton. Precipitation is usually greatest in those seasons when water is most needed."

From the leaflet "China: Its Physical Features," published by the Museum and Public Library of Newark, N. J.

4. *What is the size of China?*

The total area of Chinese territory is estimated at 4,278,352 square miles.

China Proper is equal to the United States minus Texas and the Mountain and Pacific Slope States, or about four-tenths of Europe. If its dependencies are included, it is equal to the United States with all its dependencies plus a repetition of New England together with the Atlantic States as far south as Maryland.

5. *What is its population?*

No one knows the exact population of China. A census, as the Western nations understand it, has never been attempted. The estimates vary from 342,639,000, which is the estimate given by Mr. Raymond Tenney in his report to the United States Department of State, to 436,094,953, which on the basis of the large figure is 238 persons—that is, it varies from 47 persons per square mile in the Province of Kansu to 875 persons per square mile in Kiangsu.

(To demonstrate the population of China as compared with the United States prepare strips of paper or ribbon to represent: United States (115 million), blue, 5 inches;

China (estimated at 400 million), yellow, 17 inches. The strips may be rolled round a pencil or stick, and the unrolling of the strip will illustrate the population.)

6. *What kind of climate has China?*

"The temperature varies greatly, but its average is lower than in any other country of the same latitude. The isothermal line of 70 degrees F. as the average for the year, passing north of Canton, runs through New Orleans, which is eight degrees north of it. That of 60 degrees F., passing through Shanghai, is the same as the isotherm of St. Louis and San Francisco, while that of Peking passes through Philadelphia. Williams writes: 'Canton is the coldest place on the globe in its latitude, and the only place within the tropics where snow falls near the seashore. One result of this projection of the temperate zone into the tropical is seen in the greater vigor and size of the people of the three southern provinces over any races on the same parallel elsewhere, and the productions are not so strictly tropical.' The rainfall in the north does not average much over sixteen inches, in Canton it is seventy inches per annum, while in the remote west it is prevailingly dry. Almost all of the eastern half of the empire has a wet season of two months during the summer, the rest of the year being almost rainless. In the north the winters are superb. Cloudless skies, except for the dust-storms, and bracing cold act as a tonic to the foreigner."

From "Dawn on the Hills of T'ang," by H. P. Beach, page 9.

7. *Name and locate the capital of China.*

Until 1928 the capital of China for many centuries was Peking—now called Peiping. The new government has removed the seat of the government to Nanking, which was the capital in olden days. Nanking is located in the

eastern part of China on the Yangtze River and the Grand Canal.

8. *Name and locate the chief seaport of China.*

Shanghai is the chief seaport and is located about fourteen miles from the mouth of the Yangtze River. All the ships that sail along the coast stop there.

9. *Name two important rivers of China.*

"The numerous rivers and many canals of China form its frequented highways. The two largest of these rivers —ho is the term commonly used for river in the north, as kiang (chiang) is in the south—are the Huang Ho, Yellow River, and the Kiang River, less properly called Yang-tzu, or Son of Ocean, as its incorrectly written form is translated."

From "Dawn on the Hills of T'ang," by H. P. Beach, page 5.

10. *Why is the Hoangho called "China's Sorrow"?*

"The Huang Ho receives its name from the yellow clay deposit which it takes up in its course through the loess region of the provinces of Shan-hsi and the Shen-hsi, the same deposit giving its color and name to the Yellow Sea also. As it reaches the Great Plain, this clay silts up the river channel until its bed is in some places almost as high as the surrounding country. Naturally, in times of unusual freshets, the ill-constructed dikes are broken through, the populous low-lying plain is overwhelmed with ruin, and occasionally—ten times in the last 2,500 years —the river opens a new channel to the sea. Its right to the appellation of 'China's Sorrow' will be granted when it is remembered that every such outbreak means the wholesale destruction of crops, the melting down of numberless adobe houses, and an enormous loss of human life—millions having perished in the overflow of 1887, for example."

From "Dawn on the Hills of T'ang," by H. P. Beach, page 5.

11. *Why is the Yangtze-Kiang called "Chinese Joy"?*

"Far more useful is the Yang-tzu, called 'the girdle of China,' because of its central position and the number of provinces through which it passes. Rising in Tibet, not far from the sources of the Huang Ho, this mighty river stands first in the world for arrangement of subsidiary streams which make its entire basin accessible from the sea. Ocean steamers readily reach Hankow; river steamers can ascend as far as Ichang, and small steamers have even passed through the rapids into the heart of Ssuchuan; while native boats navigate it as far as remote Yunnan. The opening up of this river—whose basin, with its 12,000 miles of navigable waterway, occupies nearly one-half of China Proper—to the trade of the Occident is an important factor in China's future development. These and other smaller yet very important rivers are her glory, and 'no country can compare with her for natural facilities of inland navigation.'"

From "Dawn on the Hills of T'ang," by H. P. Beach, pages 5 and 6.

12. *What is the name of an important waterway made by the Chinese?*

The Grand Canal. The people dug this canal which connects the river and the lakes for a distance of about 1,200 miles. Many hundreds of years were taken to finish this great piece of work, but it will always stand as a monument to the patience and determination of the Chinese people. "The Grand Canal, or Yun Ho, though no longer either grand or a canal scarcely, was in its day one of the most useful artificial waterways in the world. While the famous Mongol Emperor, Jublai, ordinarily has the credit of excavating it, it existed in some of its parts from the Han dynasty, while the Sui and T'ang

emperors likewise did much toward its extension and improvement. The design was to artificially connect lakes and rivers, so that an inland passage for junks might extend from Peking to Canton. Changes of the course of the Yellow River, one of its great feeders, the silting up of its bed, and the introduction of coasting steamers, account for its present dilapidated and partially useless condition."

From "Dawn on the Hills of T'ang," by H. P. Beach, pages 23, 24.

13. *What wonderful piece of masonry was built by the Chinese, and for what purpose?*

The Great Wall. It is made of brick and stone built up in two thick walls and filled in with dirt and stones. It is between fifteen and thirty feet high and wide enough for three cars to drive abreast. It extends over mountains and through valleys for about 1,500 miles. It was completed in ten years' time at a vast expense of men and money. It is one of the Wonders of the World. It was built to guard against the ever-threatening Tartars, who were the enemies of China. "The Great Wall, extending across China's northern frontier, existed in some of its detached sections some time before Shih Huang-ti, in 214 B.C., ordered it to be added to and consolidated into one mass of stone, brick, and earth, stretching over a distance as great as that between Philadelphia, Pa., and Lincoln, Neb. Counting its sinuosities, its length is nearly or quite 1,500 miles. The magnitude of this undertaking grows upon one, if, like the writer, one walks along parallel with it for ten days at an average of thirty miles a day and then remembers that one has seen only a fifth of this mountain-scaling rampart of past ages."

From "Dawn on the Hills of T'ang," by H. P. Beach, page 23.

14. *What is the chief occupation of the Chinese?*

The Chinese are chiefly farmers (over 80 per cent of them live on farms) and do very intensive cultivation on their small patches of tillable ground. In some parts of China three and four crops are raised on the same ground during the year. They raise many fruits and vegetables, besides wheat and millet and rice. Tea is also one of their largest crops. They cultivate the mulberry tree extensively, as its leaves are used for the silkworms to feed on. "With China's great arable plains and upland valleys, its well-distributed supply of water, its natural resources, and its sufficient rainfall, it is not surprising that agriculture holds the first place among the branches of labor in the estimation of the Chinese. Eighty-five per cent of the population engages in agricultural pursuits."

From the leaflet, "China: Its Physical Features," published by the Museum and Public Library of Newark, N. J.

15. *List some of the leading products of China.*

Wool and skins; cattle and hides; rice; furs; wheat; flour; soya beans; silk; cotton; tea; vegetable oils; tobacco; fish; sugar; eggs and poultry; vegetable wax; timber; rugs; antimony (used in telephone industry); cloisonne; porcelain; polished jade, carved lacquer, and ivory; decorated brass, lace, fans, pewter, and embroideries.

16. *What is one of the largest industries of China?*

The silk industry. Some families with very simple looms weave most beautiful silks, every member of the family taking part in the raising of the worms, dyeing, spinning, and weaving the silk.

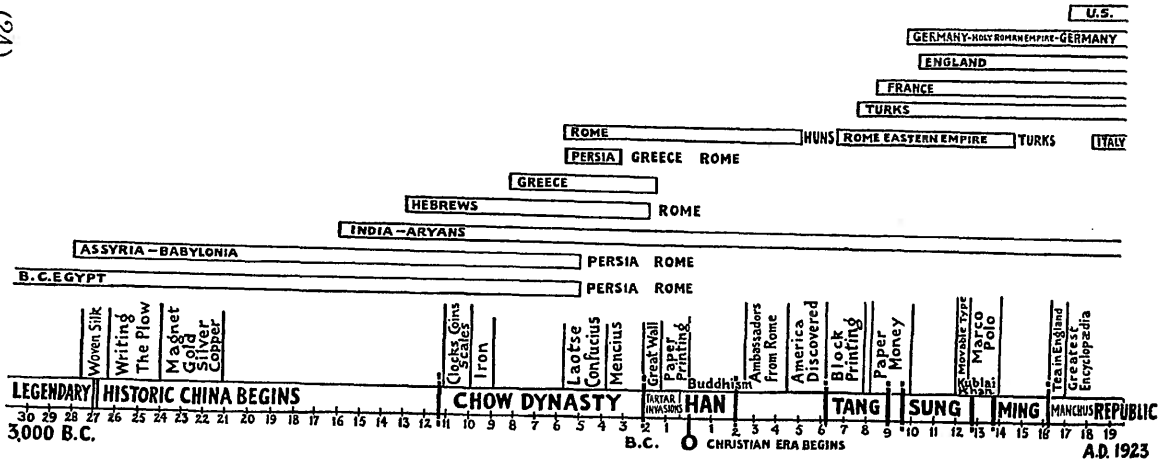
17. *What two minerals which mean much to the progress of a nation are found in abundance in China?*

There is a great amount of iron, and it is said that in one province alone there is enough coal to supply the world for a thousand years.

18. *Who was the first Protestant missionary to China?*

Robert Morrison. S. Wells Williams in his sketch of Robert Morrison regards him, rather than the Roman Church, as having laid the foundations of the Church in China. Morrison was born in 1782, sent to China by the London Missionary Society in 1807, supported himself as a translator in the employ of the East India Company for twenty-five years, and died at Canton in 1834. Before leaving England he was a boot-tree maker. He journeyed from England to China by way of America. He had planned to go to Africa. He believed, however, that he was sent to China in answer to his prayer that God "would station him in that part of the missionary field where the difficulties were the greatest and, to all human appearance, the most insurmountable." His twenty-seven years of service in China are thus summarized in the inscription upon his tomb in Macao, where he is buried in the Protestant cemetery: "Sacred to the memory of Robert Morrison, D.D., the first Protestant missionary to China, where, after a service of twenty-seven years cheerfully spent in extending the kingdom of the Blessed Redeemer, during which period he compiled and published a Dictionary of the Chinese Language, founded the Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca, and for several years labored alone on a Chinese version of the Holy Scriptures, which he was spared to see completed and widely circulated among those for whom it was destined, he sweetly slept in Jesus. He was born at Morpeth, in Northumberland, January 5, 1782, was sent to China by the London Missionary Society in 1807, was for twenty-five years Chinese translator in the employ of the East India Company, and died at Canton August 1, 1834."

From "Dawn on the Hills of T'ang," by H. P. Beach, page 96.



Courtesy of the Newark Museum, Newark, N. J.

A chart showing the age of Chinese civilization as compared with that of other peoples. Note the scale of centuries, the successive dynasties down to the Republic, the historical events, the discoveries, and the names of famous men; Laotze, the founder of Taoism or nature religion; Confucius, the founder of Confucianism, the ethical system; and his famed disciple, Mencius.

THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE

Marco Polo's Stories of the East.—When Marco Polo, the clever Venetian traveler, came home after twenty-four years of adventure in the Far East, he wrote a book in which he told so many marvelous stories that all Europe became excited over it. Many of his stories were about certain mysterious yellow people of Eastern Asia, concerning whom there had been vague rumors afloat for more than a thousand years. These people, Polo declared, had built up the most wonderful civilization in the world. They had conveniences and comforts of which no European ever dreamed. They had the greatest educational system in the world, the most dazzling court in the world, and inventions so wonderful that the mere mention of them quite took one's breath away. They made books by printing them instead of writing them by hand. They had a powder which could explode and make beautiful things in the sky. Away back in ancient times they had a little mechanism which would always point to the south, so that they could find their way when the sun was not shining. They had all sorts of wonderful things. Indeed, they were so far ahead of Europeans in every way that it was with difficulty that he could continue to cherish a proper pride in the place of his birth.

Some of the stories that Polo told were true, and some were not; but the people could not distinguish the wheat from the chaff, and from that day to this there have been quite as many false stories about China floating around the world as true ones. Indeed, I am not sure but that the false ones have had the advantage. Certain it is that almost everybody nowadays can tell us queer things about the Chinese that are not true, while one seldom hears anything about the many things which are known to be true.

Popular Notions about China.—It is still a popular notion that China is a hot, steaming, dreary land abounding in malaria, pestilences, and disgusting smells, situated on the other side of the earth directly beneath our feet. But China has every climate that we have in our own country, including our tropical possessions; and for every vile, pestilential spot that we have heard about there are several spots that are as fair and salubrious as our best American health resorts. Nor does it lie directly beneath our feet, though that is a small matter. If we should bore a hole at St. Louis or Atlanta or Richmond directly through the earth, it would not come out in China; it would come out far down in the Indian Ocean, several thousand miles from China. Still, the greater part of China proper does lie in the same latitude as that of America; and while it is not quite opposite us, its western end is opposite our eastern shore. Peking, the capital, is in the same latitude as New York; while Shanghai, once a wretched place, but now the model city of the East, is in the latitude of Jacksonville, Fla.

What They Grow in China.[1]—Chinese travelers see many things in America to remind them of their own land. One can find botanical specimens in the South that have been found nowhere else in the world except in China. Much of our mountain scenery reminds them of their own; and while their system of agriculture is still very primitive, they grow nearly all the crops that are grown in America. In addition, they grow large quantities of bamboo and tea; and until a few years ago, when the manufacture of opium was prohibited, many acres were devoted to poppy culture. All their crops are grown in enormous quantities;

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[1]See biography of Frank N. Meyer, "An Agricultural Explorer in China," page 153.

for they have long had to provide for many millions of mouths, and they have learned how to make the most of every foot of available ground that will grow anything at all.

China's most valuable crops to-day are rice, bamboo, and tea. In addition to ordinary farming, they cultivate the silkworm and make vast quantities of beautiful silks. They also manufacture, almost entirely by hand, many useful and ornamental articles. Their mountains are full of the common minerals, and one province alone (Shansi) is said to contain enough coal to supply the whole world for two thousand years. Until recently, however, they have done little mining, partly because of the wide prevalence of the belief that it is unsafe to dig into the earth lest one should interfere with the evil spirits which inhabit it and thus get into trouble.

The Early History of China.[2]—Just who the Chinese were has never been determined. Apparently they came from Central Asia, and they must have settled in the land some three thousand years before Christ. It seems certain that they were a civilized people many centuries before Abraham went from Babylon to Canaan. We are not to think of their civilization, however, as going back of that of Babylonia. While it is the oldest civilization in the world to-day, we have fairly good evidence that Abraham's people developed at a much earlier date. The same may be said of the Egyptians.

The Chinese records which profess to tell of things that happened many thousand years ago are clearly unreliable. Aside from the statement that their first emperor taught them to reverence heaven as the great creating, preserving, and destroying power, these records do not contain any-

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[2]See Historical Chart on page 24.

thing of present interest until we come down to about the third century before Christ, when we reach the reign of Che-Whang-te, who was one of their greatest emperors, perhaps their greatest. Unlike his people, who had such a reverence for the past that they regarded all innovation as almost a crime, Che-Whang-te refused to be guided by what his ancestors did and immediately began to make reforms and improvements in every direction. The empire had long had trouble with the fierce Tartars on the north; and, with a view to putting an end to their incursions for all time to come, he began the erection of a great wall twenty feet high and twenty-two feet thick along the northern border of his realm. This enormous undertaking could not be completed in his lifetime and was continued by his successors until the wall was extended to a distance of eighteen hundred miles.

The Poor Boy's Chance.—Soon after Che-Whang-te's time an obscure peasant of unusual gifts usurped the throne and established the dynasty of Han, which continued for four hundred years. In the latter part of this dynasty there was a great revival of learning, and the foundations were laid for the remarkable civil service system by which every poor boy in China was given a chance to rise in the world. This system provided that all public offices should be filled by students (regardless of what class of society they might come from) who had successfully stood the required examination in certain studies. This, of course, set all the ambitious boys in the land to studying, and thus education came to be thought of as the greatest thing in life. Unfortunately, however, the examinations were limited to the Chinese classics, which, though sharpening their wits, gave them very little information that was of any real value.

Conquered by the Tartars.—About this time there was

a movement in favor of women's rights. Little progress was made, however; and we do not hear of it again until it was revived for a short time several centuries later by the Empress Wu, an erratic woman who wore a false beard and claimed to work miracles. In the twelfth century China was overrun by the great Mongolian conqueror, Genghis Khan, whose victorious armies swept over the greater part of Asia and even entered Russia. His grandson was the famous Kubla Khan, the splendor of whose court dazzled the Eastern world of his day. The Chinese revolted successfully late in the fourteenth century and remained independent until 1642, when they were again conquered, this time by the Manchus (Tartars). The Manchus succeeded in holding the throne until 1912, when the Chinese again successfully revolted and set up a republic.

Troubles with Foreigners.—It was in the Manchu dynasty that China, after succeeding in preserving her exclusiveness for thousands of years, came at last in conflict with the Western world. The stories of her vast wealth had excited the greed of men, and unscrupulous traders began to find their way to her shores. The Chinese had long been taught that the inhabitants of the mysterious islands beyond the mists in the sea were demons, and they were now fully convinced of it. Later they began to have some experiences with foreign governments which convinced them that the governments were quite as wicked as the people; and they determined to allow no foreigners to enter the land, except such traders as might be willing to keep inside of the narrow quarters which were marked off for them in Canton. Thus the door to China was so effectually closed that the Christian world began to wonder how the gospel could ever be preached to its people.

Why the Chinese Appear Odd to Us.—For thousands of years the Chinese lived apart from the rest of mankind. They were encouraged to do this at first by the isolated position of their country and their abundant natural resources, which enabled them to live without trading with other nations. Later they were encouraged to continue their exclusiveness by the gradual spread of the notion that China was practically the world and that what was left was only a little fringe of islands beyond the mists of the sea, peopled by sea monsters or demons. It was inevitable that under such circumstances they should eventually come to think and act in ways that were radically different from the rest of the world. But their peculiarities, like the peculiarities of other peoples, are all on the surface. When we get down beneath the surface, close to their hearts, we find that they are just as human as we are. They have the same feelings that we have, the same heart-longings, the same hunger of soul.

From "Heroes of Faith in China," by Edward Leigh Pell; published by Lamar & Whitmore.

HANGCHOW BORE

ONE of the most extraordinary features for which China is famous is the great Hangchow Bore. Twice a year at the equinoctial periods the tidal wave rushes up the Chi'en-t'ang River which, though over sixty miles wide at its mouth, narrows to a width of eight miles at a distance of eighty-five miles inland. The current of the river piles up a foaming wall of water reaching fifteen feet in height. The crowds that come to see this phenomenon stand on the river ramparts and watch the great white-capped wall of water come surging up the stream. River boats are tied fast to the shore, but the water lifts them so high that they

strain at the chains and ropes which hold them. They rock madly from the force of the impact of the water. So unusual is the sight of this bore that it adds much to the popularity of beautiful Hangchow as a Mecca for tourists in Central China, particularly in the spring and in the fall.

"The famous bore in the Chi'ien-t'ang River at Hangchow is connected in legend with the death of Wu Tzu-hsu, B.C. 484. He was ordered by the king, Fu-ch'ai, to commit suicide. Before doing so he foretold the ruin of his country and gave directions that his eyes should be hung over the east gate of Wu that he might see the invaders come. The king was so incensed on hearing this that he had Wu's corpse put into a leather sack and thrown into the Chiang. From that time the tide-head of Tide-Gate Hill came hurtling up several hundred feet high, overleaping the sea-wall and passing Yu-p'u, after which it gradually subsided. Whenever it came again, at dawn and dusk, it had a wrathful sound, and the swift rush of thunder and lightning could be heard more than thirty miles away. In the midst of the tide-head might be seen Tzu-hsu sitting in a funeral car drawn by white horses."

From "China: Its Physical Features." Leaflet of Museum and Public Library, Newark, N. J.

RELATIVE DIGNITY AND RANK IN CLASS RELATIONSHIPS

ONE can never understand China until its outlook on life, which is very different from our own, is realized. Merchants and business men are its lowest class. To a shrewd Connecticut Yankee China must seem a topsy-turvy world.

The scholar ranks the highest, and to him the greatest

honor is paid. Hard, laborious study and the passing of competitive examinations in a sort of great scholastic civil service are qualifications for office and dignities. These studies and examinations are open to all who are able to stand the ordeal. The works of Confucius and of other great writers form the basis of study. Every student carries a viceroy's baton in his potential grasp. . . .

The second rank comprises the farmers. Agriculture is the "noble art" as we find it in Xenophon's "Economist." From the earth come food and every good. Let those who work therein receive double honor.

The proportion of the population engaged in agriculture is very great, there being some fifty million farmers who are sole owners of their lands.

In the third rank are the skilled workers and handicraftsmen of all kinds. Such work calls for heaven-given skill and laborious patience.

In the fourth and lowest rank are the merchants and business men.

These are the four classes into which the Chinese people have been divided. Soldiers appear to be a class apart, possibly because they may be taken from one or other of the four classes. In one sense they come lowest, as being more or less nonproductive. They are supposed to be always under the final direction of the civil authority, although this does not always hold in unsettled times. The soldier's lot is the antithesis of Prussianism.

Scholars, farmers, artisans, merchants—in that descending scale of dignity and honor there may be something from which we may learn. But perhaps also modern conditions and the inflow of Western ideas are modifying the ancient standards and values.

China is still suffering from several disastrous foreign and civil wars that have occurred during the last hundred

years. About 1850 came the Taiping rebellion, which lasted fourteen years. The losses were enormous, some accounts placing them at apparently incredible figures, the number of killed being estimated at twenty million, while the property and economic loss to China was incalculable. There were two Mohammedan wars extending from about 1850 to 1877. More recently came the revolution of 1911. There have also been the Boxer trouble and the opium war. These upheavals, especially the Taiping rebellion, have left deep marks on China, and allowance should be made in the same way that we account for the largely chaotic condition of Europe after the World War.

Chinese Students in America

This country is particularly favored by Chinese students. Of the two thousand at present in our colleges, it is said that from 150 to 200 are women.

It becomes a matter of special interest to note the lines of study and the professions chosen by these students. Engineering, medicine, chemistry, and other sciences perhaps take the lead. Civics, political sciences, psychology, and philosophy take high places. English and literary courses are less in demand. Women students take up psychology, medicine, pedagogy, and other studies.

Academic or classical studies seem to be in less demand. Native Christian ministers and missionaries in China are said to follow their theological studies chiefly in that country. It will thus be seen that the students have material objectives rather than those having purely cultural aims.

It is undoubtedly to these Chinese students, both while here and on their return, that we must look for a very large part, perhaps the chief part, in promoting better

understanding and friendly relations between China and the outside world.

From "China: The Land and the People," by Walter J. Kidd, pages 3-7; published by the Newark Museum and Public Library, 1923.

SINGING CRAFTSMEN OF PEKING

"GREAT old grandfather, give me a penny," sings the beggar, flatteringly, as he comes to the side of my rickshaw and holds out his hand.

"Hot, fresh bread, beat it and bake it," carols the baker, thinking by his tunefulness to get more cash for his loaves. The rickshaw coolie, as he pulls his heavy burden, sings:

"Ha, ha, ha, I have had nothing to eat to-day, and no one would let me pull him! Let me pull you!
Ha, ha, ha! I am as weak as a grandmother, I am so hungry!
Ha, ha, ha! Isn't it funny? I fell down and hope you are not hurt!"

When the summer sun is shining, he laughs as he sweats, and, when the terrible winter comes, he grins as he coughs and smiles as he freezes to death. One bitterly cold, raw day, I heard a rickshaw coolie, whose shivering body showed through his rags, singing as he hopped up and down and stamped in the effort to keep warm: "Do, le, mi, fa, sol: sol, fa, mi, le, do." The Chinese sing —to win favor, to save their face, to express their sense of fun, to increase their courage. They sing because they love their work and because they have learned that even drudgery has its proper cadence and grows less dull if timed to music. They sing because they have inherited old tunes and chantey-like rhythms from their venerable guilds. . . .

Sometimes parodies have replaced the old songs; or improvised verses, inspired by whatever the workmen are

doing or seeing or feeling at the moment, are sung to familiar tunes. Once, when I was walking with a friend, we came upon two men who were making a gutter and tamping the earthen floor with a cast-iron disk. They sang as they worked, and as we came up this is what we heard:

> "Ai-ya! Ai-ya!
> Tamp once, tamp twice!
> One foreign devil, two foreign devils—
> Wonder what they want!
> Ai-ya! Ai-ya!"

Then another came to help them, and they sang:

> "Ai-ya! Ai-ya!
> First there were two,
> And then work was hard.
> Now there are three.
> How happy we are!
> Ai-ya! Ai-ya!"

And so they went on for half an hour. . . .

One night, as I entered the tiny shop of gnarled old Wang Shih Fa, Wang was singing to his lean apprentice, as he swung his hammer,

> "Hammer it flat with a hole in its side;
> Push on the bellows and the sparks will fly."

They did not in the least resemble demi-gods, but their close-shaven heads and their bodies, stripped to the waist, glowed richly and faded in the light of the square brick forge as they worked. They were making a hinge. The apprentice pushed the handle of the wooden piston back and forth in the bellows-box. Then a quick thrust of the tongs, and they bent over the squat, round-topped anvil with little horns like projecting ears, and, as they pounded, sang, to the rat-a-tat-tat of their hammers:

"Ai-ya! Hit it on this side!
Ai-ya! Turn it on that side!
Ai-ya! Put it in the fire!"

While the iron was heating, Wang Shih Fa, with his horn spectacles, lectured to his apprentice. Not long before, I had heard another member of Wang's guild—a donkey-bit maker—telling his open-mouthed apprentice how his family had made the best donkey-bits in North China for hundreds of years—in fact, ever since the great ancestor of all blacksmiths invented them. Wang's neighbor would no more have thought of making a hinge than of consulting a dictionary. "I guide the hammer," he sang proudly, "and a king guides the bit." And now Wang was explaining how his family had made hinges ever since the great ancestor of all blacksmiths invented them.

How he would have finished his discourse I do not know, for he was interrupted from the street by a noise like a jew's harp. We recognized the sound of a barber's tongs and made for the door to see whether he had found a victim. Sure enough, the barber, old Chiu Gua Lien, had already set down his stool in front of Wang's door and, with many grunts and shakings of his head, was arranging his big brass basin. The customer took his seat and asked to have his head shaved, his ears trimmed out, and his nose shaved inside. Chiu thereupon took from a drawer beneath the stool a chisel-like razor and one with a short, wide blade and went to work. The customer, who, it soon became evident, was a chicken-dealer from the country, sat composedly with his hands tucked up his sleeves and gravely discussed the fact that eggs had risen in price from a cent and a quarter apiece to a cent and a third and that a fair-sized hen actually cost as much as twenty cents. At this, blacksmith Wang, who was squatting near by, began to grow restless. He got out his

long, straight-stemmed pipe, filled it from a little pouch at his side, and, as he rocked back and forth on his heels, argued somewhat testily between puffs that the rise in the egg market amounted to nothing at all in comparison with the advance in the price of iron. Meanwhile the apprentice, still happily free from business worries, sat on a bench like a sawhorse, pushing and drawing through an iron eye in the bench a long handle, which was connected with the end of a file, and, as he worked, he sang over and over to himself, "To make good things is better than gold." Perhaps the barber would have agreed with that sentiment, but, just the same, when he had finished the work, he demanded an extra cent on the ground that, according to the laws of his guild, he was obliged to ask it of any one not his regular customer. By this overcharge, he explained, he did away with any chance he might have of stealing a fellow barber's trade. "I've never heard of anything so foolish," protested the chicken-dealer. "Besides, I'm nobody's customer—I'm a stranger." At that, the barber called upon Wang to attest the truth of his words, and at last the customer reluctantly agreed to pay half a cent extra. Then the barber, having pursed his fee and hung the stool from one end of his carrying-pole and the basin and stand from the other, seized his tongs and, swiftly vibrating them, to announce his approach, trotted off through the ill-lighted street. . . .

And then there is the itinerant restaurateur, priest, and prophet of the full stomach, whose pole carries at one end a small stove over which a huge kettle is boiling and at the other a series of round wooden boxes, fitted together like the vessels in a steam-cooker. Twice a day, at ten and at five, the cafeteria king ambles past the workshops holding his ear with one hand and fondly imagining, as he hears himself shout "Man-toe, man-toe!" (Bread, bread!),

that his voice is louder than it is. But he does not need to make the welkin ring to bring the workmen out of their shops. Food is scarce in China, and laborers are hungry. In the morning they are served with sweet potatoes from the boiling kettle and with rice gruel and doughy-looking lumps of steamed bread from the round fireless-cooker boxes where dishes and chopsticks and hot foods are kept. In the evening they buy either dried rice or spaghetti, sweet potatoes, and chopped vegetables, and, if they can afford it, a little diced meat. When they have bought what they want, they fall to without ceremony. Eating's the thing—not table-talk. Squat on their heels, or standing, or seated on little six-inch stools furnished by the restaurant, they bolt their food while it is scalding hot, drawing in with it great drafts of air to keep it from burning and, as it goes down, making a noise like a steam pump taking the last dregs out of a tank. They drink no water, but from their handleless cups they suck up quantities of boiling tea, and, when they have finished the meal, they rinse their mouths with hot water, to the accompaniment of much gargling and sputtering. Then they lie in the sun or squat on their heels, smoking their pipes to show the world that they are prosperous and well-fed.

By Sam Dean, in *Asia*, August, 1921.

THE PART BIRDS PLAY IN CHINESE LIFE

During the past century, several naturalists have studied the birds of China. They observed them. They collected them. They identified them. They named them. They classified them. They are all of the same opinion, that China is not poor in the number and variety of birds.

I have never studied the birds from a technical point of view; but in my general nature study work I do always

observe them more closely than anything else. Being deficient in the scientific knowledge of those feathered friends, I am simply going to try to mention a few facts, showing the part they play in Chinese life. That, I think, will be of some interest to you.

Birds play quite an important part in the economic life of the Chinese. Such domestic fowls as chickens, ducks, geese, and doves—but not turkeys—are found practically all over the country. Ducks and geese are eaten at any time of the year. Chickens are eaten more during the festivals. Hen eggs constitute quite an item of China's exports. Doves are used by well-to-do people on special occasions. Their eggs are regarded as proper food to prevent smallpox. Besides these domestic fowls, game birds of all kinds, especially the pheasants, pigeons, mountain sparrows, snipes, partridges, quail, wild ducks, swans, etc., are sold everywhere; but most people do not care much for them, as they have a peculiar "wild odor," as described by the Chinese. Wild ducks are sometimes shot down by small cannons, sometimes caught by big nets and sometimes by persons who first cover their heads with grass and then wade into the water, slowly moving toward where the ducks are and pulling the birds under water without the least trouble.

The Chinese not only eat the meat of birds, but they also eat the nests of a certain kind of swallow, *Collocalia Esculenta*, which are found in caves and damp places in some islands of the Indian Archipelago. The bird macerates the material of the nest from a seaweed, chiefly the *Gelidium*, and builds it by drawing the food out in fibers, which are attached to the damp stone with its bill. These nests are shaped not unlike that of the house swallow, save that they rarely reach three or four inches in diameter. The Chinese make a soup of these nests. The bird's-nest

soup, as it is commonly known, is considered to be a delicacy of the highest grade; and it very much resembles isinglass.

In addition to using birds as food, the Chinese keep them as pets. Their fondness for birds is one of the pleasantest features of their national character. Birds furnish them with much amusement. Several kinds of bird pets are taught to catch seeds thrown into the air after jumping from perches held in the hand. You can always see people getting up early in the morning, except in winter, going into the open country with their pets, to catch grasshoppers to feed them and to teach their pets new songs.

It is interesting to note that different kinds of people have different kinds of birds for pets. The working class usually has a grayish yellow thrush, *Garrulax Perspicilatus*, which is called by the Chinese *Hwama*, meaning "The painted eyebrow." The shopkeepers will have the larks, *Alauda Caelivox*, called in Chinese *Paling*, meaning "Hundred spirits," due to the possible number of songlets they are capable of producing. The scholars take the canary, called by the Northerns *Hwangyu*, meaning "yellow jade." These are all common song birds.

The doves are also very common pets. People train them to be carriers. Sometimes ingenious wooden whistles are tied to a few, producing Æolian notes as the doves fly in great circles through space.

The birds are not only used as food and kept as pets, but they also increase the game life of the Chinese. Marco Polo, the great Venetian traveler, told us that in the days of Kublai Khan this world conqueror employed no less than seventy thousand attendants in his hawking expeditions. Falcons and kites were taught to pursue their quarry. Some of these birds are strong enough to kill deer

and such game. Sparrow hawks are now trained, especially in the North.

In the southeastern parts of China around the Great Lakes, where there are numberless intersecting canals, fishermen use cormorants to catch fish. The small, open, canoe-like boat, about three feet wide and twelve to fifteen feet long, will be a typical fishing boat, on both sides of which we can see birds in twos standing on bamboo rods. They often catch big fish.

Among the kingfishers, the Turquoise Kingfisher, *Halcyon Smyrnensis*, is killed for its plumage to make beautiful featherwork ornaments, which are highly prized by both Europeans and Americans. This is the decorative part that the birds play in the art life of the Chinese.

Chinese are also fond of games, but not such as we find in America and Europe, football and the bullfight. The Chinese have a very small brown bird that fights bravely. They also have quail fights. In each case, the fight is carried on in the same way as the horse race is often carried on in Western countries—that is, it is little more than a form of gambling.

There are birds which symbolize many human virtues. Harmonious home life is represented by the swallows, which always make their nests under the eaves of houses. Due to the fact that there is an abundance of swallows in the country around Peking, the whole section is known as the "Land of Swallows." The immunity granted by the natives to this twittering inmate of their houses has made it a synonym for domestic life.

The magpie is a favorite bird. It is a "joyous bird." It brings good news and announces the arrival of guests.

Though the crow has the same place in China that it has in American life, yet in some places it is regarded as some-

what sacred, because it is an emblem of filial piety from a notion that the young assist the parents when old.

The white Montigny crane, one of the fairest and largest waders, was the official insignia, in the old days, of the highest rank of civilian. It is also the symbol of long life.

The owl is symbolic of bad fortune, such as sickness, death, etc. It brings sad omen. It is called in China *Maodeuying*, meaning a "cat-head bird."

Symbolizing conjugal fidelity, we have the Mandarin duck, most variegated bird, vying with the humming bird and parrot in the diversified tints of its plumage, if it does not equal them for brilliancy. The drake is the object of admiration, his partner being remarkably plain. The following observation was made by a certain gentleman in Canton several years ago, supporting the validity of the common notion. A drake was once stolen from his aviary, and the duck displayed the strangest mark of despair at her loss. She stayed in one corner. She refused all food, as if determined to starve herself to death. Another drake, seeing her distress, came to comfort, but in vain. Soon her mate was recovered and restored to her, and their reunion was an occasion of the noisiest demonstration of real joy. She seemed to tell him of the gallant proposal made to her during his absence, and he instantly attacked the luckless bird.

The fabulous legendary bird, the phœnix, symbolizes the female or the negative element of the universe. It has been extinct, or people have seen no more of it, ever since the days of Confucius. The following is a description of this bird, translated from Chinese. It "resembles a wild swan before and a unicorn behind; it has the throat of a swallow, the bill of a cock, the neck of a snake, the tail of a fish, the forehead of a crane, the crown of a mandarin drake, the stripes of a dragon, and the vaulted back of a

tortoise. The feathers have five colors, which are named after the five cardinal virtues, and it is five cubits in height; the tail is graduated like Pandean pipes, and its song resembles the music of that instrument, having five modulations."

In conclusion, it seems to me appropriate to mention that after 1911 the Republican government made special game laws, especially for the protection of birds during the spring. Our feathered friends do deserve our care and protection, for think what the world would be if there were no birds to sing and to amuse us and no fowls for us to eat!

Given by Peter S. T. Shih before the Tennessee Ornithological Society, March 10, 1922, at Social-Religious Building, George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tenn.

CHINESE EMBROIDERIES AND TAPESTRY

THE art of China is entirely national and expresses the ideals and spirit of its people. It is even more purely a national art than that of other countries of Asia, in that the intercourse from other nations has had little influence upon its evolution. In Asia historical records carry us back to several civilizations which have existed long enough to be molded into distinct types, but leave us only to conjecture when we attempt to trace their sources or inter-relations; but it is fairly clear that China, at least, has a civilization and art the foundations of which bubble forth from her own territory.

The art of sericulture originated in China, and its origin is traced back by the Chinese to the most ancient times. The Empress Hsi Ling-shih, wife of Huang Ti, is said to have introduced the art of raising silkworms in the third millennium before our era, and the invention of the loom is generally attributed to her. She was appropriately

deified and is worshiped at an annual ceremony at which mulberry leaves are picked as a part of the ritual. The silkworm is supposed to have been carried to Khotan about the beginning of the Christian era by a Chinese princess in the lining of her headdress. It reached Byzantium in the reign of the Emperor Justinian, about 550 A.D., being carried there inside their bamboo staves by two Nestorian monks who had lived in China and learned the entire process of rearing the worm, winding and weaving the silk.

Embroidery, which is the art of working with the needle, which replaces the pen or brush, using variously tinted threads which take the place of pigment, takes precedence over painting as the earliest method of representing figures and ornament upon canvas. It is one of the oldest arts in China. After the silk was woven, though exquisite in color and design, there was a desire to make it more beautiful, and thus the art of needlework was evolved; so it is due to the impermanence of materials that we do not have specimens of needlework more ancient than the oldest bronzes. There are some very old ones, some discovered by Auriel Stein in the cave temple of the thousand Buddhas which date back to the T'ang Dynasty. One of the best was a picture of Buddha and his disciples embroidered on silk. There were also some pieces of silk tapestries and damask in this wonderful collection. Although Khotan was a sort of halfway house between Eastern and Western Asia, the technique and treatment of the Stein embroideries is strictly Chinese.

Decorations from silk textiles have supplied motives for the decorations of other materials. One authority on ceramic art estimates that no less than two-thirds of the designs used during the Ming Dynasty were taken from ancient brocades and embroideries, while some ten per

cent of the best of modern porcelain is still ornamented with designs from ancient embroideries.

The culture of China, devotion to family and tribe, respect for rulers, and reverence for parents and seniors is responsible for the occasions which caused the earliest art objects to be reproduced. The ceremonies of the court officials and later the costumes for the theater gave the artist's imagination full scope. Of course these were for the masculine element; but it has ever been the men who have needed to be adorned and made outwardly attractive in China.

Religion has ever been a potent influence upon art, and we find this especially true in China. Buddhism has, perhaps, had the greatest influence, while Taoism and Confucianism have had their part. Chinese art reached its zenith under the reign of Chien Lung, from about 1736 to 1795 A.D., when the most beautiful tapestries, brocades, damasks, and embroideries were produced. Costumes, banners, temple hangings, shrine clothes, shoes, pipes and spectacle cases, purses and fans were embroidered articles in daily use. Many of these are to be seen in the Government Museum in Peking.

The decline of real art in embroidery has been gradual, but nevertheless very real, until to-day pieces of artistic design and harmonious coloring are rare. This is largely due to commercialism. Globe-trotters like realism and care very little for the fancies that are so much a part of Chinese embroideries, hence the pure imitation and cheap execution that flood the market. We have all seen samples of these in the cheap Cantonese embroideries. Crowded grotesque designs and bad coloring as well as inferior workmanship characterize the bulk of them. Even the theater robes and the draperies of ancestral halls are gaudy and cheap in comparison to those used in decades gone by.

Embroidery is essentially a personal art, and its charm lies in the individuality expressed by each worker. Needlework is the most domestic of all the arts and is peculiarly suited to the Chinese woman. Her secluded life, more or less leisure, artistic temperament, and delicate touch make her easily the master of the art she has created. Embroidery grew out of the desire to beautify something. The competition among high-class women was very keen in the time of Chien Lung, when all the ceremonial robes were remodeled.

Embroidery requires very little apparatus and so is within the reach of all. The implements are very much the same as those used in the West. The silk is worked in a frame pivoted on two upright supports. There is real skill in putting a piece of material which gives the finished piece the effect of design "in relief" which is not accomplished by the inexperienced worker. The frame enables the worker to manipulate her work with the least possible handling of materials, which accounts for the elaborate designs on pure white satin never showing a trace of finger prints.

The threads used are floss silk, untwisted and glossy, producing wonderful effects in shading by a mere change in the direction of the stitches. This is called "Flower thread." There is also a tightly twisted silk in several numbers used for knots, etc. Rope silk has been used only recently by Chinese embroiderers. Gold and silver thread are used extensively for outlining, spiral effects to represent the sun, and in mass when a particularly rich effect of cloud and sea is desired, such as is commonly seen on theatrical robes. Gold thread is made by wrapping gold tinsel on yellow silk thread. The best of this real gold thread is made in a little village beyond Modok known as Zen I Jau and is sold for $4 per skein. The salesman for

the clan brings his account book and makes the round of his customers, taking orders for the thread needed during the next year, collects for what was delivered on the last visit, buys a few "luxuries," and returns to work for another six months. These people are farmers, and thread-making is merely a rainy-day occupation. There are many grades of gold thread, some as cheap as 50 cash per skein. This cheap variety is made by wrapping the tinsel on scarlet cotton thread and tarnishes very easily. The gold thread is guaranteed to last "forever." Both gold and silver thread are held in place by couching with yellow and scarlet silk thread.

The Chinese are very fond of the use of winged creatures in their designs. Birds, bats, and butterflies are considered the best of Chinese designs. There is no slavish imitation of nature, but fancy is given free sway, and the result is beautifully idealized creatures with some part wholly out of proportion or feet and wings entirely wrong. These designs are well chosen in view of the fact that Chinese are more successful in their treatment of birds and flowers than of any other subject. The plumage of birds and the color and surfaces of flowers are rendered with a beauty far beyond the range of pictorial art.

The eight Buddhist symbols of happy augury were: (1) Lotus flower, emblem of purity; (2) covered vase; (3) conch shell, carried by travelers as an omen of a safe journey; (4) two fishes, emblem of domestic happiness; (5) official umbrella, emblem of authority; (6) canopy, symbol of sovereign rank because carried over rulers; (7) bell, used in temple service; (8) endless knot, signifying longevity.

The symbols of the eight immortals are most frequently seen and perhaps hold the most important place in the symbolism of Chinese embroidery. The eight immortals

were supposed to be Taoist in religion. Their symbols were crutch and gourd, fan, sword, castanets, flute, bamboo tubes, basket of flowers, and lotus seed pod. Confucianism is supposed to have contributed the scholarly subjects known as the "Symbols of Culture and Honor" and the "Four Elegant Accomplishments."

The four seasons flowers are well known to all of us. The tree peony (representing spring), the lotus (summer), the chrysanthemum (autumn), and the plum (winter) are found in many different designs, but are always artistic.

As one leisurely walks up and down the narrow streets and out into the small villages on every side of Soochow, women in humble dwellings may be seen sitting near the door patiently but ingeniously embroidering curtains and draperies for festive occasions, gaudy robes for the theater (demanded by present-day taste), shoes, caps for children, women's garments, purses, and fans. They get their work already drawn from the shop which sells this type of goods. The embroiderer is paid a few coppers for each flower or small part of the design, and since she furnishes her own thread she must be a very rapid worker to earn the rice she eats.

Embroidery is a graceful diversion or accomplishment among high-class women and women of leisure. Soochow's young women are taught by their mothers, and their best efforts for three or four years are put on their own trousseaux. I attended a wedding two years ago where the bride had forty embroidered silk and satin quilts, every stitch of which she did herself. A more colorful and yet delicate and artistic array I have never seen.

I have had a most delightful time studying this subject with one who is a well-known authority in this field. Mrs. Koo, who has charge of the Voo Ling Embroidery School, has been in the school as long as she can remember,

as well as her family before her. The work from this school has been exhibited all over the world. Mrs. Koo has medals from several of the world's fairs. She has Chinese symbolism at her finger tips, which is unusual to-day when symbolism is so little appreciated. Family records show that the ceremonial robes for Chien Lung were embroidered in their work rooms. Mrs. Koo says that there were several families in Soochow who did no other type of embroidery. She has a number of pieces of very old and exquisite work and even now receives special orders from ministers in Peking.

Some years ago a friend of Yuan Shih-kai ordered a picture of Yuan Shih-kai to be embroidered. Mrs. Koo herself worked a year and a half on it. In the meantime Yuan Shih-kai lost favor, and just as the picture was finished word came to cancel the order. When he heard that the picture was already finished he made a special trip to see it, pronounced it a perfect likeness, paid her $500 for her work, and asked her to destroy it. This she refused to do, but has never allowed it out of her own house. She also spent five years embroidering 1,800 moths and butterflies from natural specimens. These were in the museum in Tokyo and were destroyed by fire after the earthquake. She has only a few samples of these and because of bad eyesight is not able to reproduce them.

Soochow history says that in the time of Bing Nyeu-kyung, a contemporary of Mencius, maps were embroidered in Soochow. The "Zang Su" says that in the time of the "Three Kingdoms" the mother of Sun Jeu embroidered a map of the Three Kingdoms and presented it to her son. These are the earliest records of work done in Soochow. Soochow people do not hesitate to claim some of the most beautiful pieces among the collections in the

Government Museum in Peking, although they know their claims are frequently disputed.

Tapestry is a sort of link between weaving and embroidery, and owing to the similarity of designs and materials should be mentioned in connection with embroideries. Though wrought on a loom, like true weaving, and upon a warp stretched out along its frame, it has no woof woven across these threads by a shuttle, but is filled in with variously colored threads put in by a needle or knotted with the fingers. It is not embroidery, because it is not worked upon a finished material, but embroidered into a set of closely set fine strings. Tapestry-making dates back to the earliest times. Some tapestries have been beautifully preserved.

I had a very interesting and well worth-while trip to Lien Koen, a small village north of Soochow. So far as I have been able to find from the Wong family there, tapestry-making has been an art in their family for four centuries. They wove for royalty only during the reign of Chien Lung, who made seven trips to Soochow, and it would not seem strange that he in person had visited and given his word of approval of this beautiful work. They still have two patterns, one a lamp shade and the other a robe on which were the twelve ornaments, which they say were designed for Chien Lung and given them for execution.

When robes for royalty were being made, every bit of the industry, with the exception of the making of the gold and silver thread, was carried on at Lien Koen, even the cultivation of a certain grass from which they made their green and blue dyes. After a drought the grass was lost, and they proudly tell you that there is no such blue and green in these "modern days." Lien Koen is a farming village, and tapestry-making has been their "hobby."

The raising of silkworms fitted in nicely with their rural life, the quiet and the cleanliness of the country enabling them to raise the very best type. The winding and the dyeing afforded pleasant pastime for rainy days, and the weaving of the tapestry was left for the winter days after the harvesting was finished.

Given by Nina Stallings before the Missionary Association of Soochow, in April, 1925.

CHINESE CURRENCY

SOME have said that the Chinese used money as a medium of exchange three thousand years B.C. At the time of Christ's birth they were using nearly thirty different kinds of money. The money system varies. China has had no legally recognized standard of currency. Copper money has been the basis of everyday transactions among the common people. The hole-cash, which has been so often exhibited as a sample Chinese coin, is now seldom used in everyday circulation. For wholesale dealers the standard of value is the "tael," an amount of silver which, for convenience, was cast in lumps shaped somewhat like a shoe, weighing one and one-third ounces avoirdupois. There were difficulties even in this as a standard, however, since the silver of one city or province was purer perhaps than that of another which might contain a little zinc, tin, or other alloy. An example of the value of the tael is that one tael was averaged as being worth about 84 cents in our money, which, at the time of the estimate, was equivalent to $1.50 in the Chinese silver coin currency.

The most popular currency used in everyday life consists of dollars, ten- and twenty-cent pieces in silver (the latter being sometimes called "double dimes"), and copper coins

or pennies. The actual silver value of the small coins is less than that of a silver dollar, so that the silver dollar may be changed into $1.10 in small coins. This value may shift from day to day. Thus we have *real* dollars, or "big money," and also "small money."

The values on a rough estimate are as follows:

Copper cent: Instead of 100 equal to one dollar, the variation was, in 1912, 132 for a dollar, whereas in 1925 it was 240 for a dollar. This shows the depreciation of the copper cent.

The dollar will probably become the medium of circulation. The Mexican dollar has for a long while been the most popular in Chinese currency, so much so that distinction is made between U. S. money and Chinese by saying, "Is it *gold* [U. S. money] or Mex [Chinese money]?" Roughly speaking, one dollar gold (or U. S. money) has been equivalent to two dollars Mex (or Chinese money). Some gold and many denominations of paper notes are in circulation, the latter having been put out by banks in different provinces and are thus likely to vary in value in different sections of the country.

One of the problems of the new government is the standardization of the money system. New regulations indicate that a Central Bank will have the sole right of bank-note issue, that the dollar will be made the basic coin, that the value of smaller coins will be kept at par, and that the "tael" will be abolished as a medium of currency.

CHINESE CHARACTERS

THIS is not a study of personalities. It is an attempt at an interpretation of the nature of the Chinese written language. The symbols used in writing in China, Korea, and Japan are popularly called "characters." The written

1. Man 2. Man (old style) 3. Honesty 4. Word 5. Man 6. Field 7. Farmer

language of these three countries of the East is fundamentally the same, though there are certain variations to be noted.

Most Westerners look upon these peculiar dots and dashes and curves as weird hieroglyphics; and they are, in that they represent a form of picture-writing. For illustration the following might be noted:

(a) *Man* was once shown by a drawing of man himself (2). In the course of time it was changed until now only the two legs are shown (1). In combination with other symbols this form is changed also (5). For instance, field (6), an inclosed and cultivated area, combined with the symbol for *man*, means *farmer* (7). When the character for *month* is added to these other two of *field* and *man*, it signifies *happiness*, since it indicates satisfaction so far as food is concerned (8). Another interesting combination is the character for *word* (4), which represents breath issuing from the mouth. This character together with that for *man* (3) is the symbol for *honesty*, since it shows a man standing by his word.

(b) Long ago *moon* was represented by a picture of the crescent. Later it was slightly changed (9). In like manner *sun* was shown as a circle (10). Afterwards it was made into a rectangle (11). Together the two modern characters for *sun* and *moon* mean *bright* (12), whether it be brightness of light, intellect, or what not.

8. Happiness 9. Moon 10. Sun (old style) 11. Sun (modern) 12. Brightness 13. Tree 14. East

(c) At one time *tree* was represented by a picture. To-day it still bears resemblance to that picture, as the character shows roots, trunk, and branches (13). It is supposed that the first people of China saw the sun rising behind the trees, since the character meaning *East* represents the sun behind a tree (14). In like manner two trees together mean *forest.*

Any number of illustrations might be given: Two women under a roof signify *unhappiness.* Three women together mean *gossip.* *Woman* together with *son* means *good.* *Mouth* with *tongue* in it means *speak.* At one time there were thirty or forty thousand of these characters to be learned by those who wished to be regarded as scholars. However, the written language has been greatly simplified until a thousand foundation characters and a phonetic script of thirty-nine simple characters have recently been adopted by the government.

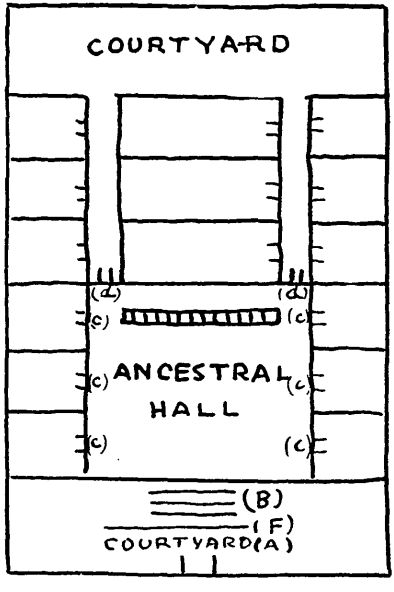
See biography of "Yang Chu, Crusader in China's Renaissance," by Eugene Barnett, page 148.

A CHINESE TENEMENT HOUSE

ALTHOUGH the greater part of the people live in villages (about sixty per cent), China has many large towns in which about three-quarters of the population live in one-room tenement houses. Such a house has been described by a missionary who has lived for nine years next door to a tenement house in one of the towns of Central China. The diagram (page 55) will help to make the description clear.

In front was the courtyard (a) where the women dried their beans, aired their straw beds, or dried their clothes. A few steps (b) led up to the door. Quite often the doorway was blocked by a couple of dirty fat sows with a few

young pigs, and these had to be moved aside, grunting their protests, before a visitor could enter. The door opened into a big room, ill-kept and not very light. This was the guest-hall, the most important room in any Chinese house. At the far end of the hall, arranged on a table against the wall, were tall oblong pieces of wood on which were engraved the names of the owner's dead



ancestors. Hens and chickens as well as pigs wandered about and foraged for bits, and small children played games and rolled on the dirty floor. There were doors on either side of the hall (c). Each of these led into a one-room apartment where a family lived. The missionary often visited a friend who lived in one of them and so got to know other families. She found as she entered each one-room house that on the wall opposite the door or on a

table against the wall there were strips of wood similar to those in the hall, but smaller, about six inches long and three and a half inches broad, on which were the names of the tenants' dead ancestors. The furniture in the room included a wooden bed with curtains round. There was no mattress, but on the wooden frame straw was spread, and over this was stretched the bed coverlet. There were wooden pillows, but no sheets or blankets.

All the rooms contained very big earthenware jars of varying sizes, in which were rice, beans, and various provisions. The tops were covered, and, if empty, the jars could be turned upside down and used as seats. Some rooms had also a small table, and, perhaps, a few forms, and sometimes a ladder leading up to a loft which could be used as a store or lumber room.

Coming back into the guest-hall and passing through either of the doors (d), the missionary found herself in a passageway. Down the middle ran an open drain, the smell from which was never pleasant and often suggested diphtheria and typhoid fever. On either side were doors leading to one-room tenements similar to those off the guest-hall. Beyond was another courtyard, used for the same purposes as that in the front.

There was no staircase, for Chinese houses have only one story, except, as we saw above, where a ladder may lead to a loft or storeroom.

In town and country alike the people who are somewhat better off will probably have a one-story house built on four sides of a central courtyard. Entering from the road the first room will be the guest-hall, always with its ancestral tablets and its friendly hens and pigs. This hall will lead into a courtyard with rooms all round it. One will be a kitchen, the others will be bedrooms or storerooms. A very rich person will have a house made up of several

such sets of rooms, surrounding courtyards, the whole covering a very large space of ground.

In wealthy homes the stone-flagged courtyards will be gardens, with quaint little summerhouses and stone-edged pools in which swim gold and silver fish. There will be no flower beds, but flowering shrubs in pots. As soon as one set of shrubs ceases to bloom, the pots will be removed and fresh ones put in their places. The poorer people cannot afford the time or money to keep such elaborate gardens; they will probably not have any flowers at all.

The poor country people live in houses made of clay, bricks, or stone, and in some districts in caves cut out of the rock; but they never have pretty gardens in front like those we love to see before English cottages. They have to spend their time growing vegetables and corn in order to live and cannot play with flower gardens.

The Home.—One custom makes Chinese homes very different from our own. When a son marries he brings his wife to his father's home and does not set up a new household of his own. In this way a family consists of many related families all sharing the same house; there may be a hundred or more people under one roof, and four generations. The common guest-hall is used for feasts and for receiving visitors, and on wet days in the country, when work cannot go on, the men may sit here and gamble. Sometimes the families feed together in the hall; but generally speaking, even if the men eat there, the women will have their meals with their children in their own apartments. When a bride is brought to her new home one of the rooms off the guest-hall is given her, and in this she places her furniture and her belongings, and here she will live and sleep with her husband and children. When her children grow up, her daughters will go away each to her husband's home, and her sons will remain with her.

When they marry, their wives will come to her house and in their turn will have their own rooms. You can see how occasionally the houses will have to be enlarged for the newcomers, unless the older people die in time to avert the necessity.

A family does not divide (unless through quarrels, as sometimes happens), for every one regards division as a great calamity. A young bride may come to her husband's house to find that her husband's grandmother and grandfather are still alive and are mistress and master of the establishment. So, if she has a child, it will be living in the same house as its parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents, and with a host of cousins, aunts, uncles, great-aunts, and great-uncles. Privacy as we know it is quite unknown in China. Every one knows every one else's business, and no one seems to mind much.

From "Working Girls of China," by E. E. Whimster; Church Missionary Society, London.

TASKS OF THE CHINESE HOUSEWIFE

WHATEVER trouble the Chinese girl or woman is spared in cleaning and cooking, she certainly makes up for it in her needlework. Unless she is well off, when a tailor will make the clothes, she may gather the cotton pods, extract the seeds, spin the cotton into thread, weave it into a coarse kind of cotton material very stout and strong, dye it butcher blue, pale blue, or navy blue, cut it into garments for her husband, herself, and her children, and finally sew the garments with very fine, careful stitches so small that it will be difficult to see them. When finished, the garments will be packed away carefully in red boxes ready for New Year's Day. Next she takes some of the undyed material and makes socks for the girls and stock-

ings for the men. Then she cuts pieces into the shape of soles for the small children and the men, and into tiny soles for the "golden lily" shoes. She pastes layers and layers of these together, dries them, and strengthens them by stabbing the layers and drawing through twine. Then she makes the sides and fronts of cotton material and completes the sewing. After all this, she may cover the girls' shoes with satin and daintily embroider them. These shoes do not sound very satisfactory for hard wear, but they are really quite strong, with stiff, hard soles. It is always easy to tell when shoe-making is going on in a house, because outside the house can be seen boards with layers of cloth pasted to them drying in the sun.

China's lack of fuel has placed a heavy burden on the woman; not only does it hamper her in cooking, but it increases her toil at needlework. Sitting-room fires are rarely used, although sometimes the older people will sit round a brazier of red-hot charcoal in the guest-hall. The colder it gets the more clothes must be piled on. So days are sometimes "ten jackets cold," and mother makes the jackets. The outer coat is padded with cotton wool and is as warm as a quilt. When her boys and girls have on the ten coats and the outside padded one she will have great satisfaction in knowing that, though not graceful according to Western notions, they are certainly warm.

When the girls have been trained in the Mission Schools they gain many new ideas that are very helpful in their homes. They learn the value of milk as a food for babies and how to feed young children. Ignorant Chinese mothers, like ignorant Western mothers, give their babies solid and unsuitable food; and when a mother gives a three days' old baby potatoes to eat it is not to be wondered at if it suffers from convulsions and various complaints that often end fatally.

In the years to come education will save thousands of baby lives in China every year, for Chinese girls are naturally gentle and kind and make excellent nurses where they have once had training. Yet, however ignorant they are, sickness in the home means extra work and added anxiety for the women as it does here, for they love their children quite as dearly as any of our mothers love us.

Earning Money.—Added to all these duties, a woman's work often does not end with this list of labors, since times are sometimes bad, and the home could never be kept going without the woman's earnings. Women make more calico than they need and sell the surplus, or they make shoes and sell them. During the last four or five years a foreign firm has supplied large numbers of stocking-knitting machines, and in thousands of homes stockings are knitted and sold in the markets. In other houses match boxes are now made.

In the south the women are mainly responsible for the cultivation of the silkworm and for the spinning of the silk that is known as "shantung." During the season, in thousands and thousands of homes every woman and girl is hard at work for weeks, so busily employed that there is hardly time for sleep. The voracious worms have to be fed with an amazing amount of mulberry leaves. Then they have to be carefully watched while they are spinning their cocoons, and, finally, careful fingers have to wind the fine gossamer silk on spools ready for the weaver.

In some districts a large part of the field work is done by women. Here they stand in the water transplanting the little rice plants, or diligently hoeing, or pulling a plow instead of oxen. The Chinese are very clever farmers and use every inch of their soil. They even sow beans along the narrow paths between the rice fields. If they were not so careful, they could never live, as China is a crowded

country whose people live mainly by the soil, not by manufactures. Without the help of the women the work would never get done. In *some* parts the women have natural feet and so can more easily do their share; but in places where the women's feet are bound they may be seen kneeling on a mat on the sodden rice fields, or even sitting to reap the corn, cutting with the sickle as far as they can reach, and then shuffling forward to gather the next stretch.

On the whole, we may safely say that the working girls of China do not find life any too easy.

From "Working Girls of China," by E. E. Whimster; Church Missionary Society, London.

SOME ILLUSTRATIONS OF CHINESE RULES OF ETIQUETTE

On birthdays gifts are sent. The "receivers" give the servants tips as "foot-money." If the gift is worth $1, the servant is given a dime (Mexican). If its value is over $1, he is given two dimes. He is never given less than one-tenth the value of the gift. The slightest estimate over ten dollars' value demands a two-dollar tip. The receiver writes his thanks on the upper right corner of his visiting card. On the lower left corner he puts "Your sender two dimes." The master keeps all these tips during the year and at regular intervals divides them among the servants. Generally a birthday is celebrated by a birthday feast, the principal dish being "birthday Mein" (a long spaghetti-like substance on the order of noodles).

When one is a guest in a home overnight or for several days it is always proper to give the host a tip for the servants. At a formal feast or even at a formal tea in a Chinese home it is customary to leave a tip on the table.

If at a restaurant where hired help is serving, no tips are required; but even when calling, if served tea (and this is usually to be expected), guests generally leave a small tip wrapped in red paper. (All tips are wrapped in red paper.)

At a feast guests are seated in the order of rank. A seat near the door is generally left vacant for the host, as he takes the last or lowest seat. If two guests are seated in 4 and 6 (see diagram 1) and the host asks them to sit higher, they take 3 and 4. If he again urges, they may finally take 1 and 2, but these are likely to be left vacant. It is considered better form to take a seat on the left side, not too low nor too high.

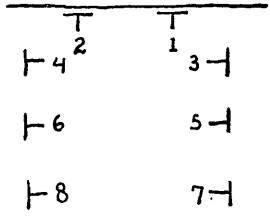
In diagram 3 is shown the order of seating at a square table. The lines of the table should be toward the door. Seating is also according to the line of the table. Here, again, the host takes the lowest seat. In the past it was customary for a sweet wine to be served. As the host poured this into small cups he called the name of each guest in turn. The order in which the names were called indicated the order of the seating. The second time the sweet wine was poured all the guests rose to say "Thank you." (In Peking visiting cards are used for place cards, and each guest finds his seat.)

The host eats slowly so as not to finish before the guests. As each one finishes his meal he says, "Slowly-use" (meaning "Take your time"), and he places his chopsticks across the top of his bowl. The other guests respond, "Eat your fill," and the host reaches over, removes the guest's chopsticks from the bowl, and places them on the table, thus indicating that he is to come again.

When during the meal a servant places a cup of tea on the table, the guest must touch it as though taking it. If

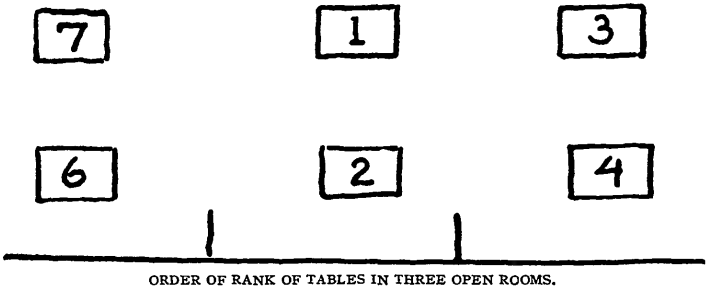
the host hands him a cup, using both hands to pass it to him, the guest must rise to accept it. At the end of the meal servants pass steaming-hot towels (small bath

Diagram 1



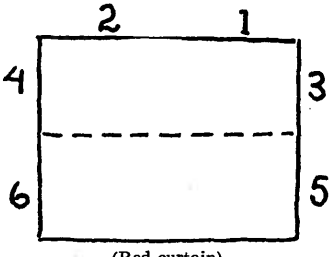
ORDER OF SEATING IN GUEST HALL.

Diagram 2



ORDER OF RANK OF TABLES IN THREE OPEN ROOMS.

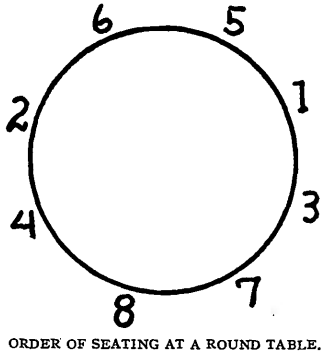
Diagram 3



(Red curtain)

ORDER OF SEATING AT A SQUARE TABLE.

Diagram 4



ORDER OF SEATING AT A ROUND TABLE.

towels), wrung out of perfumed hot water, for the guest to bathe his face and hands.

It is customary for guests to sit on the edge of their chairs, thus indicating that they do not plan to take much of your honorable time!

These are but a few of the many "niceties" of custom which are observed by the excessively polite Chinese.

A FUNERAL

No one enjoys a feast more than the Chinese. Births, marriages, and deaths are all associated with feasting. The cost of such entertainments is so heavy that the thrifty Chinaman joins a club, each member of which promises to pay so much at a wedding or funeral feast given by any of the members. Funerals seem to be even dearer than weddings.

Every Chinese person likes to have a splendid coffin ready long before death. These are heavy, carved, and painted in red. At a funeral this coffin is carried by bearers, before and behind whom the male mourners walk, clothed in rough yellowish-white garments and carrying white ropes. The procession is closed by the women relatives each carried in a sedan chair and wailing and screeching very dismally. Part of the training of a well-brought-up girl is to know how to wail at a funeral.

With banners and Chinese music they form a procession through the streets till they come to the city walls, when only the chief mourners proceed to the graveyard, which will almost certainly be on a hillside.

Immediately after the funeral there are still more ceremonies; priests are required to cleanse the house from defilement, and for hours the women have to wail incessantly in order to expiate the sins of the departed. Some

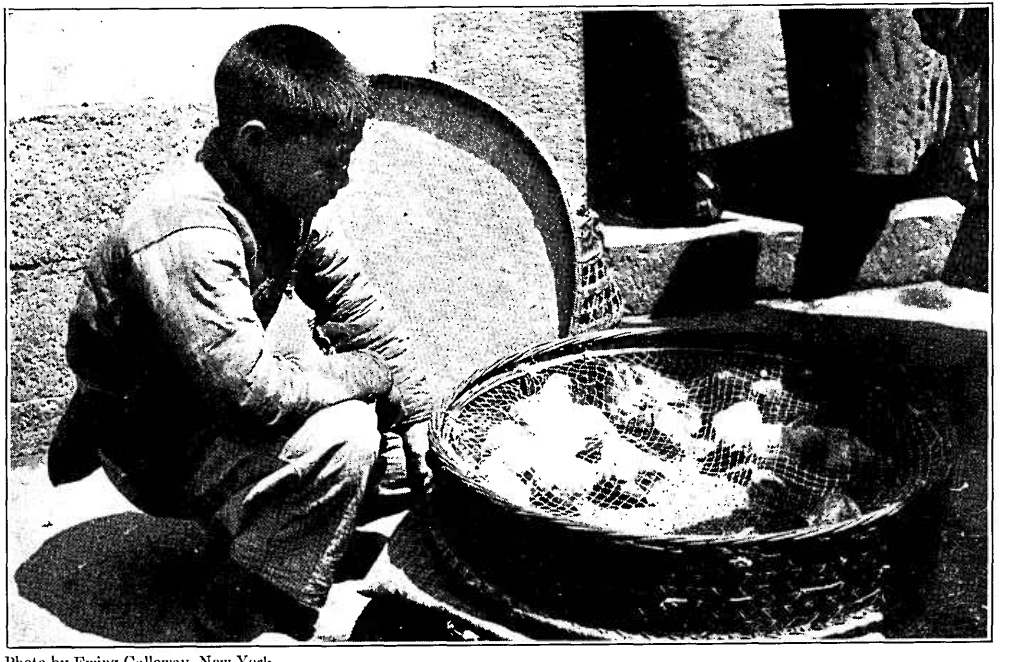


Photo by Ewing Galloway, New York

A CHINESE CHICKEN RAISER

Photo by Ewing Galloway, New York

CORMORANT FISHING ON THE GRAND CANAL

time after the death, the ceremony of burning paper articles at the grave takes place, when the cemetery is like a fair. With rich people the ceremonies are often repeated, and feasting accompanies each celebration.

Then once a year at the Feast of Tombs (Cheng ming) there is a great day at the cemetery. The whole family proceeds in the morning to the graveyard. The father carries his hoe, the women and girls take cakes and various foods, and the children carry paper streamers with which to decorate the grave. The hillsides are dotted with children in holiday gowns and fathers and mothers in blue.

While the grave is hoed up and any damage done by the winter storms is repaired by the father, the girls and the mother place the food in bowls on the gravestone. Then the father addresses the spirits of the departed. He tells them of their continued care for the dead, apologizes for the poorness of the feast, tells all that has happened of importance to the family during the past year, and asks for the spirits' help and good will.

The prayer finished, the dead are supposed to have absorbed all the food they need, and the family fall to and enjoy all the good things they have brought. On a beautiful spring day (early April), the Feast of Tombs is a picnic enjoyed by all.

From "Working Girls of China," by E. E. Whimster; Church Missionary Society, London.

FIRE-FIGHTING IN CHINA

You would be greatly interested to see a Chinese fire and the fire-fighters at work. Crowds of firemen come each with a long name-banner. These banners are left in line against the walls of the narrow streets near the fire. One set of men are carriers having carrying poles with a bucket

on each end of every pole. Ahead of each carrier runs a man with a gong beating wildly to make way for the carrier as he brings the water from a creek or canal or well near by. He dumps the water into the tub of a hand-pump which forces the water up a spout on to the fire. This pump-working reminds one of an old railroad hand car. Wealthy men often keep a hand-pump in their own home; but lest the "god of fire" give the pump work to do there is written on it, *Be-r-peh-yong*—"Prepared, but may it not be used." A fire in China is a noisy, exciting, and very primitive thing in its method of extinguishing; but fierce in its burning.

While the fire is burning sometimes theatricals are held on the street. These are to please the god of fire and get him to go back home. At other times, when people fear troubles are coming, they buy a paper image of the fire god and burn false money, incense, and candles before it and then burn the image itself. This is sending him home with spending money and fragrance to keep him from starting other fires.

From a personal letter written by an American missionary in China.

A VISIT TO A SILK FACTORY

As we came through the entrance on the ground floor the first sights to greet our eyes were the heaps of cocoons piled here and there, varying in shades from a bleached white to a dirty yellow. The next things we noticed were the babies. Babies were asleep under tables about which were seated Chinese women—the mothers—busily engaged in sorting the cocoons. Babies were playing in corners. All seemed happy enough. The mothers were chatting together as they worked and smiled pleasantly as we came nearer to see how they were classifying the fuzzy, cottony-

looking balls. "Yes," said our guide, "this is the most cheerful place in the factory and the most desirable place to work. We will now go upstairs." Up the narrow steps we climbed and found ourselves in a stiflingly moist, unwholesome sort of atmosphere with a rather peculiar odor which was not at all pleasant. One member of our party was immediately forced to leave the room because of nosebleed in the humid atmosphere. There was the whir of wheels. Rows upon rows of machinery stretched away on either side. We saw rows of children, from four to eight years of age, standing before bowls of boiling water stirring a few cocoons round and round with a short paddle. The steam had bleached their tiny hands till they were drawn, wrinkled, and ghostly white. The white streaks extended up above the wrists in striking contrast to the natural yellow of the arms. On the other side of each bowl sat a woman drawing out a spider-like thread from one of the hot wet cocoons and winding it onto the spindle of a machine. (Behind many of them lay babies on the floor under the machines—some of them crying, some of them asleep.)

"How much do these children get?" the guide was asked.

"Twenty cents a day," was the reply (a dime in American money).

"And how long do they work?" asked one of the visitors.

"Twelve hours a day," he answered.

One of the teachers was reminded of the report of one of her Chinese girl friends: "Our club of girls went over to the factory, and with the permission of the owners we tried to work out a recreation hour, but the children did not know how to play. They just stood around and looked at us in a dazed sort of way."

We noted the bosses, or inspectors, moving slowly up and down the aisles watching to see that no worker slipped out a cocoon. If enough were stolen, the worker might get a few cents' "squeeze" (extra money). Sometimes this overseer would prod a sleepy child who drooped over his little steaming vat.

After a brief glimpse of the great skeins of twisted silk strands as they were being stored in the next room, we went on our way. We talked of these things that we had just seen. From now on, we said, the sound of the five-o'clock factory whistle in the early dawn would bring us unhappy realization of the children and young girls on wheelbarrow and on foot wearily making their way to the twelve-hour post of duty. Some of the children would no doubt be crying and perhaps be urged on by stern parents. But, realizing how the cost of living was advancing in the East as in the West, we knew that necessity was driving these parents to grasp at the money the children could earn by working in the factory. These uneducated Chinese mothers felt that it was better for their children to work too hard than to lack food.[1]

HOW CHINA EXPLAINS THE BIBLE

To us the Bible is so universal in its application that it seldom occurs to us to remember that the scenes which it portrays were laid in an Oriental country. The customs which would seem to us odd in actual life are so inextricably interwoven with the stories and parables of the Bible that we are inclined to think of them as belonging to purely Bible times and quite unassociated with present living.

[1]Labor commissions are working at these problems. A good reference on this is the volume "Humanity and Labor in China," by Dame Adelaide Mary Anderson; London Student Christian Movement. 1928.

Of course this does not hold true of those who have had the good fortune to travel through the Holy Land, for there one sees much that varies but slightly from the ordinary uses of Bible times and illuminates puzzling scenes from Bible history. But it will seem very odd to the dweller in Western lands that to those also who live in China do many stories and customs in the Bible become more comprehensible. There are many Bible stories in which are described the everyday customs of the common folk whose atmosphere seems almost Chinese.

In the matter of feasting, which is as popular a way of celebrating joy in China as it ever was in Palestine, the customs are almost identical. The host invites his guests a few days before the time set for the feast; but, when the hour is near, he sends his servants or friends to call those bidden and to tell them that now "all things are ready" and to beg them to come without delay. If the guests are first seated in the reception hall, the first to seat himself of course takes the lowest place and, since he is often the chief guest, has to be duly urged and finally escorted to a place of honor. When all of the guests have arrived, there is much ceremony connected with their proper seating at the table; and, if a strict regard for ceremonial politeness is observed, it may take some time to get the guests properly seated. During the feasting time it is not at all unusual for neighbors or passers-by to enter the courtyard or house to look on for a while, and no one minds in the least. The picture holds true even to the dogs, which are always under the table, waiting patiently for the scraps which are bound to fall.

In arranging for the marriage of his son Isaac, Abraham used the method which is still customary in China. He intrusted this important business to his servant, who, acting as middleman, went to inquire among the people of

Abraham's old home for a wife for his son. This servant carried with him a handsome dowry, which he bestowed upon the maiden, whose father and brother accepted his offer for her. He gave to the family also substantial presents of precious things. The maiden herself was not consulted until after the engagement was made, the gifts received, and a feast had sealed the contract. Then Rebekah was led to the home of Isaac, where they were married.

This whole transaction illustrates exactly the present-day methods of arranging marriages in China. The middleman (or woman) is usually a person of inferior rank, but he is a "go-between" for the two families; and it is often his clever tongue which induces the parents of the young folks to make the marriage. He may represent either the family of the man or of the maid; but, when he visits the other family, he paints the riches and position and glory of those whom he represents in as glowing colors as possible. Before the marriage takes place the bridegroom sends through the middleman to the parents of the bride a sum of money which is to be used for the trousseau of the bride. If her parents are not well-to-do, the bride receives very little from her own people when she goes to be married; but Rebekah, being a member of a wealthy family, took with her her damsels; and even so the Chinese bride of rank and wealth takes with her certain girls to be her personal servants in her new home.

Contrary to Western customs, the ceremony itself is always performed in the home of the groom; and the bride becomes entirely a member of her husband's family and lives with his people. It is quite contrary to custom that the young people form a home of their own, and the daughter-in-law is subject to the mother-in-law. Sometimes, as in the case of Rebekah herself, we sympathize

with the mother-in-law when her daughters-in-law are like Esau's wives, women of low tastes and associations; but in China our interest is usually with the young bride, whose whole life is suddenly given over into the control of a strange mother-in-law.

There is, however, another method of making marriage arrangements in China; but it is not frequently employed and is considered much less honorable. And that is the method used by Jacob when he entered the family of his bride instead of taking his bride home. Such troubles as Jacob encountered almost invariably fall to the lot of a man in such a position; and the time often comes when he finds the control and oppression of his wife's folks more than he can endure, and he makes a dash for liberty. The Chinese husband is not always so fortunate as was Jacob, however; and he may have to leave his wife and children in the home of her father.

Even the mighty Samson was dependent upon his parents for securing a wife. When he saw the woman he wanted, he came up and told his father and mother, and said, "Get her for me to wife." And just so, although a young Chinese may be attracted toward some young girl, still he must depend upon his elders to make the arrangements for him.

When sorrow visits a Chinese home, one is strongly reminded of Biblical history; and the loud wailing at the home of Jairus upon the death of his daughter is Chinese in sound at least; for in China one can discern from afar the house recently afflicted by the presence of death; the wailing is prolonged and vociferous.

In matters of buying and selling also the Chinese use methods which greatly resemble those employed by the Hebrew fathers. The transaction which Abraham had with the children of Heth might almost have taken place

in China. The old man inquires about a place where he can bury his wife, Sarah, and is told that he may have any place that he desires. He then names the field of Ephron and desires to buy that; but it is offered him as a gift. Of course Abraham did not accept it as a gift, and no Oriental would have expected it of him; but he insisted upon Ephron's naming a price. This Ephron does in a truly Chinese fashion. He seems to be declaring that there need be no money passed, but at the same time he names the price of the field; and it is by no means a low price, either. Abraham understands all of this perfectly and immediately weighs out to him the money which he has named in the presence of the people.

Just so it was when David went to Ornan to buy of him his threshing-floor upon which to raise an altar to Jehovah. Ornan insists that the place was the king's freely and without cost; but David pays him the regular price for it, and Ornan accepts the money without demur.

In China, when one buys an article, large or small, a question as to the price usually brings the polite answer: "O, there is no need for money. Take what you want." Or else, "Pay anything you like." Even when one is paying a boatman or coolie, the worker often declares that he will not take pay for so trifling a service; but, should one by mistake pay him too little, this same coolie will vehemently declare to the whole world your injustice and in a loud voice demand more pay.

When one leaves such respectable society as that of the patriarchs and kings, and meditates upon the plight of the poor traveler who, going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, fell among thieves, one wonders whether these thieves were an organized group of bandits or just stray bad men. Surely their brethren infest the less frequented roads of China, especially in the more mountainous regions. And

like his brothers, the priest and the Levite, the heathen Chinese "passes by on the other side" when he comes to a stranger who is in trouble. On the one hand, he fears that the bandits may return and injure him, and on the other hand, he fears taking the responsibility for an unknown man. Besides that, if the man should die while in his care, he is held responsible and may even be seized and tried for the murder of the man. So the Chinese decides that it is much safer and wiser never to play "the good Samaritan," but to "look out for number one."

The persistence of the Chinese is by no means inferior to that of the Jew; and, when the Westerner would become discouraged, the Chinese or Jew persists. Take, for example, the parable of the importunate widow or the man whose friend from a distance comes at midnight. Both of these ask and beg and entreat until they get their desires, and so the Chinese whose heart is set will wear out the one from whom he begs. In the mere matter of knocking at the gate one is reminded of the parable, for a Chinese will knock and knock and knock, striking the iron ring against the iron nail until the listening Westerner is driven distracted; but still the persistent Chinese stands at the gate and continues to knock.

As one meets the loathsome beggars who accost one in the Chinese streets, one remembers blind Bartimeus, the lame man who was laid daily at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, the beggar Lazarus who in the parable was laid at the gate of the rich man, and other Biblical outcasts; and one wonders whether they followed the Chinese custom of augmenting their repulsiveness for the sake of awakening pity and reaping larger donations.

In contrast to this ugliness is the beautiful expression often used by the apostle John, which to a Western mind seems odd, but which has its exact counterpart in the

Chinese language; and it is the name by which John usually designates himself. Again and again he speaks of himself as the "disciple whom Jesus loved." To a Westerner such a way of speaking seems a bit immodest, as if John were boasting of being held more dear by the Master. But to the Chinese it is a most natural manner of speech and means, as it undoubtedly did at the time when John used it, that John received great and wonderful benefits from Jesus. Thus it was a term expressing John's humble gratitude for wholly unmerited favors which Jesus had bestowed upon him.

Thus to one who lives in China many phrases and customs in the Bible which puzzle the Westerner become clear, and one realizes as never before that China lies near the Holy Land and indeed holds many customs and traditions in common with her.[3]

By Lillian Gray, in the *Christian Endeavor World*, February 1, 1924.

A MISSIONARY TRIP IN CHINA

If you were in China, I should like very much to take you on a trip through the country with me. But since you are not in China, I shall choose the next best thing and tell you all about the interesting sights I saw when I made my first trip in a canal boat in the Kiangsu Province.

If you could see the small, dingy-looking boat in which we made our trip, you might wonder why we traveled in this way. The answer is very simple. The Kiangsu Province is in the low plain of Central China. The great Yangtze River drains this plain, and there are hundreds

[3]In seaport cities or "modernized" communities we find to-day that the customs are as likely to be Western as Eastern, or perhaps an unusual combination of practices as found in both East and West.

of canals throughout the country. There are only a few hundred miles of railroad in the province, and there are no big, broad roads such as there are in America; so when people in China wish to go anywhere too far to walk they travel on boats. Even though our boat was small, we were quite comfortable; for it had three bedrooms, a living room, and the kitchen and deck.

The people in China build their houses along the very edge of the canals or rivers. For that reason we saw many interesting things as we passed along in our boat. It was late in the fall, the days were cool, and we saw a great many country people sitting out in their little bare yards in front of their houses, flailing out the rice. Rice, you know, is the bread of all the people of Central China. The rice straw is used for covering houses. It is also used for fuel, for food for the buffalo, and for making many beautiful things such as baskets, fans, and hats.

On rainy days we saw a great many people wearing raincoats. They were very strange looking indeed; for the coats did not fit them as their other clothes do. The reason they do not fit is that they are made of the stiff fiber that comes from the bark of the palm tree. The man who possesses a palm tree is very happy indeed, for he can make his own raincoats. And these coats certainly do keep out the water on a rainy day.

If China did not have bamboo, her whole life would be very different. We took a picture of a little house which was built by a very poor man. He made it from a few bamboo poles which he found growing on the spot, and he made it all alone. The mulberry trees outside his home furnish leaves for the silkworms he is feeding inside. This man may be rich some day. For with bamboo and a mulberry tree and a pair of butterflies he can make enough money to live in comfort.

One morning as we were moving slowly along we saw another boat, smaller than ours, which had no top. All along the sides of this boat a number of big black birds were perched. They were as large as hawks. As we looked the man who rowed the boat tapped them, one after another on the head, and they dived into the water. When they came up, each one of the birds carried a fish in its mouth. The boatman would take the fish and tap the birds, and off they would dive again and again. I couldn't understand why it was that the birds did not eat the fish that they caught, but as we came closer I saw the reason. Each bird had a ring fastened around his neck so that he could not swallow a large fish, and the boatman did not care about the small ones. This was certainly an interesting sight. These birds are called cormorants.

As we neared Shanghai we saw a harbor for river boats on the Whangpoo River. These boats bring food into the great city: rice, wheat, cabbage, sugar cane, bamboo sprouts, shrimp, crabs, fish, and many other kinds of food. Sometimes the boats come in and do not go out again. For this reason there are hundreds of them anchored in this harbor, some of which have been there for years. Shanghai is often called "The City of a Thousand Masts." There are many boys and girls who have lived on these boats all their lives, and even some of the old people have never known any other home.

Most of the Chinese farmers have a very hard life. They are not afraid of work, and their work is very hard, because there is so very little live stock in China. The people themselves are the beasts of burden. Especially in the country we found men everywhere doing the work that mules and trucks or oxen do in other lands.

Since most of the roofs of the houses are made of straw, they have to be recovered. When they are covered, red

peppers are often planted along the edges of the roof, and the houses look very pretty indeed when the plants begin to grow. After the peppers are planted, however, the wood-getting time comes. One of the sad facts about China is that her forests are used up. When wood-getting time comes it means that the men have to dig around and hunt for scraps of wood. They have special sacks or carriers which they place on their backs, and often a man cannot be seen for the great pile of wood he is carrying.

It was people like these, boat dwellers and farmers, whom we went to see, people who never have a chance to go anywhere or see or do anything interesting. One day we had a meeting on the bank of the canal. The Bible women stood on the deck of the boat and talked to the people who had come from the fields and gathered on the bank of the canal. There were more than a hundred people, and they listened very attentively. The Bible women told of Jesus and his love and of how much more beautiful life could be if people would only follow Jesus' way of living.

If you could only go with me to see some of the Chinese people, I know you would soon find them interesting and lovable; for they are hard-working people, eager always to live useful and happy lives.

By Elizabeth Claiborne, in *Juniors*, August, 1928; Lamar & Whitmore.

HOW SOOCHOW HOSPITAL IS SERVING ITS COMMUNITY

THE functions of a hospital are manifold. Primarily, it is a place to cure the sick. This has been, still is, and should always be the most prominent function of any hospital. Secondly, the function of a hospital is to teach

the science of prevention. In all progressive and well-equipped hospitals this phase of work has grown to occupy a more and more important place. Thirdly, the purpose of a good hospital is to provide means for the early detection and treatment of diseases. This is the next defense line in case preventive measures have failed.

In the face of China's high mortality a medical worker is often at a loss as to where the proper emphasis should be placed. He is on the one hand overburdened with a large amount of curative work, and on the other he is met with the lack of coöperation in carrying out a preventive program. It is under such conditions that the Soochow Hospital has been carrying on its work for the last forty years.

The hospital is the oldest of its kind in Soochow. It was founded in 1882 by the late Bishop W. R. Lambuth. During the first thirty years the work was entirely pioneer and curative in type. The chief figure connected with the hospital during this period was the late Dr. W. H. Park, who started medical work in Soochow with his brother-in-law, Doctor Lambuth, in 1882. For a period of forty-five years Doctor Park devoted his best efforts to curing the sick, and with his genial manner and generous ways he won a lasting place in the hearts of the people. Indeed, very few foreigners in China have enjoyed a better and wider reputation than Doctor Park.

Succeeding Doctor Park was Dr. J. A. Snell, who arrived in China in 1909. With his youthful but far-sighted enthusiasm he had the vision of a new, up-to-date hospital on the site of the age-worn building. Toward this goal he labored with faith and persistence, and as a result the present complete modern hospital was opened in July, 1922.

Beginning with this period, along with the improvement

in the curative aspect of our work, there have been fruitful efforts toward prevention as well as early diagnosis and treatment of diseases.

The hospital's educational work is beginning to have results. Now it is quite widely known to the general public that malaria is transmitted by mosquitoes and that quinine is a cure for it. Cholera is not so generally regarded as the manifestation of God's temper, but as the result of specific germs in bad water and food, so that every summer many people ask for cholera vaccination for protection against this disease.

While ten years ago the name of acute appendicitis was practically unknown, now many are willing to submit themselves to our surgeon for operation because they realize that this is the only mode of treatment to cure them. Open-air treatment, whether in winter or summer, is now appreciated by many as the proper means of curing tuberculous patients.

Not only these, but even positive health programs have been adopted in our mission schools as routine medical procedure for the prevention of contagion and to insure the health of the student body. Every year over one thousand students are given a complete physical examination by our hospital staff.

For the last four years a baby welfare clinic has been carried on in Soochow. It is maintained with the cooperation of the Kong Hong Institutional Church, which provides a place for the clinic and also a trained public health nurse who visits the homes of the babies who attend the clinic. Not long ago a pre-natal clinic was started in connection with this baby clinic, also a foundling home, and while previously, on the eighteenth of the fourth moon, the birth of the Goddess of Midwifery was always cele-

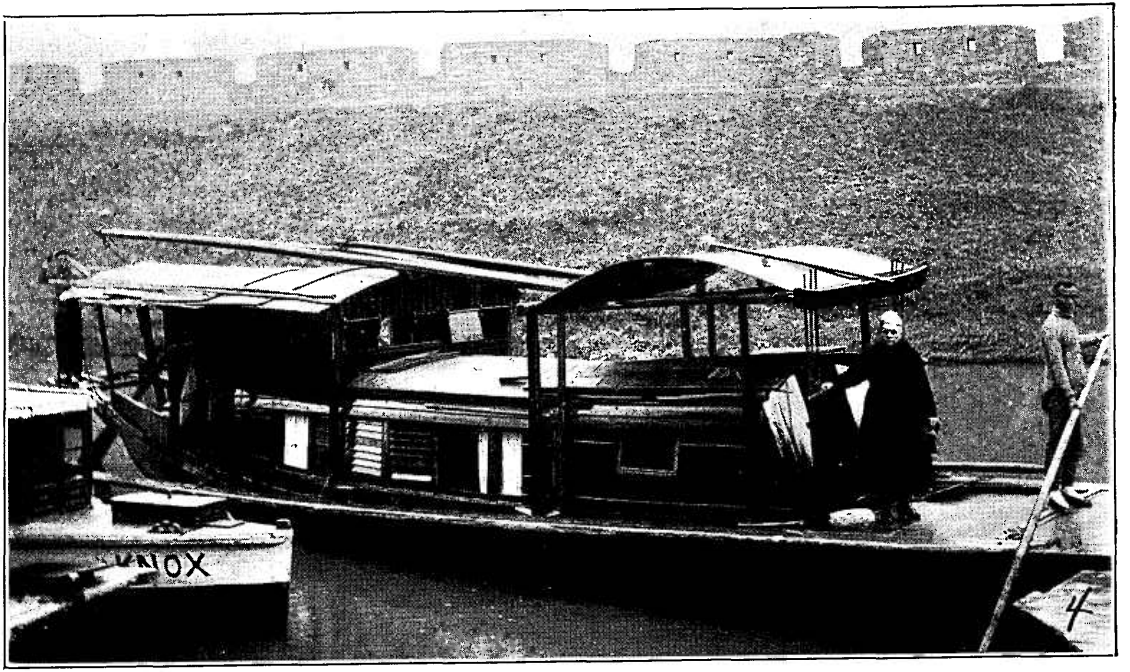
brated, now there is a child welfare exhibit which is attended by many mothers with their children.

These are some of the effects which the introduction of Western medicine has accomplished, and the part played by the Soochow Hospital in this work has been of no little importance.

However, despite all these changes for the better, there are many people still ignorant of the real value of modern medicine. A large percentage of our patients come to us when their illness is far advanced. Invariably these cases have been doctored by various manners of medical practices and by quacks. When they come to our hospital the period for good prognosis has gone, and, failing to get their trouble relieved, they discredit modern medicine for its failure. But many of these apparently desperate cases are successfully treated. One such case not only enables us to win the confidence of the particular individual, but also the esteem of his family and friends.

Recently a prominent citizen in Soochow had a carbuncle on the back of his neck which had been growing for twenty-three days. Having been premier in Peking, of course he had the best-known doctors, both the native type and the Western-trained. But the carbuncle was so large (nearly the size of a dinner plate) that all the doctors were afraid to give radical treatment. They just marked time by local plasters and prescriptions until it began to bleed and ooze under the plasters. This frightened all the family as well as the attending doctors, and one of the hospital staff was called to stop the bleeding, but nothing else. Since radical treatment in our hospital would probably save his life, the surgeon was called in consultation, and it was decided that the only hope of stopping the bleeding and curing the trouble was by the removal of the carbuncle.

BABY CLINIC, KONG HONG INSTITUTIONAL CHURCH, SOOCHOW. DR. LI IS FOURTH FROM THE LEFT



MISS ATKINSON, A PIONEER MISSIONARY, AS SHE TRAVELS TO-DAY ON HER HOUSEBOAT

This caused great apprehension to all—the patient, his family, and the attending doctors. Nothing further was done for two days, when the best-known Chinese physician, who had once attended the Emperor, refused to treat the man further. Then the hospital members were again called. Hours of persuasion and explanation finally convinced all that the only hope was to come to the hospital for the removal of the carbuncle.

At the hospital it took six operations in two weeks' time to check the spreading underneath of the infection, but the patient was unusual in his coöperation. He obeyed all the doctor's orders. To show how willingly he submitted himself to the surgeon, he preferred to stand his fourth operation without any anæsthetic, because ether had previously upset him badly. Only a man of great courage could stand such an operation.

His condition was so desperate that at four different times he had blood transfusions. Gradually he was cured, but only after having skin grafted twice.

This patient now appreciates the fact that his life was saved by coming to the hospital. Not only is he willing to make known to the public what modern medical and surgical treatment can do to combat disease, but also he is very sympathetic with the missionary spirit which surrounded him while in the hospital. In other words, he has caught the motive with which the hospital carries on its work, so that to-day he is seeking to know the truth that is in the Christian's Bible.

Such is the challenge that the medical work in China offers to the medical man and woman. It is the work itself that demonstrates the rich love and service of the Christian religion. A well-known orthopedic surgeon, after a brief tour, working side by side with the doctor in the mission field, made the following statement, which characterizes

the situation as to medical missions, of which our hospital is a part:

"Throughout my stay in China, the loyalty and devotion of the medical missionaries compelled my constant admiration. They are not only imbued with a spirit of scientific enthusiasm, but they also possess in a marked degree that spirit of missionary helpfulness through which alone so great an undertaking is possible. A cold scientific organization or a group of such organizations cannot alone solve China's medical problems. All medical institutions must be inspired by the same missionary spirit, if the work of science is to win a full measure of success. Luckily in China to-day science goes hand in hand with this impelling spirit."

By H. K. Li, in *Sunday School Magazine*, February, 1929; Lamar & Whitmore.

A TYPICAL CHINESE SUNDAY SCHOOL IN A TYPICAL CHINESE CITY

SOOCHOW is a typical Chinese city in the province of Kiangsu. It is one of the world's oldest and most interesting cities. The Chinese have a proverb which says: "Above is heaven, below are Soo(chow) and Hang(chow)" —indicating the high esteem they place upon these two cities. Soochow is over two thousand three hundred years old and has a population at present of more than half a million. It is situated on the Grand Canal, which is the longest artificial waterway in the world, connecting Hangchow, the capital city of Chekiang Province, with Tientsin, the seaport of Peking, the nation's capital.

If you were to go there from Shanghai, you could take the train, traveling by the well-equipped Shanghai-Nanking Railway for about fifty miles through one great rice field, which is crossed in all directions by canals

ranging from twelve feet to a hundred feet in width. These canals are the only other way of transportation, for there is not a single road in this part of China; so a motor car would be totally useless. The whole way is level and only a few feet above the sea, except for a hill or two on the way. As you see hills in front of you to the left, you are sure you are nearing Soochow. Soon the whistle blows, and the train slows down; then within a minute or two you leave the train.

If you are a careful observer, the city wall, green with vegetation, will not fail to attract your attention. The famous North Temple Pagoda will also be seen at a greater distance within the city wall. By the way, in China, in order to call a place a city, it must be walled. The city of Soochow is about four miles long and two miles wide and is surrounded by a wall about twelve miles in circumference and twenty to thirty feet high. There are moats both inside and outside the wall.

Alighting from the train, you jump into a ricksha and are trotted by your coolie to the West Gate, one of the six. You pay him about thirty cents. Then you hear, "Donkey, donkey, master," which indicates the universal use of the English language.

As soon as you get into the city you find yourself among multitudes of people going to and fro, sedan chairs, coolies carrying things on bamboo sticks balanced on one of their shoulders and singing, "Angho! Angho!" Your donkey bells tingling all the time warn people in your way to let you pass. The streets are no wider than the width of the average sidewalks in big American cities. They are lined with shops of all kinds with their signboards hanging from the eaves of their houses, telling what goods they have for sale. You wonder all the time why they do not stop their w ork and business on Sundays.

For at least half an hour you sit on the back of the galloping donkey, passing streets of similar width, and then you come to the busiest part of the city. There to the north of the street in the middle part open wide the temple gates. Within the temple in the open yards candy sellers, toy sellers, and what-not are busily engaged in their business. The city temple is to Soochow what St. Paul is to London or Notre Dame to Paris or St. Peter's to Rome. There has been a temple on this site ever since the fourth century.

Opposite the main entrance to the temple there is another street, named Kong Hong. Going down a distance equal to about three or four blocks, to your right you see a magnificent church towering above all other buildings in the vicinity. This is the Kong Hong Institutional Church, built with Southern Methodist Centenary money from Mulkey Memorial Church, Fort Worth, Tex., and the Church at Mart, Tex. To this was added more than seven thousand dollars previously raised by the Sunday schools of the Central Texas Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

After another fifteen minutes on the donkey's back, you come to the loveliest spot in the whole city of Soochow, the "Heaven-sent village." Towering above all the buildings in the neighborhood stands the best church building in Soochow, St. John's Church, a gray brick edifice which is the gift of St. John's Church, St. Louis. You heard the ringing of the bells just a few minutes ago. It is the bell for Sunday school. Your watch tells you that it is three o'clock.

Stepping upon the ground floor of the church—for the land is too low for a basement—you find the girls sitting on one side and the boys on the other. One thing that strikes you the first time you stand before the crowd of

Chinese children is the uniformity in the color of their hair and eyes, while in facial expression there is as great a variety as can be found in America. They now sing the familiar songs and then repeat the Lord's Prayer, all in Chinese. One peculiar thing is that they do not use song-books for the children, but all the songs are written on pieces of wide cloth and hung up in the front, where everybody can see. Now you see the children going to their respective classrooms, and some have to remain in the auditorium. You follow the little "tots" into their room, and you see them just as active and just as eager to sing and to do things as any group of American children. They do almost everything the American children do. If you insist upon seeing a girl with long curls or flaxen hair, you will surely be disappointed. Very few girls wear hats, except in winter.

For about twenty to thirty minutes they stay in their classrooms. Then they all come back to sing a few more songs, for they never get tired of singing the songs they love. Some one may tell a story or two which all the children can enjoy. Finally, the secretary makes the report, which says that there are two hundred pupils present, eighteen teachers, and the contribution is three dollars and fifty-three cents. They sing another song and then unwillingly leave for home or the streets, for many play all day in the streets.

By this time you are over with your first rather thrilling experience, and you begin to look around on the walls of the auditorium. You will notice that they are bare, except the wall facing the entrance, where there are a few pictures and the song sheets and perhaps a few Chinese scrolls. You will notice also that the individual seats are quite comfortable, and they are graded too. The piano is rather old, but they have to be contented with it; they have tried

to raise some money to buy a new one, and they are still trying.

The pianist is a Chinese girl, rather small and good looking. The secretary is one of the college men at Soochow University, and most of the teachers are young women and young men from Soochow University and Laura Haygood Normal School. They are all working hard and interested in their work for these children.

From report of Peter S. T. Shih to Department of Missions, Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

SEVERAL MODES OF TRAVEL IN INTERIOR CHINA

CHINA, being a large country, naturally embraces many modes of travel; where the country is low and flat canals are dug and various kinds of boats are used, and where the country is high and hilly travel is done mostly on foot, or by sedan chair, or on the backs of animals. The field here described lies between the Yangtze River (the Mississippi of China) and the Chientang River; the east ends at the seacoast, the west is mountainous, and there is the famous Great Lake in the middle.

First of all, one uses that mode of travel which Adam used in his day when there was no other available. This is the most popular and the cheapest form. You will simply be surprised to see that so many in China travel walking, carrying on their shoulders their belongings, balanced on the two ends of a piece of bamboo about six feet long. They walk about twenty miles a day; so one must be strong enough to walk. Of course he does not have to carry his own baggage if he can afford the services of a coolie.

Up in the hilly and rough regions of the south and the

west of this territory horses, donkeys, or mules are ridden. They are owned by the peasants for their own domestic uses. Sometimes they plow the fields, sometimes they carry their owners' loads to town, and sometimes their masters ride them for pleasure. But in the cities, especially in Soochow, donkeys are ridden as in the Holy Land. You can have a good hour's ride for "two or three dimes."

There is one means of travel in China which you do not have in America, and it may be conveniently termed man-power transportation. Chinese labor is very cheap. Thirty cents a day is a good average wage. These laborers work beyond the time limit of the labor unions.

The first kind of man-power transportation is the wheelbarrow. The Chinese wheelbarrow is larger and heavier than the American. One kind, commonly used in the Shanghai, Taichang, and Sungkiang Districts, has the wheel come up through the center of the bed instead of at the front end. There is a framework over the wheel, and the passenger sits on the side of the framework, facing the front. He rests one leg on the shelf and supports the other foot by a rope stirrup, which is fastened to the front edge of the barrow; and he holds on by throwing his arm around the framework over the wheel. In some places the roads are not more than two feet wide, and these barrows are well adapted to such conditions. They go very slowly. The fare is rather reasonable.

The next form of man-power transportation is the sedan chair, carried by two men on their shoulders. It can be used over any sort of ground. Roughly classified, there are two kinds, the open and the closed. The closed is found mostly in the cities, such as Sungkiang, Soochow, Wusih, Changchow, Taichang, and so on. The open kind is used in the mountainous parts, as it is much lighter than the closed, and it is adapted to long distances. In Soochow

for a distance of about three miles we usually pay the sedan coolies about a quarter, including the tip.

The ricksha, invented in Japan, is a very common vehicle in the more progressive cities, such as Shanghai, Soochow, Wusih, etc. The ricksha of China has attained its highest development, and it is much better than the one which is still in use in the land of its birth. The ricksha coolies can run very fast. In Shanghai the usual charge is about forty cents an hour. Once I traveled about ten miles, from Nansiang to Kaiding, and the ricksha coolie demanded only about seventy cents.

In the watery sections of this territory travel by boat is very popular. It provides for shelter by the way, and it can utilize the natural power of the wind and current. So long as one does not get "canal sick" it is the most leisurely and most interesting method. You can either board a regular "express" boat or hire one for the trip or by the month.

The commonest express boat is the "cigar boat," as nicknamed by some of our missionaries, due to its shape. This craft, however, also resembles the canoe, with the broad hull adorned with pictures. The sun and rain are kept off the passengers by bamboo matting stretched on bamboo poles. The smaller ones have their paddles worked by the feet of the boatman, who, seated in the back end, stolidly propels his boat. The larger ones are worked with fishtail oars. If the wind is favorable, a square sail is used, which is run up by a pulley through rings.

Now, the "slipper boats," so called because they look like Chinese shoes, are usually the kind one hires for a short or long trip. They are usually manned by two sailors, and the kind of boat which I used to hire has sleeping accommodations for at least four in addition to

the two *laoda*, or boatmen. My monthly rent was about twelve dollars. These boats form quite a feature in the landscape of that section of China.

Steam-power travel is also coming to find a wider use. Hundreds of steam launches ply up and down the canals. They are the harbingers of Western civilization and material progress.

Hundreds of miles of railroad have been constructed. There are two very important lines running through our territory, the Shanghai-Nanking Railway and the Shanghai-Ninpo Railway.

No one will deny the fact that the question of travel has a very close relation to the general missionary work. Paul utilized the Roman roads in bringing the gospel to the different provinces. The rapidity of the spread of truth is in proportion to the facility of communication. This fact is also recognized by the non-Christians in China. A body of prominent young leaders of China and missionaries started the good roads movement, planning to build highways such as are in existence in America and trying to introduce motor cars. At the same time a body of non-Christians worked hard to hinder it, simply on the ground that these people were trying to spread Christianity by means of the good roads. Whether they intended it directly for the spread of Christianity or not, Christianity will surely spread more easily and more quickly. Whatever makes it easier for travel makes it easier for the spread of the good news. May the day soon come when the remotest corners of this great republic will hear the gospel!

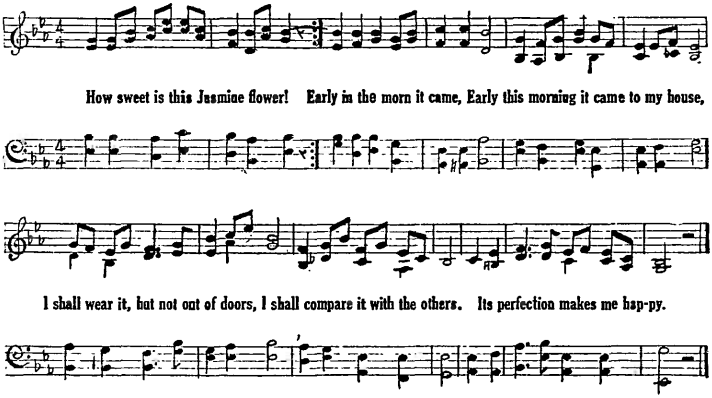
Adapted from article by Peter S. T. Shih, in the *Sunday School Magazine* for June, 1922; published by Lamar & Whitmore.

CHINESE MUSIC[1]

CHINESE music might be classified under two main heads: ritual and theatrical. It is very difficult to reproduce exactly on Western instruments the music of the Chinese, as the intervals between the notes are not the same as ours. They use the pentatonic scale. As for the singing, it is rather nasal in tone. In theatrical music the men sing in a high falsetto to represent the voices of women.

Musical instruments are of many varieties, including stringed instruments like lutes, guitars, and violins; wind instruments like flutes and clarionets; hollow wooden instruments made in peculiar fish shapes and struck with wooden mallets to produce the sound desired; drums of various types and sizes; and bells or gongs which are struck with wooden balls or mallets.

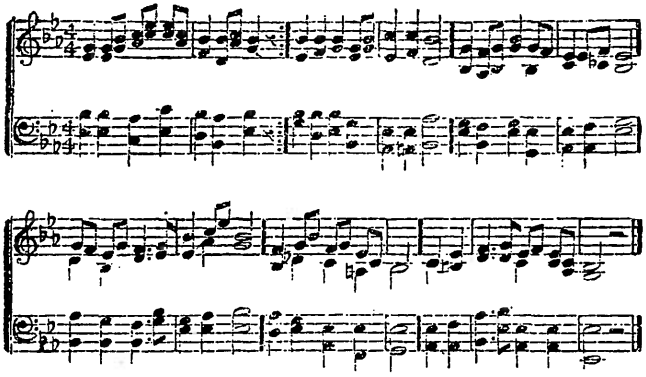
CHINESE MELODY



[1]Music from a Chinese Hymnal. The words are from a free translation of Jasmine Flower poem. For an arrangement of this melody see No. 197 in "American Student Hymnal." (Edited by H. A. Smith and published by the Century Company.)

Love for Christ.

217. JASMINE. [CHINESE] P.M. 336. *Sweet and holy Jesus' name.*



第二百十七首 三五九

耶穌美名 富著

美哉聖哉耶穌名　鮮於奇花最香馨
朝也暮也我常念　欣然傳出使人聽
奇哉奇哉耶穌恩　救主愛罪人
臨於凡間捨己身

二

憂哉戚哉人味心　輕視天父背恩音
深望多人今歸主　樂從耶穌敬而親
我爲門徒願日新　從主作天民
歡候耶穌再降臨

HOW TO COUNT IN CHINESE

(WU DIALECT USED IN REGION ABOUT SOOCHOW)

1 Ick
2 Urr (as burr).
3 Say
4 SZ (something like "sci" in scissors)
5 N (as in now)
6 Loh (as if it were L plus oh!)
7 Tsih (to rhyme with "chi" sound of chicken)
8 Poh
9 Djur
10 Zuh
11 Zuh-ich
12 Zuh-urh
13 Zuh-sei
14 Zuh-sz
15 Zuh-N
16 Zuh-Loh
17 Zuh-Tsih
18 Zuh-Poh
19 Zuh-Djur
20 Nyeh (something like the first syllable of *near*er)
21 Nyeh-ick
22 Nyeh-urh
23 Nyeh-sei
24 Nyeh-sz
25 Nyeh-N
26 Nyeh-loh
27 Nyeh-tsih
28 Nyeh-poh
29 Nyeh-djur
30 Sei-suh

CHINESE ART[1]

WESTERNERS do not always give full credit to the beauty and value of Chinese paintings because of the different standards of criticism. For instance, with the Chinese, height represents distance: thus, an object which is far away is placed at the top of the picture, and near-by objects are put below, indicating nearness to the spectator, though the size of both objects may be represented in the same proportions. This gives a very different "sense of perspective." Figures are generally shown full-faced even though it necessitates a forty-five degree angle on the pose of the head. Pictures are graphic, but the proportion is far from accurate. Details are shown most minutely. Coloring is generally rich and beautiful. Outline drawing is a great favorite with Chinese artists. The ancient art of wood-block printing is one for which China is famous.

Much symbolism is found in Chinese art. A careful

[1] See "Chinese Embroideries and Tapestry," page 43.

survey of these many symbols, the peach, the plum blossom, the lotus, the clouds, waves, pines, the bat, the lion, and other emblems will lead one into an interesting realm of reading and study. One of the best-known symbols found on curtains, doors, houses, and porcelain, in carvings, paintings, and books, is the circular emblem representing the dual nature of life, dark and light, male and female, good and bad, and many other opposites or contrasts.

CHINESE FESTIVALS

Chinese New Year.—January or February.[1]

Feast of Lanterns.—Following Chinese New Year, fifteenth day of first moon. All homes have a great variety of illuminated lanterns. For three nights feasts, illuminations, fireworks, and festivities mark this celebration.

Setting-Up Spring.—The first spring ceremony when a processional (in which are a buffalo decorated with many-colored streamers, musicians, gayly-dressed citizens of the town or village, and the head official of the province or district) proceeds to a field outside the city, where the official himself goes through the ceremony of holding the plow—thus initiating spring planting and sowing.

Festival of Tombs.[2]—Ching Ming, early April. In reverence and tribute to ancestors this day is spent at the graves. Firecrackers are shot off, food is placed on the graves (but is eaten later in the day by the family), spirit money (of paper) is burned for the use of the spirits, and flags are placed on the mounds to show that the family still

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[1] See the story "A Chinese New Year," on page 200.

[2] See "A Funeral," on page 64.

cares for the plot; otherwise the title to the ground may be lost.

Dragon Festival.—Fifth day of fifth moon (June or July). This is largely a regatta of boats canoe-shaped with dragon prows. There is the inevitable feast. Many sports, particularly water sports, are enjoyed at this time.

Moon Festival.—Fifteenth day of the eighth moon (September or October). This is a great feast time. "Moon cakes" are made and sold everywhere. (It is at the time of the full moon.)

Winter Solstice Festival.—Eleventh moon (November or December). Most Chinese reckonings are made according to the moon calendar. However, the Nationalist Government has recently adopted the sun calendar. This will facilitate matters in many respects, but the people will probably continue to plan their age-old festivals according to the moon calendar.

MEMORABLE DAYS AS SET UP BY CHINA'S NATIONALIST GOVERNMENT[1]

January 1: New Year's Day, on which Sun Yat Sen was proclaimed Provisional President in 1911.

March 12: Day of Sun Yat Sen's death in 1925.

May 1: Labor Day.

May 4: First Student Movement in 1919.

May 5: Dr. Sun Yat Sen assumed his title as President against the North in 1917.

May 9: National Humiliation Day, on which China yielded before Japan for the 21 demands in 1915.

May 30: Nanking Road Police and Student Shooting Affair (a critical incident of the late revolution), 1925.

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[1]Selected from a list of memorable days given in a recent proclamation.

July 1: Anniversary Day for Establishment of Nationalist Government, 1928.

July 15: Declaration in Canton of War against the North, 1926.

September 4: Imprisonment of Dr. Sun Yat Sen in London.

October 10: Revolution ("Independence Day," similar to our Fourth of July), 1911.

November 12: Sun Yat Sen's birthday.

II

BIOGRAPHIES

PETER PARKER

The Man Who Undertook to Open China with His Lancet

A Young American in a Chinese Temple.—A young American stood in a heathen temple in Canton watching the people burn incense to their gods. Presently he became interested in the beggars, who were swarming everywhere. He had never seen so many beggars before, and nearly all of them seemed to be either lame or blind or victims of some repulsive disease. He had been told that there were nearly five thousand blind people in Canton, and he could well believe it. He was sure that there were several times as many whose eyes were diseased. It would have been a pitiful sight anywhere; but it was all the more pitiful here, for nobody seemed to care. As he turned about he saw several beggars lying upon the ground, too sick to stand, and nobody paid the slightest attention to them; and presently he stumbled upon a corpse, and nobody was paying the slightest attention to that.

A Strange Mission.—As he walked away he was more convinced than ever that he had made no mistake. He had come to China on a strange mission—a mission which most of his friends at home thought absurd—and it was something to be convinced by his own eyes that he was not the victim of an illusion. Multitudes of Chinese were dying for want of a physician; and if he could only heal their bodies he was sure that he could find the way to their hearts, and thus they would be willing to hear what he would like to tell them about the Great Physician.

Peter Parker's Idea.—Peter Parker was born at Framingham, Mass., in 1804. He gave himself to Christ at sixteen

and apparently went to college with the determination to equip himself for life in Christ's service. It was while he was at Yale that the conviction came to him that God was calling him to open a way for the gospel in China as Jesus had opened the way for his gospel in Galilee—by healing the sick. He knew that he could not do the wonderful works which Christ did; but he knew also that among the Chinese, who had somehow failed to make the progress in medicine which they had made in other things, he could work cures which would not only fill them with gratitude, but would give them confidence in the foreigners and perhaps open their hearts to the foreigners' religion. This conviction led him to study medicine as well as divinity, and when he at length started for China in the service of the American Board of Foreign Missions (1834) he was a regular physician as well as an ordained minister.

Something New in Old China.—He sailed in a ship named for Dr. Morrison and reached Canton in less than three months after Morrison's death. His idea was to open a hospital just as soon as he could decide upon a favorable location, but a year elapsed before he could persuade a property owner to rent him a house. Nobody understood this mysterious young man who claimed that he only wanted to cure people's diseases and that without pay. The whole idea was absurd. At any rate, nobody cared to rent property to a "foreign devil" who might turn out to be a spy. At last, however, he met a wealthy man named How-qua, who consented to let him have a house for five hundred dollars a year, which is a very large sum in China; and on November 4, 1835, he opened an eye hospital and offered to treat free of charge all who might come. Every day hundreds of people with diseased eyes passed the place, but no one would venture to enter. They were afraid the foreigner had set a trap for them and that they

might never come out alive. One day a poor woman who was in such distress that she was willing to take any risk applied for admission; and after a little while others, seeing that nothing terrible happened, ventured to follow. Then came rumors of wonderful cures, which quickly spread over the city, and Dr. Parker woke up one morning to find himself famous. He had performed operations that had restored the sight of the blind, and all Canton knew that a great miracle worker was among them.

Chinese Hearts Beginning to Open.—The effect was wonderful. People would venture into the hospital half afraid that the "foreign devil" would kill them, and after a few days or weeks come out with hearts swelling with gratitude and unable to talk about anything but the wonderful doctor and his wonderful power and what he had told them of the Great Physician who was even more wonderful than the foreigner himself; and many of them brought with them strange books that told of the foreigner's religion. Some were quite convinced that a great mistake had been made about the foreigners and that, instead of being demons, they were quite as human as themselves. What they could not understand was that the great doctor would charge nothing for his services and that he even insisted that God alone deserved the credit for his cures. They had never heard of anybody devoting his life to helping people for love's sake, and they knew that their own gods were not given to showing compassion for them in their sickness.

Following in the Footsteps of Christ.—Dr. Parker was soon encouraged to extend his work to general diseases. The news of his wonderful cures now spread faster, and in a little while patients were coming in at the rate of two thousand a year. One day How-qua, his landlord, came to him and offered him his house rent free for twenty years.

In the meantime reports of the work had reached America, and people everywhere were talking about sending more medical missionaries to China. "After all," they said, "why shouldn't we follow Christ's plan and show our love for the Chinese souls by doing what we can for their bodies?" In a few years other hospitals appeared in China; and since then the number has steadily grown, until to-day there are more than two hundred and thirty-five scattered over the land. All the well-equipped mission stations are now provided with hospitals and dispensaries, and in all the larger cities the work of healing the bodies of men is going on side by side with the work of healing their souls.

Southern Methodism's Share.—Among the most successful of these Christian hospitals in China is the famous Soochow Hospital, which is owned and conducted by the Southern Methodist Church. This institution was established in 1882 by Dr. Walter R. Lambuth. When Dr. Lambuth was transferred to Japan, he was succeeded by his assistant, Dr. W. H. Park, affectionately known among the Chinese of Soochow as "Good Man Park." Through his remarkable skill and devotion Dr. Park did quite as much toward breaking down the wall of Chinese prejudice as Dr. Parker himself. People of every class went away from his hospital healed in soul as well as in body, and there were thousands of Chinese ready to give an attentive ear to the missionaries because of his kindness to them.[1]

An Unanswerable Argument for Christ.—The Christian hospital is one of the arguments which the Chinese have never been able to answer. In every great city the buildings devoted to the healing of the diseased stand as eloquent witnesses to the compassion of Christians and of the

[1]See "How Soochow Hospital Is Serving Its Community," page 77.

Christians' God. There are now other institutions of a benevolent character which bear the same testimony. There are retreats for lepers; there are homes for orphans, refuges for the miserable men and women who are trying to recover from the effects of the opium habit, homes for fallen women—in a word, asylums for almost every class of unfortunates. All of these were unheard of before the Christian missionaries entered the land; for the early religions of China not only failed to develop human compassion, but often discouraged it. For thousands of years the Chinese were afraid to rescue anybody from peril lest they should interfere with the evil spirits who were pulling their victim down and thereby get themselves in trouble. Thus they were compelled to smother their natural impulses of pity, and thus many of them grew indifferent to the sufferings of others. One night a young man who had been attending a Christian college but had refused to accept Christ was caught in a terrific storm on the street in a Chinese city and lost his way. He ventured to stop at a house to ask for directions, but was rudely driven off. A few moments later he ventured again with the same result. Thus he went on, until at length, on making a final attempt, he was received with surprising courtesy, invited into the house, supplied with the needed information, and sent on his way with an umbrella. He soon learned that the people who had treated him with such kindness were Christians, and he was so impressed by the incident that he was led to give his heart to Christ.

Not Kindness Alone, but Christ.—It was not Dr. Parker's idea that if the Chinese were treated with substantial kindness they would need nothing more to save them. He knew that kindness alone does not save men; but he knew also that kindness will often open men's minds and hearts, and when the way was thus opened he seized the

first opportunity to enter it. When he saw the grateful look in a patient's eyes, he would talk to him about Christ or give him a Bible or other Christian book to read; and thus many were sent home with Christ in their thoughts and some with Christ in their hearts. This is what we mean when we say, as it is so often said, that Peter Parker opened China "at the point of a lancet."

As It Looks to the Chinese Themselves.—Like all other missionaries, Dr. Parker was an indefatigable worker and often kept at his work until he could no longer stand on his feet. Sometimes he would treat as many as a hundred patients a day, and somehow in the rush he would find time to whisper a word here and there about Christ and to slip into the hands of his patients a helpful book or pamphlet. At last his own health gave way under the strain, and he was compelled to give up his work. As we look into the face of this great hero of peace we do not wonder at the tenderness with which so many Chinese regard our medical missionaries. Not long ago the people of thirteen villages clubbed together and presented to a hospital a magnificent silk banner on which was inscribed, "This place bestows grace on the Chinese people."

From "Heroes of Faith in China," by Edward Leigh Pell; published by Lamar & Whitmore.

CHARLES TAYLOR

First Volunteer for China from the Southern Methodist Church

An Early Beginning in Heroism.—When Charles Taylor applied for admission into the University of New York, he had just three dollars and sixty-two cents toward paying for his education. And he had his room to furnish and books to buy, not to speak of bread, which he knew would

have to come sooner or later. A dollar and a quarter of his little fund went for a pine table, another dollar went for a poor little stove, and then somebody lent him some bedding, and somebody else gave him a goods box. Then, in spite of himself, he got hungry and had to buy a pint of molasses and a loaf of bread. This left him little more than a dollar to go toward his books, and he had to go out and look for a job.

Climbing Over Obstacles.—It was not a very encouraging beginning, but he always insisted that he did not mind it in the least. He had come to New York to satisfy his thirst for knowledge which burned as fire in his bones, and he was going to get what he came for if he could manage to keep soul and body together; and he set his face as a flint and determined to be cheerful and hopeful, whatever might happen. You cannot down a young man of that sort; and, in spite of all the hardships which he had to endure, young Taylor succeeded in being not only cheerful and hopeful, but enthusiastic and happy. He had a hard time finding odd jobs, big as the city was, and they paid him so little that he had to have a great many of them; and as he was bound to study, he found very little time to sleep. Sometimes he would fall asleep in the classroom from sheer exhaustion, much to the amusement of his fellow students, who little dreamed of what he had to undergo. One of his jobs was at the office of the New York *Observer*. Here every Thursday night he addressed wrappers all night long for a dollar and a quarter, and the next morning he would have to go to his class, sometimes without having had a chance to close his eyes.

With the Man Who Invented the Telegraph.—Heroes of that type always attract attention sooner or later, and it was not long before one of the professors was eying Taylor and seeking opportunities to talk with him. He would

have him come to his laboratory and while there would initiate him into many of its mysteries. Gradually the young man learned enough to be of service to him, and one day the professor invited him to assist him in a series of important experiments in electricity. The man was Professor Morse, and soon afterwards the world was startled by the announcement that a Professor Morse had invented a method of sending messages from one point to another by electricity.

Going His Full Length for Christ.—The young man who is brave enough to start out to get an education with three dollars and sixty-two cents in his pocket does not go from school to seek a soft place in life. When young Taylor gave himself to Christ, he was as tremendously in earnest as Robert Morrison, and, like Morrison, he was determined that Christ should have all that there was in him. He might have won fame in scientific fields; but he felt that Christ was calling for him, and he turned his ambition away from self to Christ. Henceforth he would be ambitious for Christ. He entered the ministry and joined the South Carolina Conference. The South Carolinians were just then overflowing with missionary fervor. They had been sending missionaries to the Indians, and Bishop Capers had stirred up the State from one end to the other by his appeals for his missions among the slaves. There was now talk among American Methodists of sending missionaries either to Persia, India, or China; and young Taylor, who, like Morrison, wanted to do something hard for Christ, went to his presiding elder and offered himself for the foreign field. "If the Church," he said, "decides to establish a mission in Persia, India, or China, I am willing to go where I am needed most."

The following year (1844) the Church was divided; and two years later, when the Southern half—the Methodist

Episcopal Church, South—decided to open a mission in China, young Taylor again offered his services. Two more years passed before the Church was ready to send him; and when the time came for him to go another volunteer, Rev. Benjamin Jenkins, also of South Carolina, was on hand to go with him. They sailed April 24, 1848, and reached China nearly four months later; but it was nearly a year and a half before they were able to secure proper headquarters and settle down to regular work. And when they did settle, it was in one of the most uninviting spots on the globe!

A Providential Choice.—Charles Taylor might have found a thousand healthy places in China, but he was not looking for personal comfort. He wanted to settle where he would be within reach of a great population and at what might become at some time a great gateway through which great numbers of people would be continually going to all parts of China. There was a miserable little city at the mouth of the great Yangtze, and just outside its walls a little settlement was just going up. It was a miserable waste in a hot, humid climate—an unending confusion of grave mounds, stagnant pools, vast stretches of mud, and here and there a hastily erected building; and it was easy to see, before one's lips touched the vile-smelling water of the place, that it was the home of malaria, cholera, and all the other terrors that an unhealthy climate in the East can produce. But the young hero somehow became impressed that Shanghai was destined to become the gateway of a great part of China, and he insisted upon settling there in spite of its unpromising appearance. It was a strange choice at the time; but it seems providential today, for Shanghai has become one of the six largest commercial centers of the world and is the great center of missionary activity in the East.

The First Convert.—For four long years the two missionaries labored without a single visible result to encourage them, and then one day a Chinese and his wife stood up before them in the little chapel at Shanghai and publicly surrendered themselves to Christ. The man's name was Lieu Sun Lang. He had been teaching Dr. Jenkins Chinese, and now he became a teacher for Christ to his own people. For fourteen years he went up and down the land preaching the gospel, often facing frenzied mobs with all the heroism of a true evangelist, and many a future convert was no doubt the fruit of his sowing.

Struggling against Obstacles.—The encouragement which Lieu's conversion gave the missionaries was soon overshadowed by the spread of the Taiping rebellion. All over the land the people were going wild over the hope of overthrowing the Manchu government, while outlaw bands were taking advantage of the general disturbance and plundering the country in every direction. Soon Shanghai was captured, and the missionaries were compelled to stop work and wait for the frenzy to pass. Before this scourge had disappeared, the terrible climate—the worst of all the enemies of the missionaries in the East—began its deadly work; and Mrs. Taylor was compelled to return home, broken in health. Soon afterwards Mrs. Jenkins became ill, and her husband undertook to take her home, but she died on the way. Dr. Taylor's health also began to fail; but he held on, and in a little while Rev. W. G. E. Cunnyngham came to his aid. Until the outbreak of the rebellion Dr. Taylor had pushed his work unceasingly against all sorts of obstacles, and he had pushed it in every possible direction. Every now and then he would take a boat and go to another town. He had studied medicine, and wherever he went he would carry his medicine case along with his Bible. When he came to a town

he would open his medicine case in his boat and invite the people on the shore who were in need of medicine to submit themselves for treatment. Sometimes he would perform a minor operation and effect a cure which would make the people open their eyes with amazement. Thus he would get a hearing; and when he had told them about Christ he would distribute pamphlets and tracts among them. The coming of the rebels, however, broke up all this work, and his health now gave way rapidly. Soon he reached a point where he could not hope to do more, and a little later he sadly turned his face homeward. He had done his best. He had given to Christ all there was in him.

Measuring the Results.—When we come to the end of a story like this, we find ourselves wondering how a man with such gifts and such a spirit could labor anywhere or at anything and at the end have so little to show for it all. But no great work can be measured by its visible results alone, nor can we judge any man's life without taking into account the circumstances under which he worked. Missionaries have gone to savage islands and brought the entire population to Christ in a few years. Missionaries just as good and just as faithful went to China while Charles Taylor was there and, after working for a lifetime, were unable to count a hundred converts. To-day a missionary in China may win several hundred converts in a single year.

Waiting for the Harvest.—But Charles Taylor could do only one man's part in the short time that was given him, and the time was too short to sow and reap also. Many years would have to elapse, many missionaries would have to live a long while near to the hearts of the people, many hospitals and schools would have to be built, many sacrifices would have to be made before the truth would dawn

upon the people that the foreigners who came to teach them the "Jesus religion" were quite different from the foreigners who came to wrong them; that they were actually human, that they had real wisdom, and that they had no other purpose than to take them by the hand and lead them to Him who loved them and had given his life for them.

A Good Man's Work Never Ends.—It is so pitiful, we sometimes say—this picture of a heroic young man, who had made such sacrifices to get ready for life, being compelled to lay down his work before he was well under way; and from one point of view this is true. But there is another side to it. Charles Taylor had worked hard and nobly, and the influence of his character among the Chinese did not stop when he went away. Often we meet men who tell us that they have been inspired all through the years by the example of some one with whom they came in contact in youth. Nor were the good seed which he sowed lost by the wayside. No doubt much of the harvest that was reaped by his successors was made possible under God by his faithful sowing; and then, most important of all, there was the inspiration which his heroic career gave to God's people at home. Who can tell how many Christians in the South were thrilled by the story of his sacrifices and inspired to make like sacrifices for their Lord? And who knows how many of the noble men and women who followed him to the foreign field were led to offer themselves for Christ's work in China by the inspiration of his noble example? Moreover, we must not think of his work as coming to an end with his life. We might think this, perhaps, about the efforts of some men, but we are not to think of the life work of a hero of Christ as coming to an end anywhere or at any time. Charles Taylor laid down

his work, but it did not stop. Even to this day it continues in the work of those who have followed him.

From "Heroes of Faith in China," by Edward Leigh Pell; published by Lamar & Whitmore.

YOUNG J. ALLEN

Missionary and Writer

Driven to the Wall.—Were you ever set adrift on the sea out of sight of land without sail, compass, rudder, or oar? Then perhaps you can imagine a little of what that young man felt that day in Shanghai. A little, but not all. There is a feeling that comes to a man when he finds himself alone on the other side of the earth that you can never imagine until you have been there. Young Allen was there. He had come sixteen thousand miles to do a great work for Christ in China, depending upon God and his Church to look after his expenses; and now war had broken out in America and cut him off from his base of supplies and left him "high and dry"! No more money could come until the war was over, and what he could do in this strange land to earn his bread he could not imagine. And to think that he would have to give up the great work on which he had set his heart and go out and find a job! A job! Imagine an ambitious young man going sixteen thousand miles for the love of Christ and his fellow men and then having to take a job!

The Way of a Hero.—If Young J. Allen had not been a true hero, he would have gone to pieces. He would have wanted to know what had become of God. He would have wondered why he had been such a fool as to come to China, anyway. There were plenty of souls to save in Georgia. Why had he not stayed in Georgia? Why had he come out to China to starve to death? Even if he could find a job

—which was by no means probable—why should a fellow come sixteen thousand miles for a job? But, being a true hero, he did not go to pieces. He was not made of the stuff that goes to pieces. Three years before, at an Annual Conference in Georgia, he had listened to the fervid appeal of Bishop Pierce for young men to give their lives to Christ in China; and, while the congregation sat thrilled, he had stood up alone amid the breathless silence and answered the call as bravely as Paul answered the call to Macedonia; and then, when he was told that there was no money to pay expenses, he went out over the State and collected it himself. That sort of a young man is not given to going to pieces, and Young J. Allen only went down on his knees before God instead. He had trusted God through seven awful months of storm and suffering on the sea, and he could trust him now. He did trust him; and when he arose from his knees he showed his faith by putting on his hat and going out to look for a job. It was not long before he found it. The government happened to be looking for a man to teach English in one of its schools, and through the goodness of God the government and the man came together. Not long afterwards the government wanted a man to translate some English books into Chinese, and the young missionary got that job also.

Making the Best of It.—It is too much to expect a government job to satisfy a young man who has a passion for souls; but young Allen was encouraged by the reflection that the work would aid him in acquiring a better mastery of Chinese, and, what was better, he soon found that he would have a little time at night to devote to his mission; and then, too, he would have his Sundays. Possibly, after all, he and Dr. Lambuth, who had also been compelled to take outside work, might manage to keep things together after a fashion until the war was over. It was a desperate

situation at best. For that matter, however, the little Southern Methodist Mission had been in a desperate situation from the day it started. As we have already seen, before the Taiping rebellion was over, disease had begun its deadly work; and when Young J. Allen reached Shanghai, in 1860, only two missionaries, Dr. Lambuth and Dr. Cunnyngham, were on the ground, and Dr. Cunnyngham was about to leave for home. With the exception of these two, all had been sent home broken in health from one to five years after their arrival.

A Blessing in Disguise.—Never had it looked so dark as it did that day when young Allen found that he would have to give up his great work for Christ and go to work for bread. It looked as if everything worth while had collapsed and there was nothing more to live for. The war might last for years and years. Who knew? And all the while, instead of going up and down the land delivering the message of an ambassador of the kingdom of heaven, he would be cooped up somewhere working for his living in a government office. And yet he lived to see the time when he could look back upon that day and thank God for it; for, instead of meaning the end of his opportunity, it proved to be the opening door to a far wider field. In his regular work as a missionary he had thus far been confined largely to the ignorant masses. This was no small work, and he was glad to do it; but when he entered the service of the government and began to come in touch with the learned class and saw how the people looked up to this class for the final word about everything, he began to realize that it was not the most important work. The most important work was to get the learned class to listen to the gospel. If the learned class would listen, the great masses would lay aside their prejudices and hear the missionaries gladly. And so he determined to use the opportunities

which his new position might bring him to secure a hearing for the gospel among the learned men with whom he was daily coming in contact.

It was a wonderful opportunity for a young man who had sufficient courage to seize it, and Young J. Allen had the courage. He was a scholarly young fellow and had a splendid mind, and he was soon winning his way among the most influential men of the country. Indeed, in a few years the fame of his scholarship and wisdom had spread so far that he was being continually called upon by high officials for counsel and other assistance in matters of importance; and he never missed the opportunity to use his rising influence for Christ. In his talks with public officials he was continually impressing upon them the advantages of the Christian civilization; and he never failed to remind them, when opportunity offered, that all the strength of the Christian civilization came from Christ himself.

Trying to Make China Think.—For some years China had been passing through great trials; and the more thoughtful leaders had begun to suspect that, after all, there might be something vital lacking in her civilization. As time went on and China suffered defeat after defeat, this suspicion ripened into a settled conviction. The time had now come, Dr. Allen thought, when the attention of China's learned class should be fixed upon the Christian civilization of the West; and, with this end in view, he started a magazine especially adapted to this class, in which he gave the news of important movements in Christian nations in such a way as to bring out the strong points of the Christian civilization and of the Christian religion. This magazine soon found its way into all parts of China and was regularly read in all the government offices and even in the imperial household. He also began to write

books and to translate others with the same end in view. In a few years thoughtful people all over China began to look upon him as a great oracle whose word no intelligent Chinese could afford to ignore. After the Chino-Japanese War, which resulted in a most humiliating defeat for China, he wrote an exhaustive history of the whole affair, with the hope of helping the Chinese to see the real secret of their weakness. Other important books now came rapidly from his pen, and his influence continued to spread; and thus his work went on and on until he had produced, in translations and original works, a total of two hundred and fifty Chinese volumes. It was a Welsh Baptist missionary who said: "The books of Young J. Allen have hurled the Chinese gods from their pedestals."

And yet these Herculean labors occupied but a part of his time. When the American war and the dark days which followed it were over and the Churches in the South again found the time to think of the need in China, he resigned his government position and returned to the mission. His high-class Chinese friends were amazed that as wise a man as he had shown himself to be should give up a large salary and a conspicuous position to preach the "Jesus doctrine" for a mere pittance; and they tried to dissuade him, but they found him immovable. He now began to make plans for establishing high-class schools, with the hope of reaching the influential classes through their sons and daughters, and soon he was sending out fervent appeals for help. Many years before this time Mrs. James W. Lambuth had established a school for girls in Shanghai, and later Dr. Lambuth had succeeded in starting several small schools for boys. In 1875 the Church sent out Rev. A. P. Parker, a young man of unusual gifts, to establish a school for boys and young men at Soochow. Dr. Parker was a born teacher and was so full of enthu-

siasm for his work that he not only wrote his textbooks for his school, but even made with his own hands many of the mechanical appliances used in his laboratories. He was also a zealous soul winner; and few boys, it is said, went out from his school who did not go with Christ enthroned in their hearts. This school grew steadily, until it came to be one of the most influential institutions in Soochow and finally developed into a university.

In 1882 Dr. Allen established at Shanghai an Anglo-Chinese college for the special purpose of providing Christian-trained, English-speaking young men for the government offices and large business houses of the empire. By this means he still further opened the way for the spread of Christianity among the intelligent classes.

Dr. Allen's Influence at Court.—In 1898 the young emperor of China astonished the world by issuing a series of edicts providing for greatly needed reforms. It was soon suspected that some powerful Christian influence was behind it all; and this suspicion was greatly strengthened when the Dowager Empress, who had retired from the active cares of government, suddenly appeared at Peking and put the young ruler in prison. Years afterwards it became known that these edicts were issued on the advice of Kang Yu Wai, a leading patriot, who was also a zealous Christian convert. When Kang Yu Wai was asked what had led him to accept Christ, he replied that he owed his conversion to the influence of "two missionaries, Rev. Timothy Richards and Dr. Young J. Allen."

Faithful to the End.—A tall old man, with piercing eyes and a long, snowy beard, stood in a pulpit in one of our leading Southern cities and discussed in a wonderful way the great world problems of our day as they are related to the problem of winning the world for Christ. Professional and public men listened to him with amazement. They

could not understand how a mere missionary could discuss the plans and ambitions and movements of nations with the familiarity with which one might discuss the movements of men on a chessboard. Probably no other man in America had a clearer, broader view of world politics than this grand old man; and yet Young J. Allen had mastered it all simply as an incidental part of his work for the salvation of China. For forty-odd years he had been trying to convince the Chinese that Christ was their only hope, and now in his old age he had come back to America to make his last appeal to his home people to give *all* China a chance to know Christ. He went on his way through the South preaching with all the fervor of a prophet of old; and then, instead of going back to his old boyhood home in Georgia to spend the cool of the evening in peace, he made his way back across the sea to Shanghai. And there on May 30, 1907, in his seventy-second year, he passed away among the people whom he loved and to whom for Christ's sake he had given nearly half a century of his life.

From "Heroes of Faith in China," by Edward Leigh Pell; Lamar & Whitmore.

LAURA HAYGOOD

The Chinese Girls' Friend

The Charity That Begins at Home.—A young lady walked into the treasurer's office in the city hall at Atlanta and asked for a license to peddle on the street. The clerk stared at her in amazement. "In whose name?" he asked, taking up his pen. She gave him her own, asked what she would have to pay, and, seeing his puzzled look, added, "Of course I shall have the privilege of transferring it." A few moments later she was on her way with the precious

document to a poor old woman who wanted to try to earn her bread by peddling.

It was "Miss Laura's" way. "Miss Laura" was the president of the Home Missionary Society of Trinity Methodist Church and the friend of every poor downcast and outcast creature in Atlanta. There was no place of need in all the town where her name was not known and blessed. If you had watched her going to and fro in the slums, you might have taken her for a professional slum worker. She seemed to be always going about doing good. But this was not her calling; she was the principal of the Girls' High School, and she had so much to do that no woman who did not have a passion for humanity could have found the time to do anything else.

The Charity That Goes Abroad.—Laura Haygood came to Atlanta from Watkinsville, Ga., where she was born in 1845. She was a girl of splendid gifts, with an unlimited capacity for work, both of which she early demonstrated by taking the entire four years' course at college in two years. She opened a private school for girls in Atlanta the year after the war and soon made a reputation which placed her at the head of the teaching profession in that city. There was no better teacher anywhere; and when Dr. Young J. Allen learned of her strong, beautiful character and unusual ability, he began to write to her about the woman's work in China. Urgent letters also came to her from missionaries of the Woman's Board. But her hands were already full of a great work, and she had her aged mother to care for; and while the cry of hungry China stirred her heart to its depths, she did not feel that God was calling her to go. At length, in 1883, her mother died, and not long afterwards the question of duty as to China was again opened. It was never a question of sacrifice. It was her idea that she owed so much to Christ that

nothing she could do would be a sacrifice. People thought it absurd that a woman of her prospects in America should hide her light under a bushel in far-off China; but she never thought that her position and prospects were worth mentioning by the side of what she owed her Lord. Now that she was no longer held back by the care of her mother, the only question was what God wanted her to do. One day in the following winter the conviction that God was calling her to the foreign mission field came to her with a force which she could not resist, and she sat down and wrote to her pastor: "I have come to feel that if the work of God in China needs women, there is no woman in all the world under more obligation to go than I am. As far as the decision rests with me, I am ready."

Early Days in Shanghai.—She was accepted at once, and in a few months she was on her way to Shanghai as a missionary of the Southern Methodist Church. The Woman's Board had already sent a number of noble women to China, the first, Miss Lochie Rankin,[1] having gone as early as 1878, and she was spared most of the peculiar hardships that fall to the lot of the pioneer missionary; but she had her share of trials. Yet her letters to her friends in America were full of sunshine, except when she was moved to write of China's appalling need. One day she wrote: "Dr. Allen took some of us into the walled city on Tuesday to visit the temples, which are especially thronged with worshipers at this season. O, it was pitiful to see men and women, young and old, rich and poor, prostrating themselves to the earth before these 'gods of wood and stone.' They seemed to be very earnest and devout. The chief god was of colossal size and flaming with red and gold. The worship which we saw consisted

[1]See biography of Miss Lochie Rankin on page 125.

of the burning of consecrated papers, sticks of fragrant wood, 'ghost money,' incense, and in prostrations. If the Church at home could have seen that picture, it would not sleep until men and women and money were ready to send scores and hundreds and thousands of heralds with the glad tidings of a God who can hear and answer prayers."

Her Idea of a Delightful Time.—But she would not allow herself to be discouraged by such scenes. There were sunbeams piercing the darkness here and there, and she always looked for the sunbeams. "It is such a delightful thing to work for Christ in China," she would say; and she would go on to tell of some sunny incidents that had happened along the way. One would have thought that she was having a really delightful time, and, from her own point of view, she was; yet her days were crowded with work and trials that called for every ounce of her strength. For a while she taught elementary English in the Anglo-Chinese College and in the day schools and directed the sewing of the girls in the Clopton School; and when she was not busy in the classroom she would accompany a Bible woman from house to house in an untiring effort to win the hearts of Chinese women for Christ.

Chinese Girls Should Have a Chance.—She soon fell in with Dr. Allen's idea that in China the gospel must be largely spread through the intelligent classes; and she began to think with him of a plan by which women of the higher classes might not only be led to Christ, but might be made influential workers for Christ. She had met many bright, beautiful Chinese girls whose dark future bore heavily upon her heart, and the thought came to her, Why can we not establish a school of high class that will draw promising girls from the highest homes in the land, so that we may win them for Christ and send them back

home to carry the news of Christ to their own circle? It was a wonderfully inspiring idea, and she was soon on fire with it. To people of less enthusiasm for Christ it seemed an impossible enterprise, but nothing could discourage her. *Those girls should have a chance!*

A Wonderful School for Girls.—And she carried her point. To-day there is in Shanghai one of the finest schools for girls in all the world, and Laura Haygood made it. Herself one of the best teachers America had produced, she insisted upon equipping it with the ablest teachers of magnetic Christian character that could be found; and this school to-day is not only turning out girls as well prepared for the highest American colleges as our own high-class preparatory schools can produce, but it is turning out actual Christians; and all these girls come from the homes of the influential classes. Many of them are brilliant, intelligent girls, who were better read when they entered the school than many American girls are when they leave college, and not a few of them have social qualities that would adorn the highest social stations in America.

A Beautiful Harvest.—Here and there all over China one will meet a beautiful pattern of highly developed Christian womanhood whom one will quickly recognize as a McTyeire girl or as a graduate of one of the other high-class schools for girls which have been patterned after Laura Haygood's great institution. Many of these girls have become wives of eminent men of the republic, and through their faithfulness some of these men have come to know Christ; for at school they no sooner found Christ than they were taught to lead others to Christ. Some years ago, when the Chinese government held a competitive examination to select eleven girls to be sent to leading American colleges at the government's expense,

six of the eleven successful competitors were McTyeire pupils. Sometimes girls go to McTyeire who have given up their ancient religion and at fifteen years have read an amazing amount of European materialistic philosophy and who scorn to believe in anything spiritual; yet so strong is the intellectual influence that dominates McTyeire that they soon find themselves growing less sure of their ground, and by and by this leads them to open their eyes and to recognize the beauty and truth of Christ in the transformed hearts and lives of the Christians around them. Then they begin to listen to Christian teaching, and then comes the Holy Spirit to transform their hearts and lives into the image of Christ.

The Loveliest Thing in the World.—For fifteen years Miss Haygood went on with her work with an enthusiasm that knew no obstacles, and then one day she laid it down to answer her final call (1900). Before she went away she wrote: "With all my heart, after these fifteen years of service, I want to say to you to-day that it is the loveliest thing in the world to be a missionary—one sent of God to tell human hearts that he loves them, whether it be in China or at home. More and more I feel that it has been a high and holy privilege to come at his call to China. I feel to-day that if I had a hundred other lives to give—so great seems the need of his witnesses now in China and so wonderful the opportunity to serve him here—I would count it all joy to give them every one to him for China. Wonderful are the changes that have come through these fifteen years! Opportunities have broadened, responsibilities have deepened, and everywhere to his missionaries God has opened the way. I wish you could know and feel this as I do. I hope you will ask your heart: 'Has God

any special thing for me to do in helping to possess the land of China for him?'"

From "Heroes of Faith in China," by Edward Leigh Pell; published by Lamar and Whitmore.

WALTER RUSSELL LAMBUTH

A Messenger of Friendship

Born in China.—Bishop Lambuth was born in China. His father and mother were missionaries to China; so when he was a very little boy his first playmates were Chinese children. It is not strange that when he became a man he, too, became a messenger to China for his Church, to teach them what only a few of them had yet learned, that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Doctor Lambuth could do more than teach and preach; he was a doctor, a very skillful doctor, and the Chinese people soon came to know him and to love him because he had cured or helped so many of the sick and suffering. When they learned the story of Jesus they said that Doctor Lambuth was like him. His Chinese friends felt more friendly toward the American people because he was one of them.

Tells about Jesus in a Hospital.—At the Methodist Hospital in Soochow, Doctor Lambuth every day gave his skill and wisdom to help the many who came to him. "Doctor Lambuth," said a nurse in the hospital one day, "there is a poor old woman here who has walked many miles to see if you can help her. Can you come and talk to her now?"

The doctor went at once with the nurse to the room

where an old Chinese woman, bent with rheumatism, was patiently waiting. He took her rough, knotted hand gently in his and talked to her a little, asking her questions about her trouble.

"I am seventy years old," she said. "My husband has a little farm. We are very poor, and my life of seventy years has been a hard one; we have eaten much bitterness. Day after day I have worked in the mud on my hands and knees, cultivating the rice fields, for we have neither plow nor buffalo. Now my old body suffers pain and burning fever with rheumatism. Can you do anything for me?"

"I hope so," the doctor answered. "Now you must rest." The nurse took her to a pleasant room and made her as comfortable as possible in a clean, comfortable bed for the night. The next morning Doctor Lambuth went in to see her. When he stopped beside her bed and took her hand, she looked up at him with tears on her wrinkled cheeks. "Have you eaten your soft-boiled rice?" asked the doctor cheerfully, in the customary Chinese greeting. "How do you feel this morning?"

"O, I feel better," she answered.

"Then why do you cry?" asked Doctor Lambuth, smiling at her.

"Because you have been so good to me," she replied. "I am an old woman. My children have grown up, married, and gone from me. Not one has stayed to hold my hand or say kind words like a son, as you have. O doctor, do not send me away when I am well! Let me mop the floors and cook the rice. My old husband might sweep the yard and mind the gate. But let me stay—this is the only heaven for an old woman like me."

When Doctor Lambuth told her about Jesus, the great Physician and Friend, and how he was waiting in a heavenly home to receive her some time and make her well and

rested and happy with him, she understood, because Doctor Lambuth had shown her how loving and tender and wise a follower of Jesus could be. She felt that she wanted to know Jesus because Dr. Lambuth was like him.

From *Junior Lessons* for April-May-June, 1929. (For a full biography of Bishop Lambuth see "Walter Russell Lambuth—Prophet and Pioneer," by Dr. W. W. Pinson. Cokesbury Press. 1922.)

LOCHIE RANKIN

A Pioneer Missionary in Women's Work

A Childhood Episode.—"Spell braggadocio, Lochie!" the teacher called. Lochie spelled carefully, but half afraid she would miss. And sure enough, she did! She forgot one of the g's. That was a hard word for a little girl only seven years of age.

"Wrong!" the teacher returned, and she looked at Lochie with a wrinkled brow as she said, "Next!"

Lochie swallowed hard and bit her tongue to keep from crying. The lunch bell rang just in time. She flew around the corner of the house away from her playmates. She could keep back the tears no longer. She was weeping bitterly when her little friend found her.

"Aw, Lochie. I wouldn't cry! That's a hard old word for the first grade, anyway. I bet teacher couldn't spell it without a book." And Lochie felt her little friend's arm go about her.

"I wouldn't cry, only—only she looked at me so mean," Lochie sobbed.

"Well, stop and let's eat lunch. I brought yours to you."

Lochie peeped up through her wet fingers. "I don't want any lunch. I reckon I don't want anything any more." And once more her sobs began.

The little friend was worried. She opened the little box that held Lochie's lunch. "Here's a lot of things you like —cookies and everything. You'll eat, won't you?"

"No—nothing," Lochie returned.

"Not even the cookies?"

"No, you can have 'em."

"I wouldn't," the friend called. "I couldn't touch a one with you crying like that."

And so the two children talked all during the noon period, and Lochie washed her face before she went back into the schoolhouse. They did not eat their lunches until the afternoon recess.

Even though Lochie could not spell braggadocio, she could read very well indeed for one so small. She liked to read stories especially. She often read thrilling adventures of David Livingstone, and even when she was a small girl she decided that she too would like to go to Africa some day and tell the little children there the wonderful stories of Jesus.

She thought of this even when she was in college. And then, at last, she graduated and was ready for work.

Looking toward China.—For several years she worked among the Indians of the United States, but all this time she read of the great need for teachers, in China especially, until finally she decided that she would go to China.

"But, Miss Lochie," some one said to her when she told what she was going to do. "You can't go alone. No woman from our Church has ever gone by herself to a foreign country!" But Miss Lochie was not afraid. She knew that the women of the Church would not forget her, and she was glad to be their very first missionary.

It was over fifty years ago (1878) that Miss Rankin started to China.

"Last stop in Tennessee!" she heard the conductor call

as he passed through the coaches. She was leaving her home State! A feeling of loneliness came into her heart. She talked long and fast with some of the passengers in order to forget that she was lonesome.

As night came on, excitement began. People were whispering something about train wreckers ahead. Before long, a band of soldiers in United States uniforms got on the train and marched up and down through the cars as they were speeding along, until at last all danger was passed.

During the day the train stopped at all the places of interest, and Miss Rankin and the other passengers gazed upon the Devil's Slide and saw everything that could possibly be seen from the windows of the car. Miss Lochie looked at the wonderful Western mountains until her eyes fairly ached, but her thoughts kept going back to the loved ones she had left at home.

The train arrived in San Francisco at last. Some friends met Miss Rankin at the station, and she stayed in their home until her ship, "The Belgic," sailed. "The Belgic" was rather small, and the weather was stormy. Miss Rankin became ill soon after they left harbor, and it seemed to her sometimes as if the journey would never end. But they reached Japan at last, after three weeks on the ocean. All the passengers for China changed boats in Japan. Miss Rankin was very thankful, too; for she wanted so badly to be able to walk on the ground once more. She had made some fine friends on board the ship, however, and she did hate to leave them. As they walked out, one of them said just what she had been thinking, "I hate to leave all my friends, but I'm glad to land, all right!"

"That is just the way I feel, too," Miss Lochie returned.

"This has been a jolly good crowd all right, but," and the man wrinkled his brow, "I'm disappointed in the trip!"

"Disappointed? Why?" Miss Rankin asked.

"Because, well, I didn't see a single whale—not one!"

The group laughed merrily and moved on. Miss Rankin was soon among missionary friends in Japan who were very kind indeed to her during the week she had to wait. To this very day she has never forgotten the lovely scenes of Japan, nor the gracious, polite people that she met.

The New Missionary.—It was on a dreary, dull November day that Miss Rankin reached Shanghai, China. Once more she felt just a little homesick and lonely. Things seemed so strange to her! The men who crowded about to carry baggage had long hair, dressed in blue, and spoke a language which, it seemed to her, no one could learn. They carried heavy burdens, and, instead of groaning, they called merrily for "more" to be put upon their shoulders.

She stood still, her eyes wide, watching the men pile packages upon each other, and then she discovered Dr. and Mrs. Lambuth waiting for her. She fairly ran, she was so glad to see them, and when they had taken her to their cozy little home she soon forgot how strange and lonely she had felt.

Mrs. Lambuth took her through Clopton School, the school where she was to teach. The Chinese girls were very lovely to her and seemed very anxious to help her learn their language and their customs.

The next day the two women went to some of the very largest and most beautiful shops in the city and enjoyed looking around at all the interesting sights. Saturday, the third day she was in China, she was invited to a wedding, and Sunday she heard her first sermon in Chinese.

Monday morning she had her first lesson in the strange new language. From then on, for a long time, she studied in the mornings and taught in the Clopton School in the afternoons. How she worked! and how she learned to love the Chinese girls!

You may think that Miss Rankin got lonely and unhappy. But she wrote such interesting things back home that her sister, Dora, decided to come to China, too, and she did! Of course, Miss Lochie was the first one to greet her sister when she stepped off on the shore of China. How happy the two sisters were!

A Life of Service.—Miss Lochie Rankin spent most of the very best years of her life teaching the women and children of China. Of course, she learned many things, too. She found that the boys and girls of China are just as anxious to learn to live in peace with one another as are the boys and girls of America or of any other land. She found that they could love one another just as dearly and live together just as beautifully as could any people, anywhere.

Miss Lochie has come back home now after fifty years, perhaps to stay. But wherever she goes, or wherever her name is known, she is dearly loved, and she is thought of as the kind, brave little lady who was not afraid to go alone to a strange new country and who was glad to give her life to serving people who needed her.

By Noreen Dunn, in "Jubilee Programs for Juniors"; Woman's Section, Board of Missions, Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

CHANG PO-LING

China's "Arnold of Rugby"

Early Life of the Chinese Boys' Friend.—You have heard of Arnold of Rugby. Almost everybody has read about

that wonderful teacher of magnetic personality, whose strong character left its stamp upon every boy that went to his school. But perhaps you have not heard of China's "Arnold of Rugby." His name is Chang Po-ling. He is the head of one of the greatest of the modern schools of China, and he is one of the most magnificent men one will meet in a lifetime. He was a splendid boy—strong, intellectual, sunny-natured. One would have thought that he would have chosen a literary career, but he grew up with an ambition for the navy. He went to the Imperial Naval College and in the course of time went to sea. Soon he was an important naval officer.

But Chang Po-ling was not satisfied. In common with other modern Chinese of the intelligent class, he had developed a sense of patriotism—something that was rarely known in old China—and he became greatly concerned about the condition of his country. It looked as if it were going upon the rocks, and nobody was doing anything to stop it. It was as plain as day that China's civilization was a failure. It was plain that the Christian nations of the West had something which China lacked and in the strength of that something had gone on far ahead of her, so far ahead of her that she was now at the world's mercy. She was utterly unable to fulfill her mission in the world, and unless there was a radical change her doom was certain.

Leaves the Navy to Help His Country.—At last he became convinced that what China needed was education. If China could only be educated after the Western fashion, she would have a civilization like the civilization of the West and would be able to cope with the West. With this idea stirring his mind, the navy soon lost all its attraction for him, and he resigned with the determination of devoting his life to educational work. Yen Hsiu, the head of the

Imperial Board of Education, who was then leading the movement for modern education in China, was looking for strong men to aid him in carrying out his plans, and at his call Chang Po-ling went to his help. Among other plans, Yen Hsiu proposed to build a great modern government college for young men which would serve as a model for all the colleges of China. With the assistance of wealthy friends this institution was established at Tientsin, and Chang Po-ling was placed at the head of it. Po-ling proved to be a born educator, and his fame spread so rapidly that his school was soon crowded with students from every province. He was a wonderfully magnetic young man, and a boy could not come within his reach without being drawn to him. He was every inch a boy's man, and he made men of his boys.

Thinking about Christianity.—Still he was not satisfied. China was being educated, but China was not being saved. Something was still lacking. Something was lacking in his boys. Something was lacking in himself. Was it possible that he had made a mistake? Was it possible that education was not, after all, China's greatest need?

One day he began to think about Christianity. He had thought of it before, but he had never taken it very seriously. He had been reading the books of the materialistic philosophers of the Christian nations; and as they had not taken Christianity seriously, he had not seen why he should. But now, somehow, Christianity was getting into the air in China. Somehow all over China the learned classes had all at once concluded to take it seriously. For years Christian books by Dr. Young J. Allen, Rev. Timothy Richards, and others had been finding their way into their homes, and for years boys and girls had been going from their homes to high-class Christian schools and coming back amazingly transformed; and recently the empire

had been going from bad to worse, and things had been happening to make them wonder if, after all, the Christian books and the Christian schools were not right. And they were beginning to think. They were thinking hard.

The Deepening Gloom.—And no man among them was thinking harder than the gifted Chang Po-ling. For a long time he had not taken any interest in religion. His mother had been a devout Buddhist and his father a steadfast Confucianist, but he himself had read Spencer and Huxley until he was unable to believe in anything. But of late he had had to think, and he was thinking of religion. He saw that his atheism was having a serious effect upon his own mind and heart. Before he was aware of it, he had become a confirmed pessimist. Every outlook was gloomy; hope had ceased to cheer his heart. It looked as if everything was going to the bad.

A Wonderful Conversion.—One day Professor Robertson, an eminent teacher and an earnest Christian worker, came to see him, and he was moved to unbosom himself. Professor Robertson was his friend and had helped him in his work by occasionally lecturing for his students. In unburdening his heart to him Chang Po-ling said: "I notice that you Christians seem to have some hidden source of joy and peace and power. What is the secret of this power?" They talked a long while together, and presently he consented to join Professor Robertson in a study of the Bible. Several months afterwards he was appointed by the government on a commission to visit the nations of the West and to make a study of their civilization, and at Professor Robertson's request he went to visit him at his home before leaving. Again they talked over the matter together; and at last, when Professor Robertson had earnestly urged upon him the claims of Christ, he asked him if he would not kneel with him and pray to the Chris-

tian's God. Chang Po-ling fell upon his knees, and the moment he surrendered himself to Christ he was overwhelmed with light and joy. As he afterwards expressed it, it seemed as if a great light suddenly filled his soul and flooded his whole being. It was like the wonderful conversion of Saul of Tarsus. Before he knelt everything was dark, and he had no consciousness of God. He had not been able to believe that there was a God. When he arose he was as conscious of the reality and presence of Christ as he was of the reality and presence of his friend who had prayed with him. And all the world was full of sunshine.

Bowing to Christ Alone.—That night he was so full of joy that he could not sleep, and the next morning he hurried back home to tell his loved ones of his wonderful experience. The following day he called together his professors and students and told them the same story; and then he called a meeting of his directors and, after repeating his story, resigned his position, so that the institution might not be embarrassed by having a Christian at its head. The next day he went to Peking and there for a week talked over the matter with the Commissioner of Education and other officials. They were not willing to give him up; but he was not willing to remain as president of a government school and every day in the presence of his students bow to the tablet of Confucius, as the president was required to do. "But why can't you be a Christian in secret?" they asked. "Bowing to Confucius is a mere matter of form; why not go through the form and keep your religion to yourself?" But he was immovable. With a voice full of tenderness he said: "A few days ago One came to dwell in my heart. He has changed all life for me forever. I dare not bow to any other lest he depart."

Beginning Life Anew.—He spent six months in America and Europe; and when he returned to Peking to make his

report, the Board of Education elected him to his old place as an acknowledged Christian leader; and so he went back to his college at Tientsin, not to bow to Confucius, but to do his work as an educator in the service of Christ, and this work he has been doing ever since. Many a boy since that day several years ago has looked up into the face of Chang Po-ling and has turned away to give his heart to Christ, and many a boy has gone out from his school to champion the cause of Christ with Chang Po-ling's enthusiasm and devotion.

The New Era in China.—Chang Po-ling is a typical man of the new era that has come to China. These new men of China are in every way as great and powerful as the highest types of manhood to be found in America, and they are exerting a tremendous influence for Christ wherever they go. Many of these men are not only winning individual Chinese for Christ, but they are engaged as statesmen in an earnest effort to save China as a nation. Many of them are influential members of the national legislative body. One of them, C. T. Wang, is Minister of Foreign Affairs. This brilliant young man, who graduated from Yale with high honors, was the National Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association when the revolution which resulted in the establishment of the republic broke out. He was in a safe place, and no one would have blamed him for going on with his work; but he could not go on. "I must go to the front," he said. "This is the hour of my country's need. The revolution may fail, or it may succeed. If it fails, I could never forget that in the hour of the nation's need, at the crisis of her fate, I did not put my life upon the altar. Should it succeed, I would then have waited until there was no longer any risk, and I would have had no part in China's fight for

freedom. No, I must join the movement when there is a chance to die."

Chang Po-ling's Enthusiasm for Christ.—There is not perhaps in all China a more intense, more enthusiastic, or more earnest servant of Christ than Chang Po-ling. Mr. Eddy relates that at one time some of Chang's friends took him aside and suggested that for policy's sake he ought to keep his religion more in the background. The great educator looked them in the face and with a winsome smile said, "I want everybody to know that Chang Po-ling has become a Christian." [1]

From "Heroes of Faith in China," by Edward Leigh Pell; published by Lamar and Whitmore.

DR. HU KING ENG

THE MIRACLE LADY

A Thrilling Scene.—A dainty, winsome foreign girl in picturesque silk-embroidered robes stood before six hundred young men and women at Ohio Wesleyan University and in a sweet, low voice and with exquisite grace and modesty told the story of what Christ had done for her and begged her fellow students to accept him as their Saviour and Lord. It was a thrilling moment, and many hearts were stirred. When the meeting was over, a mother, who had come to the institution to visit her daughter, said, with tears in her eyes, "Little did I think, when I was giving money for the work in China, that a Chinese girl would come to this country and be the means of leading my daughter to Christ."

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[1]In the China Year Book for 1928 Chang Po-ling is credited with many offices, among which are "Trustee, China Foundation for the Promotion of Education and Culture," and "Leader of Chinese Christian Church."

A Remarkable Couple.—The girl was King Eng ("Precious Peace"), the daughter of Hu Yong Mi, a native minister of Foochow. He was a member of a prominent family and grew up a devout Buddhist. He was an earnest man, whose deep spiritual yearnings made his life for many years a constant struggle for inward peace. In his devotion to his religion, though it failed to satisfy his spirit, he became a fierce hater of Christianity; and one day, on discovering a Bible in his father's library, he flew into a rage and tore it to pieces. At last a brother, whom he had persecuted for becoming a Christian, led him to Christ, and he became one of the most influential ministers in Southern China. His wife was also converted; and though she was brought up in a home of wealth and rank, she gladly consented to give up everything and spend the rest of her days in poverty and reproach as her husband's helper in his work for Christ. She was a woman of rare ability, and it was said that she would often give addresses and read papers at Christian conferences which were an inspiration to the missionaries as well as to her own people.

In that day it was inevitable that Christian converts of such a type should be subjected to unusual persecutions, and the noble Hu Mi and his high-class wife suffered their full share. King Eng used to say that one of the clearest memories of her childhood was that of lying in bed night after night listening to her father's voice as he tried to explain his religion to an inquirer, and then hearing the crash of stones and brickbats, which, she said, happened so often that it hardly interrupted her father in his talks.

King Eng and "Those Feet."—While willing to make any sacrifice herself, King Eng's mother did not feel that she should subject her little daughter to reproach; and so she began to bind her feet in accordance with the common

custom. Her own slippers were just three inches in length, and no girl of decent family ever dreamed of allowing her feet to go unbound. It was before the days of anti-foot-binding societies, and as yet the consciences of few Christian Chinese had become aroused over the evil; but when Hu Mi saw his little daughter's feet in bandages he began to think. He soon reached the conclusion that the practice was unchristian and insisted that the bandages should be taken off; but though it was a great present relief to little King Eng, who was suffering terribly, it brought her no end of trouble later on; for, as her feet began to grow, people would notice them, and she would hear them say, "Nice little girl; but O, such feet!" And she would run home to her mother crying. For a while that good woman did not know what to do; but at length her eyes were opened to the evil, and the little girl was compelled to give up her struggle. In after years King Eng would tell how, while running to catch trains or street cars in America, she would often think of "O, those feet!" and would be so glad that she had them. As she grew up, the anti-footbinding movement—which, like many other great reform movements in China, was started by the missionaries—gradually stirred up the public conscience, and to-day Chinese women are not only brave enough to appear in public with unbound feet, but it is said that young girls often compare their feet to see which has the largest; while many women whose feet were crushed into horrible little stumps in childhood now wear slippers several inches too long, with the empty spaces filled with cotton.

American Training.—King Eng exhibited unusual talents as a child and when she went to school quickly attracted attention, and the teachers set their hearts on educating her for leadership in the Christian women's work in China. One day she was asked if she would like

to go to America and fit herself to become a great helper to her people. She had already consecrated herself to Christ, and the idea gave her a great thrill. When King Eng started, she supposed that she was the first Chinese girl to seek an education in a foreign country; but it happened that another, You Me King, had gone on ahead of her from another province. Eight years afterwards, on stopping for a few days at Kobe, Japan, King Eng met You Me, who was now a successful physician attached to the Southern Methodist Mission in that city. It was a long, weary trip to America, and the girl had many trials of faith along the way, but the Spirit of the heroic Christ never failed her; and when one day the passengers on the boat were in a state of terror over a catastrophe which had sent a near-by steamer to the bottom of the sea "Precious Peace" proved herself eminently worthy of her beautiful name. When she reached New York, she was taken in hand by some returned missionaries, and soon she was deep in her studies at Ohio Wesleyan University.

Miss Burton, who has given us King Eng's story in her "Notable Women of Modern China," tells many beautiful things of the student life of this winsome girl. Though brought up in a heathen land, she had grown up under the most refining influences of a Christian home; and her simple, unspoiled nature, pure heart, and high spiritual aspirations first amazed and then charmed everybody who came in contact with her. After finishing at Wesleyan, she went to Philadelphia to study medicine; but before she could complete her course her health broke down, and she was sent home to recuperate. It was a wonderful experience to her—that home-going. The love of the Chinese for home is greater than ours, and for eight long years she had steeled her heart against the most powerful impulses to re-

turn; and when at last she caught sight of her native land her joy was inexpressible. Yet, after a year with her loved ones, she set her face as a flint toward America again and went back to finish her education.

A Beloved Physician.—The story of her beautiful years since then is a part of the story of the great movement to win China for Christ. As soon as she received her medical degree (1896) she went back to Foochow and began work in the Hospital for Women and Children. Not long afterwards the superintendent went to America to spend a year, and King Eng—or rather Dr. Hu King Eng, as we should now say—was left in charge. At the end of the year her mission reported to the Board in America that the education of this girl in the United States has proved "one of the greatest blessings that ever came to Foochow." In 1899 she was placed in charge of the Woolston Memorial Hospital, and then she began a career that has meant more to the cause of Christ in China than it is possible to express. Her life and her wonderful skill as a physician and surgeon not only won a way for her into the hearts of thousands, but they won a way into the hearts of many for Christ himself. Somehow the people of Foochow and the thousands of patients whom she treated and who are now scattered all over the province are rarely able to think of her or of her work without thinking of her religion. "Surely," they said, "the religion of such a woman must be better than ours." Moreover, they are sure that a woman could not do such miracles except God be with her. They cannot think of her wonderful cures as anything short of the miraculous, and they love to call her the "Miracle Lady." They feel that heaven is closer to them because of the gracious "Miracle Lady."

How the Chinese Treat the Sick.—To realize what was in

the hearts of these simple-minded people, we must remember that in China, as in all other Oriental countries, the most common thing in life is sickness and that sane medical practice was never known until Christian missionaries entered the land. When a member of the family gets sick, a fortune teller or astrologer is sent for, or an idol is consulted. In numberless cases the sick are treated with medicines made of bugs or other animals, dried and ground to powder. Often, when Dr. Hu went into the city to see a sick person, she found that the patient had been brought to the verge of the grave by such means, and not infrequently it was impossible to undo the damage that had been done. It is not strange that in a land in which people who find themselves growing blind have their eyes pricked with needles they should regard themselves as heaven-favored in having among them this wonderful woman who with deft fingers and a delicate knife removed cataracts and restored sight to the blind.

A Wonderful Thought.—In addition to her hospital work, Dr. Hu established a medical class for girls, that the good work might grow; and in 1902 she turned out her first graduate, who was her own sister. The graduating exercises were held in a temple, and a great crowd assembled; and that day something wonderful happened. In that great audience were many thoughtful Chinese, and as they gazed upon the scene before them a thought came to them that had never come to them before. "Who knew," said they to one another, "that girls could do so much good in the world?"

To-day in many great cities of China girls are being educated in Christian schools, with the hope that they may one day *do good* in the world like the beautiful "Miracle Lady" and many other Chinese women who have been

transformed by the power of Christ into the highest types of heroic Christian womanhood.

From "Heroes of the Faith," by Edward Leigh Pell; published by Lamar and Whitmore.

SUN YAT SEN

First President of the Chinese Republic

Early Activities.—The man whose memory is honored in China to-day above that of all other heroes is Sun Yat Sen, the Father of the Revolution. Sun Yat Sen was born in 1866 in a village near Canton. As a youth he learned of the oppression of his people by the Manchu rulers at Peking. Sun Yat Sen remembered these lessons even when studying under American auspices in Honolulu and later when practicing medicine in Hongkong and Canton. Eventually he formed a secret society the object of which was to overthrow the Manchu control of China.

Working for a Republic.—When authorities discovered the nature of his activities, Sun Yat Sen had to flee for his life. He took this as an opportunity to carry his message for the establishing of a new China to his Chinese compatriots scattered in communities all over the world. His dream was for China to be freed from foreign control. He won the support of practically all Chinese outside of China. Though Sun Yat Sen had his difficulties—was kidnapped and arrested—he managed to escape and continue his work. In China his friends kept up the work of the society in spite of the vigilance of the Manchu authorities. The common people were beginning to rebel against the Manchu rule. Plots were laid, and a chance explosion of a bomb in Wuchang made it necessary for the leaders of the revolution openly to declare themselves. They

cabled for Sun Yat Sen's return. Upon his arrival in Shanghai he was elected "Provisional President of the Chinese Republic." The Northern rulers in a panic sent a military leader with an army to quell the revolution. This leader, Yuan Shih-Kai, saw an opportunity to get himself in power. He made false reports of the strength of the Southern army and finally succeeded in getting the emperor to abdicate and to give imperial orders authorizing him (Yuan) to establish a republic.

Then Yuan negotiated with the Nationalists for the establishing of a republic, with the provision that he should be made president. Sun Yat Sen unselfishly withdrew in Yuan's favor. However, Yuan's trickery did not end here. The Republic was such in name only. It was a tool for Yuan. He put his favorite military leaders in as Tuchuns or chief officials in the several provinces. It was his plan to establish himself as a monarch, but the South revolted, and in 1916, while attempting to suppress this frustration of his plans, Yuan died without realizing his ambitions.

The Tuchuns whom he put in control began to fight among themselves for supremacy of power. This resulted in a series of civil wars between provinces. Sun Yat Sen saw the defeat of his plan. He went back to Canton, where he could depend on a loyal following. Several times he had to flee for his life, but undaunted he continued to lay the foundations for the establishment of a stable government. On March 12, 1925, while in Peking attending a conference of leaders of various factions in China's governmental affairs, Sun was taken ill and died. After his death Sun was glorified in the minds of his followers, and his ideals became the principles for the establishing of a new government. The Northern *régime* held the greater power in money and men, but with the help of Soviet Russia, to

whom Sun had appealed for aid after being refused help by America and Great Britain, the Revolutionary party, known as the Kuomintang, or "party of the people," began a march northward. This time they succeeded in pushing on through Central China. It was in June, 1928, that Peking, the Northern capital, fell to the Nationalists. In December the hoisting of the National flag in Manchuria placed the whole of China under the control of the National government. Never before has there been such unification under the revolutionary movement.

China's Revolution.—According to Sun Yat Sen there were three stages in a revolution: the military, the educative, and the constitutional. Though the military period is not ended as yet, the present stage is regarded largely as the educative, when all the people over the country are being trained for self-government. The transition period is one of "political tutelage" during the work of reconstruction. The leaders are seeking to work out constructive policies in industry, commerce, education, and all other phases of the life of the nation. The present government is organized on the basis of the five-power constitution proposed by the late Dr. Sun Yan Sen: These five departments are known as the *Executive* Yuan, the *Legislative* Yuan, the *Judicial* Yuan, the *Examination* Yuan, and the *Control* Yuan. Each of these departments is the highest power in its respective sphere. Their responsibilities are as follows:

Executive Yuan—direction of the ten ministries which are intrusted with various executive duties and five commissions with specified executive functions.

Legislative Yuan—legislation, budgets, amnesties, declaration of war, negotiation for peace, conclusion of treaties, and other international affairs.

Judicial Yuan—judicial trials, judicial administration, discipline of officials, trial of administrative cases, etc.

Examination Yuan—determination of qualifications for public service and management of civil service examinations.

Control Yuan—highest supervisory organ of the government in such matters as impeachment and auditing.

The list of Ministries and of men appointed to these offices on October 15, 1928, is as follows:

Ministry of the Interior, Chao Tai Wen.

Ministry of Foreign Affairs, C. T. Wang.[1]

Ministry of War and Vice President of the Council, Marshal Feng Yu-Hsiang.[2]

Ministry of Finance, T. V. Soong.[3]

Ministry of Education, Dr. Chiang Meng-ling.

Ministry of Communications, Wang Po-chun.

Ministry of Industry, Commerce, and Labor, H. H. Kung.[3]

Ministry of Agriculture and Mining, Yi Pei Chi.

Ministry of Railways, Sun Fo.[4]

Ministry of Health, Chou Ming Yu (M.D., University of Virginia).

Six of these Ministers studied at American universities, and seven of the ten are Christians.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK

President of the National Government of China

Achievements.—The story of the life of Chiang Kai-shek reads like an Alger novel. He was born the son of a

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[1]See biography of Chang Po-ling, page 134.

[2]Popularly known as "The Christian General,"

[3]See biography of Chiang Kai-shek, page 147.

[4]Son of Dr. Sun Yat Sen.

not wealthy wine merchant in the village of Chi-ko, Fenghwa District, Chekiang Province, China, in 1888. He is only forty years old, one of the youngest men in the high circles of the National Government. "Head of his country at forty" is the achievement of this man, student, soldier, professor of military science and tactics, bank clerk and bond broker in Shanghai, secretary to the late Dr. Sun Yat Sen, founder of the Kuomintang (or "People's Party"), subsequently Dr. Sun's chief of staff, commander-in-chief of the Nationalist Armies, President of the Nanking National Government.

Training.—In 1906, as a lad of eighteen, he, with forty other Chekiang youths, was sent to the Paoting Military School, where the records show that he made high marks as a student of infantry movements. A year later, General Chiang was sent to Japan to study in the Tokyo Military College, where he remained for four years.

He returned to China when the revolution began in 1911 and became a commander in the 83d Brigade, a band of several thousand men said to have been recruited largely from loafers and riff-raff in Shanghai. In 1913, during the second revolution, he joined the late Dr. Sun Yat Sen as a secretary. His activities from then until 1920 were chiefly concerned with the Kuomintang, its organization, and the plot against the North.

General Chiang became a banker in Shanghai in 1920, becoming a junior clerk in the Chartered Stock Exchange for a few months. In 1922 he went to Canton as chief of staff to Sun Yat Sen. He went to Russia in November of that year as Dr. Sun's representative and studied the military system.

Military Activities.—In 1923 he was appointed head of the then newly organized Whampoa Cadet School in Kwantung, and many of his officers to-day are graduates

of that school. He commanded a force against General Chen Chiung-ming, a reactionary Kuomintang leader, a year or so later, and in 1924–25 commanded successful expeditions in the East River area, west of Canton. All the time he was consolidating his position as the chief Kuomintang military leader. On October 14, 1925, he stormed and captured the supposedly impregnable city of Weichow and then cleaned up Swatow and Chaochow of all opposition, finally clearing Canton of enemy troops.

General Chiang was assisted by the Russian advisers brought to Canton by Dr. Sun, in organizing the Whampoa Cadet School, but subsequently broke with them and since has severed all connections with the Soviet. He was named commander in chief of the Nationalist Northern Expedition in the Spring of 1926, and a year later his armies had captured everything south of the Yangtze River, including Wuhan, Nanking, and Shanghai.

General Chiang broke with Michael Borodin, the Soviet High Adviser, early in 1927, and the split became generally known in April, when the General denounced Borodin and the Communists in the Kuomintang and set up his own Nationalist Government at Nanking. He continued as commander in chief of the armies, and as President of the National Government continues as commander in chief of the army, navy, and air force, although Marshal Feng has been named Minister for Military Affairs.

As He Is To-Day.—The President is a small man, slight in stature and not more than five feet six inches tall. He is sturdily built, however, and has an aggressive, virile manner.

The President believes that China's problems lie at home —that the seat of the nation's evils is within and not so much without. He often has remarked that, once China ceases her interminable internecine warfare and becomes a

peaceful nation, the problems relating to international affairs will settle themselves. Thus, he is turning his first attention at the end of (or perhaps during a lull in) the military phase of the revolution toward domestic affairs.

In December, 1927, General Chiang was married to Miss Mei-ling Soong.

The Sun-Soong Family.—Practically every country has its famous families who have been prominent in the political life of the nation, but few countries can boast of a family more noted than the "Sun-Soong" family of China, which has been identified with the Kuomintang Party and the Nationalist Movement from the beginning. Dr. Sun Yat Sen is the father of the Kuomintang, was Provisional President at the founding of the Republic in 1911, and now since his death is regarded as the patron saint of the Nationalist Movement. He was married to Miss Chiang-ling Soong. Her brother, T. V. Soong, was Minister of Finance in the Nationalist Government at Canton and later at Hankow. A recent article by Mr. Vincent Sheean in the magazine *Asia* rated Mr. Soong as the most capable administrator that modern China has produced. Mr. H. H. Kung, another capable administrator who was Minister of Agriculture and Commerce in the Nationalist Government, is a brother-in-law of Mrs. Sun Yat Sen. Mr. Sun Fo, a son of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, served as Minister of Communications at Canton and is now Minister of Finance in the Nanking Government.

All of these named are American returned students with the exception of General Chiang Kai-shek, who received his military education in Japan. Mr. T. V. Soong is a graduate of the Harvard School of Business Administration, while H. H. Kung is a graduate of Oberlin. Dr. Sun Yat Sen attended school in his youth at Honolulu, while his son, Sun Fo, is a graduate of Columbia University.

Mrs. Sun Yat Sen is a graduate of Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga., while her sister, Miss Mei-ling Soong, is a graduate of both Wesleyan and Wellesley.

Adapted from articles published in the *China Weekly Review.*

YANG CHU

A Crusader in China's Renaissance

An Ambitious Youngster.—It might have been three hundred years ago. Actually it was less than thirty years ago that a spindling youngster trudged into a prefectural city of Szechuen and made his way to a mission primary school just opened within its walls. Only the Christian mission and this newly opened school were there to differentiate the city from what it had been three centuries earlier. Yang Chu had come from a still more secluded village and from the home of the village scholar, a man poor in this world's goods, but rich in the ancient culture of China. The boy had come on foot, several days' journey, to enter this school of modern learning. Six pigtails waved from the otherwise shaven top of his ambitious young pate.

The school is conducted by a young Englishman, only recently arrived at his post deep in the heart of China's westernmost province. He cannot yet speak the language, but he loves the boys, and they know it and respond to it. From him Yang Chu learns English plus. The deepest thing in his spiritual inheritance and experience is a profound reverence for his ancestors. This begins to undergo a process of sublimation into filial love and reverence for the Heavenly Father, revealed by Christ—and his teacher.

Unforeseen Difficulties.—Yang Chu is in Hongkong.

A six weeks' journey by foot, sedan chair, and sailing junk has borne him from his medieval home on the borders of Tibet to the modern port city of Hongkong. From the primary school he has passed on (thanks to a much-needed scholarship) to the Union Mission College in Chengtu, the provincial capital. His brilliant record here has won the attention of a visiting English lord, who has made possible for him a loan on the strength of which he has reached Hongkong.

To his dismay, he finds that he cannot enter Hongkong University. "What shall I do?" he asks the chancellor. "Spend two years in a middle school here, and you may be able to pass the entrance examinations," is the reply. Instead Yang Chu engages a tutor and begins to burn the midnight oil. In less than six months the examinations are on, and he secures special permission to try them. A few days later an astonished chancellor calls him in. The lad awaits the verdict with his heart in his throat. "I congratulate you," says the chancellor, "on *winning first place* in the examinations. This entitles you to the Edward VII scholarship, which provides your tuition throughout your course here."

Yang Chu cannot believe his ears. How badly he needs the money! What an unexpected relief from financial worries! Instantly he finds himself lifted into the seventh heaven. Instantly, but only for an instant, for the chancellor is speaking again: "By the way, are you a British subject? No? Well, that is too bad, for only British subjects are eligible to this scholarship." After a pause he continues, "But if you care to take out British papers I can manage it for you." Quick as a flash comes the answer, "No, thank you." The scholarship passes from the poor son of the Szechuen scholar to the man next in order, a British subject and the wealthy son of a Straits Settle-

ments millionaire. Yang Chu loses his scholarship, but the incident results in the establishment soon after of a Yuan Shih-Kai scholarship awarded annually to the Chinese citizen winning highest honors in the entrance examinations of Hongkong University.

Culture, Ancient and Modern.—The scene shifts. Yang Chu is in New Haven, Conn. After a brief stay in Hongkong, he has decided to change to an American university. Scraping together barely enough money to get him across the ocean, he has fared forth. What university he will enter he has not decided, though an institution in the Middle West has been all but decided on. Just before reaching port, however, he chances to meet a first-class passenger who has found his way back into second-class. This fellow voyager is a Yale man. Of course he persuades Yang Chu that Yale is the only university in America. On landing Yang Chu buys his ticket to New Haven.

Perhaps it is a lucky break for the young adventurer. Or is it that he is "a favored being, knowing no desire which genius does not hallow"?

However it comes about, he is shortly matriculated as a student of Yale, his expenses provided for by two positions which are the envy of struggling "self-help students"—a cashiership in commons and a place in the college choir. So pass the happy years away. For four years Yang Chu revels in all the delights—academic, social, athletic—which Yale has to offer. What a far cry this life among the elms from that of the old home, sleeping yonder among the bamboos of far-away Szechuen. Yang Chu, a son of China's ancient culture, has become a child of modern civilization as well.

Again the scene changes—suddenly and violently. Yang Chu is in France. Hundreds of thousands of Chinese farmers and coolies have left their peaceful vil-

lages in Shantung and Chihli and have been transported to France to help as laborers to win the Great War. The American Y. M. C. A. has met them in France with a diversified program of helpfulness. Volunteers to carry on this work have been called for among the Chinese students studying in American universities, and Yang Chu has been one of the first to respond.

A Discovery.—In France he discovers China! For the first time he comes really to know the Chinese peasant and coolie. His life hitherto has moved only in the favored circle of China's literati, old and new. It is not that he has ever despised the "masses"; it is only that they have been non-existent so far as his own experience has gone. All this is changed in France. There he meets his own people, comes to know them, to like them, to believe enormously in their possibilities.

Out of this experience is born a *Big Idea.* The idea grips him, obsesses him. This idea is a scheme—nebulous at first, but increasingly clear and compelling—whereby his myriad brothers in China and their sisters might become literate. What splendid folks they are! And eighty-five per cent of them are unable to read or write. It is not that they lack intelligence. Intimate contact with them makes this certain. It is only that they lack opportunity. The door of opportunity must be opened for them. Ability to read and write must become, not the exclusive privilege of a favored few, but the common privilege of China's four hundred million sons and daughters. A new idea indeed, exhilaratingly new and ambitious.

How the "Big Idea" Worked.—Yang Chu is back in China. He brings back with him a degree from Yale and the unofficial title of "Jimmy," by which he is widely and affectionately known—Yang Chu (James) Yen. More important than degree or title (and far more rare than

either), he has brought home with him a *Big Idea*. He begins to preach it with the passion of a prophet. Many, even of his best friends, smile indulgently at his impossible dream. A few warm to the contagion of his enthusiasm and allow themselves to wonder if the dream might not be made to come true. He finds backing; the National Committee of the Y. M. C. A. takes him on its staff when his *Big Idea* is only an idea and not the great national crusade it rapidly becomes.

Follows a period of laborious and painstaking research, in which Yen sets out to discover the one thousand most indispensable characters in the Chinese written language. He believes that one thousand "foundation characters" will emancipate a man or woman from illiteracy. Others join in the quest, actually counting the number of times most commonly used characters are found in the popular novels of the country. When he and they publish the results of their separate studies, they are ninety per cent in agreement. Meanwhile he has worked out a new, simplified method of instruction whereby an unlettered adult or child, however dull, can learn these one thousand foundation characters by studying evenings for four months.

Five years ago Y. C. James Yen was a solitary voice in the wilderness as he preached his *Big Idea*. Not so today. "Popular Education" (as his plan is called) has gripped the imagination of the nation. Associations have sprung up in every province to promote it, and these have been united in a National Association for the Advancement of Popular Education. The plan tried in an experimental way in a dozen cities has succeeded beyond the hopes of its most ardent friends. A new literature is coming into being. It uses the same beautiful and meaningful ideographs formerly known only to China's little aristocracy of letters, but it uses fewer of them, and its

idiom is the idiom of the market place and the home, not that of a dead and esoteric language. It is rightly called "the literature of the common people."

Jimmy Yen's dream, dreamed in France, has begun to come true. The possibility of a literate nation does not seem infinitely remote as it did five years ago. This is an epoch-making achievement. And it is the achievement of a man still on the sunny side of thirty years of age.

Eugene E. Barnett, in the *Sunday School Magazine*, January, 1929; published by Lamar and Whitmore.

FRANK N. MEYER

An Agricultural Explorer in China

A Significant Opportunity.—A country cannot transfer its mines or its industries or its climate, but it can sometimes share the wealth of its flora. In giving but a handful of seeds, it may bestow a priceless source of food-supply for millions of people. China, which has been especially generous to America in its gift of plants, has been called by Sir Augustine Henry, the great student of Chinese botany, "the Klondike of plant gold." Years ago, when I wrote to Sir Augustine, asking how the Department of Agriculture could get some of the plant material from that region, he answered, "Don't waste time and postage; send a man."

I had been in China and knew that there were practically no roads in the Chinese Empire; I had seen the caravans of coolies and had been carried in sedan chairs, and I found it difficult to imagine a man's exploring in China, at least for plants, unless he could travel unweariedly afoot. What first attracted my attention to Frank N. Meyer was the fact that he was a great walker.

I had never met him myself, but his friend Pieters told me how, as a boy, he had walked over the Alps to see the orange groves of Italy, and how the first thing he did when he arrived in Washington was to tramp to Mount Vernon. Coming back, he lost the way, Pieters said, and had to spend the night in an old barn, imagining that American Indians were still abundant in the woods, and he returned much excited over his first trip on the American continent. He walked through Cuba, he walked a thousand miles or so in Mexico, he tramped through California.

He shunned the formalities of society. The dinner jacket that I insisted on giving him when he first went to China, because I thought he would need it in the consulates and legations of the East, he dragged, green with mold, from the bottom of his plant-trunk, several years later, showed it with pride, and packed it away again. It was found by his friends among the effects taken from the steamer from which he disappeared into the muddy waters of the Yangtze-kiang, thirteen years after I gave it to him in Washington.

A Plant Lover.—Meyer's life was always that of a plantsman. In the Botanical Gardens at Amsterdam and the hothouses of the Department of Agriculture, on private estates and in nurseries in California, and in the Missouri Botanical Garden, formerly Shaw's Garden, in St. Louis, he had worked and had distinguished himself by his keen interest in plants. His almost instinctive knowledge of the climatic requirements of plants, his ability to recognize them quickly on sight and the interest he soon learned to take in their commercial possibilities, combined with his painstaking care of details, made him a successful hunter of plants throughout the thirteen years of his connection with the government as an agricultural explorer.

Physically, Meyer was a powerful man, and he needed

to be; for even his strong wrists often became weary with the work of wringing the water from the moss in which he packed the thousands of cuttings of fruit trees and shrubs that he had collected. He never trusted his Chinese assistants to do this important work for him. After months of hard searching, he was not willing to trust any one else to pack his precious discoveries, because, if the moss was too wet or too dry, the chances were a hundred to one that the material would not reach Washington alive.

Mentally as well as physically, Meyer was equipped to be an explorer for plants. He was extremely sensitive to the world around him, noticing with the eager interest of a child phenomena that most men do not observe. He wanted to touch and smell and taste things. He could not imagine learning about anything without subjecting it to the test of all his senses. It was characteristic of Meyer quickly to break off a fragment of a plant and chew it or smell it furiously in order to bring to bear upon it all the powers of his remarkable memory.

He loved plants as men grow to love horses or dogs. Almost the first account I had of him endeared him to me. He was caring for some bamboo plants, which Mr. Lathrop and I had sent in from China, and he wanted to mulch them with straw—he saw they needed it; but the man over him refused to let him do it, and he actually cried, so keen was his disappointment as day by day he watched them die.

Early Explorations.—He began his work by following back to their orchards in the Ming Tombs valley the basket-carriers who bring the great Tamopan persimmon to the markets of Peking. From its valley home he sent to America scions of that delicious non-astringent and seedless persimmon, which have by now produced large

orchards in this country. Unlike our native wild persimmon, so intimately associated with possum all through the South, the Tamopan persimmon is eaten when it is hard like an apple. It is a curious fact that in some regions in this country, such as the Carolinas, the Tamopan comes true and is seedless and non-astringent, but in others it is neither. It is large and rather flat, as its name Tamopan, which means "big millstone" in Chinese, suggests, and it has a curious groove or crease around it. There is always a certain inertia to overcome in introducing new fruits—people are apt to prefer those they already know—but the Tamopan is already a recognized variety on our markets and is destined to become a valuable crop wherever it comes true to type.

Wherever Meyer went, he made friends with the missionaries. He helped them with their gardens and was in the habit of asking the Department to send them seeds and plants from America. For, although China, because of its hardy wild and cultivated plants, is a Klondike of plant gold to American horticulturists, there are no such apples as ours in China, and our pears and berries and grapes are more delicious and of finer color than the Chinese. Almost the first visit that Meyer made in China was to Chefoo, where he found the markets filled with American apples and pears and grapes, the result of the work of Dr. Nevius. For years this great medical missionary brought in, to grow in his own garden and to give away to his Chinese friends, the best obtainable American varieties of fruit. There are now scattered all over China, in the most out-of-the-way parts of it, little gardens of American vegetables and small orchards of American fruit trees. As time goes on, the best of them will find their way into the Chinese gardens, for many missionaries love plants.

That Meyer was regarded with some suspicion by the Chinese peasants is not surprising. How was it possible that a man who was not crazy could leave a comfortable home on the other side of the world, come to a Chinese farmhouse, and find the common plants of the little garden so wonderful that he would pack some of them up in boxes or bags and take them away with him? What a picture of America Meyer must have left on the minds of the villagers! A land of farmers with no clumps of bamboos to make things from, no soy beans, no persimmons—it must be a poor enough country to live in!

The Fei Peach.—Though Meyer rarely had any difficulty in getting the things he wanted, the Fei peach was an exception. The little village of Fei, in the province of Shantung, had become famous throughout eastern China for a certain large peach, often weighing a pound, and there was, naturally enough, a fear in the minds of the owners of the Fei peach lest this foreigner would take away their monoply in the growing of it. Meyer had to make several trips on foot to this region, and finally he was obliged to buy a small orchard in order to get the trees he wanted. The Fei peach promises much as a late peach for our Southwest, but the orchardists of Shantung need have no fear that its cultivation in America will in any way interfere with their business in Shantung.

It seems strange to go exploring in the heart of a great city, and yet it was in the grounds of the German legation in Peking that Meyer made one of his most important discoveries. That fact simply shows that China is a virgin field for the hunter of plants. It was a wild peach tree that he found in that frequented spot in the capital of China. He also found that this wild peach is universally used by the Chinese as a stock for peaches and plums and

apricots and will unquestionably be of great value for the same purpose in America.

The great amount of work required to test a new plant is illustrated by the experiments made with the seeds of the wild peach. They were grown in the Plant Introduction Gardens of the Department of Agriculture, and the plants sent out broadcast over the country and their behavior carefully watched. They were found to be uninjured in the coldest parts of Iowa, where trees of the Persian peach were frozen to the ground; but they would not fruit there, for they flowered so early that the blossoms were caught by the late frosts. In the alkaline soils of California, however, they thrive, so that now, even in areas where alfalfa cannot be successfully grown, orchards of the Chinese wild peach stock are satisfactorily established. As the years pass and the first peach trees on this stock become old without losing their vigor, Californians are wondering if we may not have in the Chinese wild peach a longer-lived root system than any other now used.

Discoveries in Other Lands.—Meyer did not confine his early explorations to China. From northern Korea, Manchuria, and eastern Siberia he sent us in 680 different kinds of plants, the majority of which, naturally enough, have made little impression on our agriculture. But if every other one of the 680 should be valueless, one little pinch of spinach seed, which he picked up in Liaoyang, will many times pay what it cost to send him to China. This spinach seed, carefully grown and selected, has resulted in what Norton, the spinach specialist of the government, declares is the best ever produced. Its especial value is that it grows late in the summer after ordinary spinach has failed.

Further Discoveries in China.—Among the fruits that

Meyer secured during his first three years in China are the wild Ussurian pears. These pears would hardly tempt a schoolboy, but the trees are resistant to fire-blight. Any one who has seen his pear trees melt away with fire-blight will realize what this fact may mean. Prof. F. C. Reimer, of Oregon, is making most interesting experiments with these Ussurian pears, and he feels that the prospects of obtaining a pear both resistant and delicious are very good.

When Meyer first went to China, William Woodville Rockhill, who died in 1914, was our Minister there. His love of plants and his interest and advice meant much to the young explorer. Mr. Rockhill was particularly fond of a pine tree with beautiful white bark, contrasting most picturesquely with its dark evergreen needles. He told Meyer then that he wanted a tree of this species planted over his grave. The little tree that grows there in fulfillment of his desire is one of many hundreds from the seeds he assisted Meyer to procure.

From the Wei-tsi-shan Mountains, where he collected the white-barked pine seeds, Meyer first saw that gorgeous tree, the *Huang Lien Shu*, or Chinese pistachio. In the spring it is wine-red with delicate new foliage, and in the autumn it turns, like our American oak, to flaming scarlet and gold. In Chicao, California, there is already an avenue of Chinese pistachio trees, growing every year more beautiful. In years to come, thousands of these little trees, raised from seed, will add a brilliant touch to the somber autumn coloring of the California hills, for they will grow on the driest gravel hillsides. I trust that, to a Chinese gentleman, it will be a satisfaction to know that the Huang Lien Shu, which, as a giant fifty feet high, shades the grave of Confucius, is adding a touch of beauty to the eastern as well as the western shores of the Pacific.

A very slender pyramidal cedar and a wonderful golden-flowered hibiscus from this region are other beautiful additions that Meyer made to our landscapes. A beautiful single, yellow rose, *Rosa santhina*, which he found in Shushan, is to-day scattered from gardens along the Potomac, where it produces masses of pale yellow flowers in May, up into the coldest parts of the Dakotas, where even in the bitterest winters it is ininjured. Any gardener who tries to grow roses on the Great Plains knows the value of a vigorous, free-flowering, perfectly hardy yellow rose. Furthermore, it is being crossed by the great rose-breeder, Dr. W. Van Fleet, with our best non-hardy roses. Without doubt, it will help to produce a race of hardy roses that may some day be as widely known and appreciated as the *Rosa rugosa*, which is now almost the only rose that can be successfully grown in parts of Canada and our own Northwest.

In 1902, when traveling in a French steamer off the coast of China, I tasted a delicious candied fruit called the "Chinese date," which surprised me by its resemblance to the true Persian date, but which I knew was some form of jujube. Worthless seedlings of this fruit were long ago scattered and are growing in many parts of America, but it was Meyer's good fortune to be the first to describe the orchards and the widely different varieties of this remarkable fruit and to land in America what is undoubtedly the largest collection of jujube trees in the world. The cultivation of the jujube is sure to develop into an important industry, for it is a delicious fruit when candied, and it can be successfully grown in the hottest sections of our Southwest. Unlike almost every one of our ordinary fruits, it flowers so late in the spring that its blossoms are never injured by spring frosts. In consequence it is a sure bearer; not once since it first began to fruit in this country

has it failed to produce a crop. In those parts of Texas where one never knows whether to prepare for a drought or a flood and where fruit-growing is a most precarious business, the Chinese jujube fruits well. In the Imperial Valley, where the temperature often soars to 120° F., it bears abundantly, and in the interior valleys of northern California it is so much at home that it fruits when only two years old. When its delicate candied fruits have found their way to our tables and are as much prized as dates and almonds, some will remember, I hope, that Frank N. Meyer brought in the plants from China.

While exploring in Chihli Province, in 1908, Meyer found wild chestnut trees growing here and there in big groves on the rocky mountain slopes and sent us in some seeds. In my own garden, in Maryland, I grew a few trees from these Chinese seeds. Our American chestnuts were at that time dying by thousands, and experts were busily trying to find a remedy. They knew that the disease was caused by a fungus, but some declared that it was of foreign and others that it was of American origin, and there was no agreement possible between them and no cure in sight. One day when the discussion was at its height and Pennsylvania had appropriated hundreds of thousands of dollars in an attempt to stamp out the disease in that State, a specialist on the disease appeared in my garden with a test-tube culture of the fungus and inoculated my beautiful little Chinese chestnuts. Weeks passed, and, to the delight of every one, the characteristic wounds that the disease causes failed to appear. Realizing that the trees were highly resistant, we at once sent Meyer back to the region where the seeds had come from, to see if he could find any trace of the chestnut bark disease. He found it. But, since the trees, though not entirely immune, were so resistant to it, we feel fairly confident that, if all the

American chestnuts are wiped out, we shall still have, with ordinary orchard hygiene, some good Chinese nuts with which to stuff our turkeys.

From the village of Fengtai, in Chihli Province, Meyer sent in the so-called "family elm," which has been one of the hardiest, most rapidly growing trees yet tried on the wind-swept plains of the Dakotas. It seems appropriate that the family elm should be so well suited to a country where the first need of all farmers is a wind-break, to protect crops and to make the home comfortable.

From trees for the Dakotas to lemon trees, it is a far cry, and yet in the region where Meyer found the family elm he found also tiny dwarf lemon trees that the Chinese were growing in their houses as ornamentals. They do equally well here, either in cool greenhouses or, with exceptionally good care, in ordinary houses and are giving many ladies in the North the fun of picking their own lemons for their own tea tables.

Furloughs in America.—For the journey home, after his first three years in China, Meyer took a steamer of the Standard Oil Company instead of a more comfortable liner, because in that way he could have his precious plants with him and care for them himself on the voyage. They were principally bamboos that he had with him, and it was a rare collection, containing both the timber and the edible bamboo. Poor Meyer! His heart nearly broke when the inspectors at San Francisco, finding some suspicious-looking insects on the plants, fumigated them so thoroughly that all but three varieties were killed. Fortunately, these three were valuable. Last fall, at Mr. E. A. McIlhenny's place at Avery Island, La., I had the pleasure of walking through the first American grove of one of them—the Pah-Koh-Poo Chi, or edible bamboo of North China. It seems strange that a plant grown on

almost every farm and garden in China should have been so slow to find its way to America. It will do just as well here as in China, and it should be popular, since a taste for bamboo-shoots has already been fostered by the Chinese restaurants scattered throughout the country. The Japanese forms of the bamboo have been grown in this country for twenty years or more. Doubtless this valuable group of plants is destined to become as characteristic of our Southern landscapes as it is of those of Japan and China.

After another summer spent in America, in watching over his plants, Meyer was off again for China, going through Russia and Siberia to Kansu Province and right up to the borders of Tibet. Concerning this, his hardest trip, he wrote in his quaint English from Lanchowfu, in December of 1914: "At last I have arrived here in the provincial capital of Kansu, and I feel like an old-time sailing-ship that has come into port, loaded full with all sorts of things. But the ship has weathered some storms, and it is with the loss of her mainsail that she is berthed here now. For—and this is a bad thing indeed—my interpreter and the coolie have deserted me cowardly in Siku for fear of being killed by Tibetans." It was while in Kansu that he had also a most unpleasant experience with some Chinese soldiers. They took him for a spy and threatened to shoot him. Although the authorities apologized later, the misunderstanding was almost serious enough at the time to cut short the explorer's work.

Meyer was particularly interested in the wild bush-almonds that he found covering the mountains of Kansu. The miles and miles of useless hillsides in our great western country had always fascinated him. He wanted to redeem them, to find something so valuable to grow there that, when his exploring days were over, he could settle down

and spend the rest of his life in developing it. Here in the bush almond of Kansu was something to start with. Bushes from the seeds he sent in are now flowering side by side with the best domesticated almond trees of California and are being crossed with them.

His Last Trip to China.—After a winter in Washington, visits to the plant gardens and a series of lectures to technical audiences, Meyer set out, in the autumn of 1916, for his last trip to China, this time with a certain reluctance and an expressed doubt as to whether he should ever return. Years of solitary travel among people who could neither understand his language nor appreciate his search for what were to them the commonest things of everyday life, the seeds of their trees and grains and vegetables, had left their impress on his peculiarly sensitive character.

He went out this time with a definite object, to get large quantities of seeds of the Chinese pears that had been shown by Professor Reimer of the Oregon Experiment Station to be peculiarly resistant to fire-blight.

His efforts were successful, but they entailed long stays in Kingmen and resulted in his reaching Ichang at a time when the Chinese revolutionary troops were around it. For three months he was bottled up there, unable to get out after plants and chafing under the inaction.

A year spent in the moist, warm valley of the upper Yangtze proved too much for Meyer's constitution and precipitated an attack of nervous prostration, from which he was never able fully to recover, although the next year he collected many interesting plants. Among these were large-fruited varieties of the Yang Taw, or Chinese *Actinidia*, the ordinary strains of which have done well in our Southern States, whence they may some day, it is to be hoped, reach our markets.

Keeping His Memory Alive.—Meyer's field work is done,

but his light has by no means gone out. From all over the country have come letters asking for an account of him. Men and women in whose dooryards have been planted little Chinese trees or shrubs, each with a tag giving a short account of its original home and bearing the name of Frank N. Meyer as its discoverer, write in to know more about the man. As the years pass and the little plants grow into trees overshadowing the house or to great bushes full of golden blossoms, or in orchard and field to trees loaded with fruit and to acres of wealth-producing grain, Meyer's personality will be associated with these living things and gratitude to him and to the country from which he brought so many rich gifts will increase. It is to be hoped that children will be told how, with a devotion that is worthy of imitation, Meyer sought out these plants in their home in China and brought them to America.

His memory will be kept alive, too, by another means. He left a bequest to his associates in the Office of Foreign Seed and Plant Introduction, and they have had it turned into a medal in his honor. This medal, executed by the sculptor Theodore Spicer-Simson, has already been bestowed upon two men for valuable work in the field of plant introduction. Mr. Barbour Lathrop, of San Francisco, whose distinguished services and financial generosity led to the inauguration of the government work of plant introduction and to the establishment of the office bearing that name, received the first award. The second one was made to Dr. Trabut, director of the Service Botanique of Algiers, who, for twenty years, has conducted the most remarkable garden of plant domestication in the world and who has brought into public notice hundreds of new plants, many of which he has given to America. This Foreign Plant Introduction medal in memory of Frank N.

Meyer, agricultural explorer, will be awarded each year. The face of the medal reproduces a bas-relief sculptured at Luxor in the fifth dynasty (1570 B. C.). On the walls of the temple at Luxor, Queen Hatshepsut immortalized the return of her expedition with a shipload of incense-trees from the land of Punt. The relief shows the Egyptian gardeners loading the boat with incense-trees in tubs and piling its docks with seeds. This is doubtless the oldest record of foreign plant introduction. The obverse of the medal commemorates Frank N. Meyer's work in China. It shows the white-barked pine, the most picturesque of China's landscape-trees, and the Chinese *tsao*, or jujube, destined to become a valuable fruit tree in America. "In the glorious luxuriance of the hundred plants he takes delight," reads the inscription, which is a fitting tribute to the explorer's love for plants.

By David Fairchild, in *Asia*, January, 1921; Asia Publishing Company, 375 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

ROBERT DOLLAR

A Commercial Missionary[1]

Robert Dollar started work at thirteen, being employed in the cookhouse of a Canadian lumber camp. Now at eighty-five he is one of the largest individual owners and operators of ships in the world. He is a trader, not a sailor.

He picked up his education as he worked. He was born in Scotland and apprenticed to a mechanic at eleven, but soon managed to save enough money to get to Canada.

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[1]See *Saturday Evening Post*—Summer numbers of 1929—for a serial by Ernest Poole on the life of Robert Dollar.

At twenty-two he was well on the way to prosperity. At twenty-eight he lost everything in the financial panic of 1878. He began work in lumber camps again and by careful investments eventually rebuilt his capital. Dollarville, Mich., a location of lumber mills that once were his, still bears his name.

Many stories are told of his courage, his persistence, and his triumph over seemingly insurmountable difficulties. These stories include one of a rescue he effected in saving a handful of men marooned by storms in the frozen North. Dollar suffered severe physical hardships, struggling alone many miles against snow and ice with a broken arm in order to get a rescue party in time to save some men in a camp from starvation—but he saved the men!

He first built ships to carry his lumber up and down the Pacific coast. Eventually Dollar realized the importance of developing American trade with the Orient, and he began a trans-Pacific service. He made a success because, for one reason, he had confidence in the Orientals. He does not hesitate to express his faith in them, but his success is also because he has earned their confidence by honest business dealings with them.

A visitor to the famous Lin Yin temple near Hangchow, about 200 miles inland from Shanghai, will hear the name of Robert Dollar spoken with pride. The Chinese guide will point out the great wooden pillars reaching up to the vast ceiling of the temple, and one will need very little English to be made to understand that those pillars came from America. They are from the forests of the great Northwest. They were Robert Dollar's trees, and he brought them over in his ships.

Tourists who go on his ships for the first time will generally find some seasoned traveler aboard who will recount stories of Robert Dollar, of his sturdy Scotch

traits, of his Christian character, of the morale of his men, and of the Christian standards which he seeks to have maintained on his ships.

Adapted from an article by John B. Kennedy in *Collier's, the National Weekly,* for February 9, 1929, with the addition of incidents as told to the author on one of Dollar's ships and on a visit to Lin Yin temple.

III

STORIES

A LITTLE MISSIONARY TRAVELS TO CHINA

WRITING to his little cousin whom he has left behind in America, Master Hector Sherertz, son of Rev. and Mrs. D. L. Sherertz, tells of his long journey from Hawthorne, Fla., to Soochow, China. Hector is a little missionary of the fourth generation, being the great-grandson of the late Dr. J. W. Lambuth, pioneer Methodist missionary to China. Dr. Lambuth first went to the Orient in 1854, and now more than seventy years later his little great-grandson is traveling over the same route—not on a sailing vessel as his great-grandparents went, but on a big modern ocean liner. Hector is by no means a stranger to China, as most of his eight years of life have been spent there. For the past year and a half he has been in America with his parents on furlough. Hector is not only the great-grandson of Dr. Lambuth, but a grandson of Dr. W. H. Park and a great-nephew of Bishop W. R. Lambuth. His grandmother, to whom he refers in his letter and who accompanied the Sherertz family back to China, is Mrs. W. H. Park, *née* Miss Nora Lambuth. "Walter Lambuth" is Hector's one-year-old brother.

SOOCHOW UNIVERSITY,
SOOCHOW, CHINA,
September 4, 1928.

Dear Buddy: I hope you are well by now and back at home having a good time. I wish you and Katherine and Genevieve were here to play with me and my friends on the beautiful university campus. We have lots of playthings and toys. I am going to send you one of my toys.

I am going to school with the Chinese boys and girls and like it very much. We have lots of nice playthings at the school—swings, seesaws, a big "Jungle Jim," and other things.

I wish you could have traveled from Florida to China with me.

We children all had such a good time! I am going to tell you about it. First, we went to Jacksonville and stayed there four or five hours and played with some other children in the big pretty station. We had a fried chicken lunch brought from home, and Daddy bought us some ice cream for dessert—lots more than we could eat.

We got on our sleeper for the Dixie Flyer about nine o'clock Friday night and stayed in the same car until about eight o'clock Sunday morning, when we got to Chicago. On the way a number of friends came on the train to see us, and lots of them brought us fruit and candy and toys. Our Cousin Mattie Kirkpatrick rode with us all the way from Atlanta to Nashville and was so good to us all. We liked to ride out on the observation car.

When we got to Chicago we rode in a yellow cab to Evanston, a place about twelve miles from the station, to see some friends. We rode along a lake which looked to us as big as the ocean, because ocean steamers could go on it. It was nice and cool, so cool that we had to wear our overcoats. We saw buildings so high we couldn't count the stories while we were going by, we went so fast.

Our friends live in a house that used to belong to a millionaire family. It had a beautiful pipe organ in it, and a man played it for us, and we watched him use his hands and feet. It was very pretty music. They had a grand piano and a radio. All the children had their dinner first, and then we played out in the beautiful yard. Our friend, the big boy, had a house up in a high tree. We had a mighty good time. In the afternoon we rode back in another yellow cab to the station.

And who do you think was there? Uncle Guy. He had missed us in the morning, and we were so sorry. He gave us some balloons and some grape juice and stayed with us until the train was ready to start. We stayed in the same car on that train for four nights and three days. We had to sleep there and went to the diner to eat. Grandma had a nice foot tub in a basket for Walter Lambuth, and he sat in it, and many people came by and smiled at him, and Daddy told them: "This is Diogenes in his tub." Many people were kind and friendly to us and talked to us.

We stopped long enough to get off the train at two places—St. Paul and Moose Jaw. We took a street car ride at St. Paul and went to a cafe and ate dinner at Moose Jaw. Moose Jaw is up in Canada. What we liked best on the train were the high mountains, the wonderful glaciers, the beautiful waterfalls, the pretty lakes, and the big woods of Christmas trees. We saw a beautiful sunset

over the lake at one place. At another place we saw where the water in a little stream divided and some of it went down one side of the mountain to the rivers which run into the Pacific Ocean, That place was called the Great Divide. There was a monument there to a man named Sir William Hector. Wonder if he is any kin to me? Ha! Ha!

In Seattle we lived in a nice hotel—the New Richmond. The thing we enjoyed most there was going up the highest building west of the Mississippi—the L. C. Smith Building. They say it is forty-two stories high. We could see all over the city and away out to the mountains. I saw Mount Ranier, seventy-five miles away, with snow on the top of it. They had a spyglass to look through. One day we went to Port Madison on a boat and had a wonderful time with the "Fairy Lady" (Miss Jean Lane) and her mother. She had a very pretty home. The back yard was beautiful woods and had many kinds of berries and an "ant hill." It seemed so wonderful that you could walk through these places and not have to be afraid of snakes. We had dinner on a table under the trees. I can't tell you all the good things we had to eat, because there were so many. We brought home beautiful bunches of flowers and berries.

But the most wonderful of all was the ship. In all there were seventeen children on the President McKinley, and we had a grand time every day. We had story hour while the big folks were eating breakfast. We had Sunday school two Sundays. One day we had sports in the morning, and that afternoon we had a big party, and everybody got presents, and the winners got prizes of red ribbons. Paul got first prize in the cracker-eating contest he was in. We all had funny, crazy hats, and pulled pretty paper things that would pop, and had lots of good things to eat. We had moving pictures many nights on the ship, and in the afternoon after the children's party. That afternoon they had about Felix, the Krazy Kat, and it was mighty funny.

I didn't get seasick at all except just a little the second morning.

When we got to Japan Daddy took us big boys up to Tokyo, and we bought some nice toys with money Grandma gave us. Olive couldn't go, but we got something for her.

At Kobe we all went to see my great-grandfather Lambuth's grave and read what was on his tombstone. He was a missionary and died in Kobe, Japan, many years ago.

The Inland Sea was very beautiful, with small islands everywhere,

sometimes almost right at our big ship. But the Japanese pilot knew how to keep the ship from hitting the rocks. Many of the islands had houses and lighthouses on them, and the hills had rice fields on them, all terraced.

When we got to Shanghai many friends met us, and we stayed there one night and then came on to Soochow. We all are well, and all of us send you much love and want you to hug and kiss all the folks for us. We hope you are all well.

I hope to get a letter from you soon.

Your loving cousin, HECTOR.

A LEGEND: CHINESE GATE GODS

THE Tang Dynasty was the era of Chinese history from 600 to 900 A.D. The story is told that during the reign of the first emperor of this dynasty there lived a man, Wei Chung, who was noted for two high offices. During the day he was Premier of the empire, but when he went to sleep he served as head executioner among the celestial beings in heaven.

A dragon, "Siaw Bah Loong" (Little White Dragon), was condemned to death by order of heaven. This dragon learned that Wei Chung, the Premier of China, was the executioner of heaven. Little White Dragon pleaded with the Emperor of China to save his life. The Emperor declared that he had no control over Wei Chung's heavenly duties. At last, however, he was persuaded to keep the Premier awake on the night of the execution so that Little White Dragon would escape the penalty. The Emperor ordered the Premier into his private room and after talking awhile brought out the chessboard to see that his promise was kept and that Wei Chung should not sleep. However, in spite of these precautions, just a few minutes before the hour of execution Wei Chung dropped off to sleep, and the nap lasted long enough for Little White Dragon to be executed according to the decree of heaven.

Little White Dragon of course became a spirit, and he determined to wreak vengeance on the Emperor for his failure to keep his promise. He worked his revenge by continually shrieking and by tormenting the Emperor with weird noises so that he could not sleep nor think. The palace gates were haunted by these unearthly sounds. The Emperor became ill, and his officers, knowing that he would soon be insane, realized that something must be done for his relief. Finally, two young soldiers volunteered to stand guard at the gates to keep the evil spirits away. Clad in regal armor, they took their places at the entrance to the palace. The dragon and his spirit helpers were so frightened by the fierce and determined warriors that they quickly departed. The Emperor soon recovered, and all was peaceful at the court, but the guardians dared not leave the gates for fear the spirits would return. They became weakened from their long vigil, and the officers of the court became uneasy as to what might happen if they were to die. At last a plan was decided upon. Large paintings of the guardsmen were made as they stood at their posts. The paintings were so lifelike that when they were hung on the gates they served as effective substitutes for the real warriors, and the spirits did not return.

Such a plan for keeping away evil spirits was so successful that millions of Chinese protect their houses by hanging duplicates of these paintings on their gates, or by reproducing them on their wooden doors. All over China you will see them, the dark-complexioned and the light-faced warriors keeping guard over the gates.

From the *Workers' Council*, March, 1929. Used by permission of Lamar and Whitmore, publishers.

THE LEGEND OF THE KITES

SOMETIMES we are inclined to think of Chinese boys and girls as being very different just because their homes are so far away from us. But, strange to say, you would find the children in China playing hide and seek, cat and rat, fox and geese, baseball, football, and other games like ours. They call them by different names, but they are playing in the same way. At springtime the girls jump ropes, and the boys fly kites. The kites are beautiful. They are made of bamboo frames with colored or waxed paper coverings, and the pliable bamboo strips are bent into shapes of fishes, birds, animals, aëroplanes, and other interesting figures. There is even a day in the fall which is celebrated as the festival of the kites. The story is told that, once in the old days when China was young, a farmer was greeted by a stranger who asked of him if he had any troubles. "Yes," said the farmer; "plague and pestilence are near our village, and no one of us will escape." "Take my advice," said the stranger, "and go to the hills. The pestilence will not reach you there." The farmer thanked him and went off to tell his neighbors. The next day they all fled to the mountains with their movable goods. The air was clean and fresh, and the children especially were happy. The hills echoed with their laughter. But after a time they grew tired. The fathers wished to return to their fields. The farmer urged them to tarry longer until all danger was past, but some would not heed him. They went back to the village, and all joy and gladness seemed to go with them. Those who remained complained against the farmer. At last he had a happy thought. The breezes were strong and fresh on the hilltops; why not fly kites? Bamboo grew by a spring near by; so at his suggestion the people joyfully cut and shaped flying kites of all shapes and sizes. Laughter again rang out over the mountains

as they forgot their desire to return to the valley. Days afterwards the farmer led them back to their homes, for he was sure danger had passed. They found the impatient ones had succumbed to the disease. The saved ones crowded around the farmer to bless him. He smiled and said, "Don't thank me; thank the kites!" Ever since then the festival of the kites is celebrated as a feast day, and old and young fly kites of every size and hue.

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DOCTOR VICTROLA

THERE was great excitement in the men's ward of the Soochow Hospital. Ah Sun and Ah Hei were going to visit the nurses' home. Ah Sun was nine, and Ah Hei was twelve. For weeks the two boys had lain on their white beds solemnly watching the doctors and nurses, the other patients, or occasional visitors as they came and went in the ward. The boys never smiled. They were not suffering. Ah Sun's leg was strapped in a rather uncomfortable position, but there was no pain. Ah Hei was sickly and frail looking, but his disease was such that his suffering was not acute. The boys had just accepted the daily routine and looked on with somber eyes, but with never a word of interest or questioning.

The foreign nurse of the hospital had been concerned. She had known that they came from unhappy homes where there was little to brighten the lives of the lads. Day after day she had sought to arouse their enthusiasm through some novelty—a picture, a flower, or a book—but no interest had been noticeable. Finally had come the day when they had sat up, and as time passed the two boys had gained strength enough to sit in the wheel chairs which

convalescent patients used. Still there seemed to be no joy in recovery, or interest in what went on about them. On this day, however, the nurse had invited them to visit the sitting room of the nurses' apartment upstairs. She promised them a surprise. A gleam of interest shone in the eyes of both boys as they looked at each other and then at the nurse. Other patients raised on elbows or turned their heads to see the procession leave the room—the foreign nurse with two coolies pushing the chairs of the boys down the long corridor and through the doorway. Up the long incline the boys rolled to the floor above. They passed another patient being wheeled to the operating room. They noted the head nurse's office, the open doorway to the laboratory, and a passing doctor opened a door which afforded them a glimpse of the dark interior of the X-ray room. Glass windows revealed the baby room with infants on tiny white beds. The nurse called their attention to the various rooms as they passed, and the boys' eyes were wider than ever with the wonder of it all. Presently they were wheeled through a little hallway into a large reception room. It was very strange to them with its fireplace, its rocking-chairs, and other peculiar Western furniture. The nurse left them a moment, and they gazed solemnly about the room, noting every detail. When she returned she went to a boxlike piece of furniture and turned a handle several times. She raised the lid and laid a round black flat disc on a wheel. Suddenly the wheel began to turn. The nurse opened little doors in front of the box, and the most peculiar sounds began to come from it. The boys' eyes were wide with astonishment. They leaned forward with eager curiosity. They listened, they looked at the nurse, they looked at the box, they looked at each other—and smiled. The nurse called it music. It did not sound like the music they were accustomed to hearing.

It was very peculiar, but it was interesting. More than that, it was amusing. Ah Hei chuckled. He did not laugh; he really giggled. Ah Sun looked at him and giggled, too. The nurse smiled, and then she laughed. No more contagious giggles were ever seen than the epidemic that started there and then. The cook came to the door. He did not know what it was all about, but he joined in the fun. The houseboy, the two coolies, and finally the doctor came in to wonder and remained to laugh. It was the most hilarious group the hospital had sheltered in many a day. The record stopped, and little by little the mirth subsided. The doctor gave the boys a friendly pat and went on his way with a smile. The cook and the houseboy went back to the kitchen to chatter and laugh all over again. The nurse wiped her eyes, which were overflowing with tears of merriment—and of gladness, too, over the awakening of her young patients—and the little procession wound its way back to the ward for supper. The boys' eyes were shining. The transformation was complete. The introduction to the victrola had opened the doors of laughter for Ah Hei and Ah Sun. A happy nurse slipped out of the ward, leaving the radiant boys sharing their experience with the eager-eyed men about them.

From the *Workers' Council*, April, 1929. Used by permission of Lamar and Whitmore, publishers.

THE WATER BUFFALO

Screak, screak, screak, screak!
Round and round and round we go
Watching the plodding buffalo.
Screak, screak, screak, screak!

THE big flat wheel looks as if it were lying on the ground, but it is really on an axle, and the big old water buffalo

with the blindfolders on his eyes goes round and round—

Pushing the wheel
That turns the rod
That moves the belt
That carries the cups
That brings the water
To water the fields
That grow the rice
That Chen eats.

There is a little trough worn in the bank of the canal where the cups slide upside down into the canal, fill themselves with water and come back up the incline one behind the other for all the world like a row of ducks. When they get to the top of the bank they turn a somersault and throw their loads of water into the paddy field where the blades of rice stand tall and green in the sunlight.

Screak, screak, screak, screak!
Round and round and round we go
Watching the plodding buffalo.
Screak, screak, screak, screak!

Chen watches until father decides they have pumped enough water for the day, then the screaking wheel is stopped, the blinders are taken off the patient buffalo, and they start homeward. Some day when Chen is a little larger, like Ah Kun his ten-year-old playmate, he will tend the buffalo all by himself, but he is too small to manage it just yet.

Father swings Chen up on the buffalo's back, and on the little dirt-banked path that stands up above the muddy fields Chen rides straight into the sunset. He sees the sun dropping behind the old city wall, and he wonders where it is going. Sister said it would be waking the American children on the other side of the world. How queer, when it was his supper time! It must be fun though to be

the sun and see all the different boys and girls in all the different lands!

Just then a glimpse of mother setting out the bowls on the supper table makes Chen forget the journeys of the sun, and as father swings him off the gentle buffalo Chen wrinkles his nose and claps his hands. He'd rather be a Chinese boy coming home to supper than to be the sun going to visit America.

From the *Elementary Teacher* and the *Elementary Magazine*, January, 1929. Used by permission.

PAGODAS

WHAT is a pagoda? If you look it up in a dictionary, you will probably see it defined as "a Buddhist temple" or "a Hindu idol temple," but that does not tell you half. If you look up the etymology of the word, you may find that it is perhaps a phonetic interpretation of some native Indian word as made by Portuguese adventurers. Most of us have seen pictures of the pyramid-shaped or many-sided towers which are found in the East and which are commonly called "pagodas." In Chinese the term *po-z-tah* means "north temple tower." These temples or shrines are devoted to sacred purposes. In most of them are to be found some sacred relic which is worshiped or revered. Perhaps there is a small statue of Buddha with an altar before it on which incense is placed by the faithful who visit it. Some pagodas are very small, being little more than wayside shrines. Others are very large, having inclosed circular stairways up which visitors may climb to the eighth, ninth, or tenth story.

THE PAGODAS OF SOOCHOW—"METHUSELAH"

About halfway between the Fu Meng and the Zie Meng (the Fu Gate and the Zie Gate), and standing above the

paddy fields of rice which lie just within the old city wall, is a tall but very ancient pagoda. The crumbling walls testify to its great age. Once upon a time a fancy design of iron grill work stood up above its high peak, but now a warped and twisted pattern of metal hangs from the edge of the roof. It looks as if the design might fall at the first push of a strong wind; but looks are deceiving, for this giant cobweb, or so it looks to be, has hung there for more than seventy years. It was during the Taiping Rebellion, a Civil War in China in 1852-56, that a cannon shot severed the grill work from its high pinnacle and left it hanging as we now see it. No one has touched it; no one has entered the pagoda for years; and no one has taken the trouble to repair it. Ask any Chinese of Soochow how old the pagoda is, and he will tell you that it was built more than seventeen hundred years ago, just about two hundred years after Jesus lived.

The missionaries have heard that its name is "Golden Light Pagoda," but none of them ever call it by its official title. They have given it another name. They call it "Methuselah." Can you guess why?

"Pens and Ink"

If one looks out from the windows of Laura Haygood Normal School or the Soochow Hospital, he is likely to notice three tall shapes outlined against the sky. He will recognize them as pagodas, but the two more distant ones are tall, pointed, graceful spires, standing very close together, and the third or nearer one is very square and substantial-looking. These pagodas were built for a purpose, and the story is as follows:

In the olden days Soochow was a famous city, noted especially for her great scholars. The men of Soochow nearly always took first honors in the government exami-

nations. A time came, however, when Soochow candidates began to fail. The famous old city seemed to be losing her record for scholarship. In great distress, the city fathers called in soothsayers and wise men of the province to consult with them as to a remedy. After much meditation and consultation, the city fathers were advised to put up two pagodas as pens, the symbol of scholarliness, and perhaps their city would again be favored by fame and fortune in the achievements of her sons in the government examinations. The pagodas were built, and, strange to say, the scholarship records improved. The people of the city were delighted, but their pleasure was short-lived, as it was only a little while before the Soochow candidates who failed in the government examinations outnumbered those who succeeded. Again the soothsayers were summoned before the city fathers. "Why, the answer is easy," they said. "Whoever heard of pens without ink? Unless you have a block of ink to go with the pens you cannot expect to have scholars." The city fathers immediately had an ink pagoda constructed not far away from the pens, and since that day Soochow people claim that their students are the most able in scholarship. Some visitors to Soochow who did not know the story called the pens "twins," and the name stuck. To-day if you go to Soochow you may have the "Twin Pagodas" pointed out to you, but just to the right of them you will see the sturdy square Ink Pagoda, and you will be convinced of the story of "The Pens."

"The Great Pagoda"

No visitor to Soochow should fail to see "The Great Pagoda." This is one of the tallest pagodas in China. It is eleven stories high. There is an inclosed winding stairway by which one may climb to the very top and look out over the black and white patchwork of houses which make

up the city of Soochow. A winding snake-like wall incloses the black and white patchwork, but beyond the wall one can see glistening canals, sailboats, rice fields, rolling hills, and country villages clustered in spots here and there over the countryside. If one is so fortunate as to be the guest of the Buddhist abbot who is in charge of the pagoda and near-by temple, he will be told of clear days on which one, with field glasses, can see the city of Shanghai, sixty miles distant. The abbot takes great pride in his famous pagoda, and his interesting hospitality makes the visitor feel that he has not only had a view of China from the great tower, but a view of Chinese life in the quaint courtesy of the caretaker.

THE SLAVE WHO BECAME A SISTER

MEI HUA was going to the Mission School. It had been decided that very day, and the little girl was dancing with joy. At first, her father had not been willing. There were all sorts of girls in such a school, and his daughter would have to mix with them all.

She was the only child of a rich merchant. Not every girl in China, even in the richest families, has a chance to learn to read, but Mei Hua's father had an ambition for his daughter. He was sure she was just as smart as the girls of America who went to college. He intended, some day, to send her to an American college. For three years she had had a teacher all her own, but she was kept very closely at home.

Chi Fong was this rich little lady's constant companion. But Chi Fong was her slave, not her friend, of course, though they were just the same age and were really fond of each other.

Together they had gathered flowers to place before the

household gods and had brought their offering of rice and cakes reverently every morning. Together they had fed the fish in the ponds and had sat under the trees in the merchant's wonderful garden, looking up at the dancing leaves and bright birds and dreaming dreams of the future, as children will. But always Chi Fong was the slave, and her mistress was often haughty and stern, and sometimes terribly cross, as rich little girls in America sometimes are to their servants. If Chi Fong did not do instantly the thing she was commanded to do, it was quite right that she should be slapped in the face. And, being a slave, the poor girl could not say a word.

Still, even the lessons had been shared by Chi Fong. For, after the willing little slave had helped her mistress dress and brought the basin of warm water to wash her face and found her books for her and her queer paintbrush pencils and ink, she was allowed to sit humbly behind the chair of her mistress, listening intently and even looking over her shoulder to keep her eye on the page. Afterwards Mei Hua expected her little slave to help her remember. Out under the trees they might have been seen often bending over the same book. But if the lesson was hard and Chi Fong could not make it easy, her mistress might throw the book in her face or strike her cruelly—why not? She was only a slave, after all.

Must the girls be separated, now that Mei Hua was going to school? No, it did not occur to any one that she would go away without a servant to wait on her. Chi Fong must go with her, of course, to do her hair for her and carry her books and take care of her clothing. And the little slave was glad enough to go, in the hope of picking up some crumbs of education.

But at the Mission School the girls were treated quite alike. Chi Fong was given a desk beside Mei Hua, not

behind her. They were seated at the same table to eat their bowls of rice and soup. She still did her mistress' hair and helped her dress. But the rich girl began to feel a strange sense of shame whenever she struck Chi Fong, or even when her companion walked behind her, carrying her books. The teachers from America carried their own books and waited on themselves and on the girls, too, and they never struck anyone or even spoke crossly. Then there were talks about the Father who loves all his human children.

Gradually Mei Hua began to understand the lessons about Jesus, who came not to be waited on, but to serve others, and who taught that those who wished to be great must be servants of all. She saw the teachers, the doctors, and the nurses giving their lives, always, every day, to help those who needed help, whether rich or poor. New resolves were forming in her mind.

During the first vacation at home Mei Hua had a long talk with her parents. It was hard to make them understand, but it had to be done. Chi Fong could not be her slave any longer.

"But, daughter, she has always been a good girl. What has she done to displease you?" asked the mother.

"It is not that, Honorable Mother! You do not understand. I love Chi Fong more than ever, but she must be my sister, not my slave."

"Your sister! Shall I have a slave girl for a daughter then?" stormed her father.

"She has God for her father just as we all have, and Jesus says we are all brothers and sisters and should serve each other. How can one sister own the other?"

The mother began to yield, a little. There were Christians in the village now. It was not a wholly new teaching to her.

"But, little daughter, how could you do without your maid? You could never wait on yourself—she has done these things for you so long."

"Chi Fong is teaching me, mother dear; I can learn. Besides, now that my feet are unbound, I shall soon be able to run about as easily as she can and not need to be waited on. But my sister must go back to school with me. She must have the same chance I have. We are going to help each other."

The father shook his head doubtfully, but said nothing. So back to school the two girls went, year after year, as sisters, equally free.

In the last year of their high school course, Chi Fong was very sick. She was taken to the hospital, and every day her devoted "sister" came to see her. At first she was only allowed to stand for a moment beside the bed, looking down in silence at the white face. Daily, as she saw the patient coming back to life and health, her admiration for the work of the doctors grew.

When, at last, Chi Fong was well enough for the girls to have a long talk together, they had much to say to each other. Both had been thinking about graduation and what was to follow. Mei Hua's father still cherished the ambition to send his daughter to an American college. But the frequent visits at the hospital had stirred in the girl's mind an ambition of her own.

"I don't want to go to America next year, Chi Fong."

"Why, Mei Hua! You wouldn't throw away such a wonderful chance, would you? You are the only girl in the class whose father can afford to send her."

"No, I am not throwing away my chance—only calling for a bigger one," laughed Mei Hua. "I am going to ask father to let me go to our own university at Peking for a while, and then, when I am ready for the next thing, to

send me to America to study medicine. I couldn't be so far away from home for eight whole years, you know."

"O!" sighed the sick girl, "that will be wonderful. Then you can save people's lives and cure blind eyes and help the poor little mothers and babies."

"Yes, little sister, it seems to me the only thing I have ever really wanted to do, and yet I never thought of it until I saw the wonderful things the doctors do for our poor people here in the hospital. When we go home for vacations we always see so much sickness, and there isn't a doctor in all that province!"

"I am going to help you, dear sister," said Chi Fong, earnestly.

"Why, yes, girlie, you always do. But how can you help me cure my sick folks?"

"Just the way Miss Mary helped Dr. Brown cure me, by being the best nurse in the hospital and taking such good care of the patients that they can't help getting well."

They were silent for a moment, then the girl who had once been a slave said earnestly: "You will have a part in all I may do, for I should be only an ignorant little slave girl still, if you had not been my Christian sister."

Eloise P. Dean, in *Everyland*, July-August, 1927.

THE TRUE TALE OF JADE FLOWER

THE sun was casting long shining rays across the green rice fields before the little village of Beautiful Well, when Daddy came out of his door, carrying a bamboo stick with a large basket hanging from each end.

"Are you ready, E-moo-y?"

"All ready, Daddy."

Jade Flower came out, leading Little Brother by the hand. Then Daddy locked the door with the big brass

lock, put the key in his pocket, and, lifting the children tenderly, placed one in each basket. Then he swung the stick over his broad shoulders and started off for the rice fields.

Oh, it was great fun to ride in the basket swinging so from Daddy's shoulder! Jade Flower laughed merrily as they rode along. Sometimes it was a little risky, because the paths between the flooded rice fields were narrow, and Daddy was a little lame. If Daddy should slip once, down they both would go into the water! But Jade Flower was not afraid. Had not Daddy carried them out quite safely, day after day, ever since she was a wee girlie of six and Mamma had gone away to leave them? And now she was ten—nearly big enough to go to school when school should begin. Never in all those years had Daddy once fallen on the slippery stones.

Jade Flower looked away at the high purple hills that surrounded the valley where the rice fields were just beginning to turn green in the sunlight.

"Which way is Happy Valley, Daddy?"

"Happy Valley is up over that mountain, child."

"And is it a very big place?"

"Yes, a very big place; ten times ten thousand people live there. And it has many big and rich houses, and many grand shops. Perhaps you will go there to study some day, little daughter, in the high school."

"So far from you, Daddy? No, I do not wish to go!"

They had come to the field where Daddy was to work for the day. He set the baskets down very carefully, and the two children climbed out. E-moo-y sat down on the path in the corner of the field to watch Daddy work. Little brother started fishing for crabs in the flooded field.

"What are you going to do to-day, Daddy?"

"To-day is rice-planting time. See! The neighbors

have already begun to plant. My seed is late in sprouting. I must get much of it in to-day."

He pointed to the fields all about, where little plants of rice had been set out in orderly rows and were already growing up, a shining pale green, in the sunlight. As far as she could see were blue-coated farmers standing ankle-deep in water, bending over to put the tiny plants in place.

Jade Flower had sat and watched Daddy working in the rice fields year after year, and she loved it all. It never grew tiresome, O no! There was always something new to see! First of all, in winter time, they burned the stubble from last year. The old rice stalks were put together in little piles and burned: you could see the smoking heaps ever so far away. Daddy said that made the ground rich so that the rice would grow nicely in the coming year. Then Daddy brought a big buffalo cow and plowed the field. Then came the harrow, which made the ground all soft and smooth. Then, if the rains did not come, Daddy had to stand all day running the water pump, to bring water up over the field. If the field was not flooded with water the rice would not grow. Why was that? Jade Flower wondered. The cabbages in their garden grew without water!

"Daddy, why does rice have to be planted in water?"

"God created it that way, daughter. I cannot tell. If the rice is not in water, the kernels are all shriveled when harvest time comes."

"When will harvest time come, Daddy?"

"The first will come in the sixth moon. We plowed in the first moon; we planted in the second moon; we are transplanting now, and it is the third moon. This is for the first harvest. Then we must dress the fields in the fourth moon, and in the fifth moon weed the rice and pump on the water, unless the floods come. And in the sixth

moon we shall have the first harvest. If God is good, and sends us rain in abundance, we shall have three crops this year."

Then Daddy went off to his work of transplanting, and Jade Flower watched him lovingly. He put sticks in along the edges of the rice field, and drew cords neatly across the field to mark the rows where the rice should be planted. Then he took the little green seedlings that were growing close together in the corner of the field and stuck them carefully into the ground, perhaps six inches apart, along beside the cords. There they would grow, and Daddy would come every day to watch them and to keep away any weeds and insects, and Little Brother would amuse himself fishing for crabs in the water—the funny little brown crabs that crept in the mud. Jade Flower wished that there did not have to be weeding time, because then Daddy had to wade in the water on his knees, and it was hard for that lame leg of his. She did not like irrigating days either. She hoped that God would be good and send the floods. But oh, the flood must not be too heavy, like last year, for then all the rice was drowned, and many poor people went hungry.

"Look, Little Brother, there's a big crab! Don't you see his legs, just over the rock?"

Little Brother came with his tiny line and hook and hung it in the water over the rock. And Mr. Crab was so silly as to seize the bait. In a minute he was in Little Brother's basket.

"How many have you, Little Brother?"

"Six already!"

"Get some more, and we will have a fine supper!"

What Jade Flower liked best was harvest time, when Daddy cut the rice, and threshed it, and winnowed it in the big winnowing machine, and then carried it off in heavy

brown bags to the mill to be ground. He would take her and Little Brother, too, to see the mill. Daddy was so good! Jade Flower watched tenderly the broad blue cotton back as Daddy stooped over the rice field.

Presently a flood of melody filled the heavens.

"Oh, Little Brother, do you hear that bird? Where is he?"

Little Brother dropped the crab he was just catching and looked up.

"Where is he, Daddy?"

Daddy straightened up, with both muddy hands full of rice plants, and peered into the sky.

"His song is so loud, Daddy, and so sweet! But I can't see him anywhere! What do you think he is saying?"

"We cannot see him, daughter; he flies so high when he sings. Sometimes you see him come down to the ground; he flies straight down, and sings as he comes. But I cannot understand his words; no man can."

Jade Flower listened long and wonderingly. Never in all the world had she heard such beautiful music.

"Could the angels in heaven sing a lovelier song than that, Daddy?"

"Much lovelier even than that, my daughter. Man has never heard anything half as lovely as the music of heaven."

How glorious the world was that was spread out around them! Up on the green hillside Jade Flower could see scarlet patches of azaleas, and long trailing vines of big white roses were blossoming everywhere; and birds in gay feathers came singing near, but no bird sang quite as sweetly as the wonderful bird which they could not see. Once she saw the bright blue kingfisher darting along the stream, watching for fish; his feathers were so brilliant that they were sometimes used in making jewelry—such

jewelry as Cousin Clematis had worn in her hair on her wedding day. A great black satin butterfly with a blue back fluttered over the field. Little Brother tried to catch him, but in vain. And dragon flies in scarlet and gold and blue darted all about him. Little Brother caught one and tied a string to him.

"O, that is cruel, Little Brother! That makes the dragon fly unhappy. Let him go!"

So Little Brother released his prisoner and contented himself with catching crabs until it came time to go home for dinner. Jade Flower and Daddy together prepared the simple meal. Jade Flower put some dried grass into the range for fuel and blew the fire to a blaze by using a long bamboo tube, while Daddy brought water and put the big sweet potatoes in to cook. There was no cloth to spread; they needed only some small bowls and chopsticks, with a big central bowl for the potatoes when they were done, and a saucer for the bit of fish. Soon the meal was over and the bowls washed, and they were off again in Daddy's express train for a glorious long afternoon out of doors.

At the corner of the neighbor's field Jade Flower noticed a bit of silvery paper and a few sticks of incense burning.

"What is it for, Daddy?" she asked.

"That is to please the spirits, and to make them send a good crop. The idol worshipers do that always. They think the idols send the crops. But I have heard the teaching, I know that the Heavenly Father sends the crops. So I burn no incense on this field."

"The Heavenly Father does not care for incense, does he, Daddy?"

"No, the Heavenly Father wants only the love and worship of our hearts. He does not want simply the worship of the hands. All things under heaven are his. We need not give him incense."

"When did you hear about the teaching, Daddy?"

"Your uncle went to Abiding Joy, and there some one told him the teaching. And when he came and told me, I knew that the idols were false. I had long suspected that they were false. That was just before you were born, little daughter."

"And did Mamma not believe the teaching?"

Daddy shook his head sadly.

"Your mother's people greatly believe the idols," he said; "they greatly reverence the ancestors. I talked with her many times, but she could not be persuaded. Your mother was very good to love, but in this one point we could never agree."

"Was it true, Daddy," said Jade Flower, her voice trembling a little, "is it true that Mamma was going to drown me when I was a tiny baby? Mamma loved me very much. She was always so kind to me. Is it true?"

"The faith of the idolaters is a very cruel faith, little daughter. The idols make men's hearts blind. Yes, it was true—because the idolaters say that to worship our ancestors is the most important thing. But girls will not worship the family ancestors. They will be married and go to live in some other family and worship some other ancestors. And so the ancestors are not pleased if we care for girls. They think all the rice should be given to boys.

"But you did not think so, Daddy!"

"I had heard the teaching, child. And the teaching shows us that in the Heavenly Father's sight girls are just as important as boys. And I said you were to live, and grow up, and you should go to school, like Mr. Ding's girl. And so you are here, little daughter."

Then Daddy went to his work, and Jade Flower sat watching him, thinking deeply of all he had said. Yes, Mamma had loved her; she had made her pretty coats

and shoes and had combed her hair so carefully every day. But one cruel day she had said that Jade Flower's feet must be bound—she must have dainty little feet like Pearl Bud's feet, or no men would marry her when she grew up, and Daddy was almost angry—Daddy never got really, really angry—and he had said that his little daughter should have natural feet, like the daughters of the men who followed the teaching. But Mamma would not listen; and that night her little feet were put into tight, cruel bands. Oh, would she ever forget it?

For six long months she suffered, and Daddy's heart was heavy. Mamma loved her—she meant it for her good; but Mamma did not understand. She knew all the neighbors would laugh at her little daughter if her feet were large—only slave girls had large feet!

One terrible day the plague came and took Mamma away. Daddy was gone that day; and the uncles came and put offerings before the idols—rice and meat and wine. And when Daddy came home and found these things he was truly angry, and threw them all out, and said he was a follower of the teaching and would have no such things in his house. Then he took the cruel bandages from Jade Flower's feet, and soon she could run about like the happy lads who played along the street. She was sorry for Pearl Bud and Ivy Wreath and all the other neighbors' girls with aching feet!

All these things she was thinking as the shadows grew long across the rice fields, and Daddy was stooping, stooping, planting the green seedlings in the soft mud. How good he had been to her always! Never once had he scolded her in all the years; and with all her heart she loved him.

A gold and crimson sunset glowed over the little town

of Beautiful Well as Daddy came home across the field with Little Brother and Jade Flower in his baskets.

"Daddy," said Jade Flower, pointing to the sky, "do you suppose heaven is like that inside all the time?"

"Heaven is more glorious than that inside, child, far more glorious! That is just a picture God hangs out, to help us know what heaven is like!"

A big silver moon came up over the hill before they reached home, and made a shining path right across the rice fields to their very feet, and the shining path kept moving as they moved.

"Daddy, why is the moon big sometimes and little at other times?"

"That I do not rightly know. I have never read books much, daughter. You will learn it all for yourself some day, when you go to the big school on the hill."

A chapter from the life story of a Chinese girl as written by Evelyn Worthley Sites, in *Everyland*, March, 1922.

LI-TING'S PENNY

(A True Story)

DRESSED in her quilted cotton coat, Li-ting hurried along the dusty road to the school. It was now late, and Li-ting could not bear to think of missing anything. In one arm were her study books and in the other hand her fire basket, for the mission school was quite cold, and every girl was glad enough to bring a little warmth from home. It was January, and the winds were cold.

Li-ting's mother and father were Christians; so, although they were very poor and had six mouths to feed, they worked hard to give their children a chance to go to school.

At the school door Li-ting saw that the girls were much

excited over something. "What is the matter?" she asked her friend Mei Lee. And Mei Lee whispered the news. "The big girls," she said, "are going to ask the principal if we can have a thank offering like the big people in church have." "What does that mean?" asked Li-ting with a puzzled expression on her face. "O," said Mei Lee, "everyone brings a penny, and the big girls all make speeches." Li-ting was rather bewildered, for she had never heard of a thank offering before, and it did not sound very thrilling. Nevertheless she hoped it would happen, just for excitement.

The announcement came at morning prayers that day. "On the last Sunday before the New Year vacation," commenced the head teacher, and the girls began to nudge each other. Yes, they were to have a thank offering meeting for school girls.

Li-ting went home full of the new plan. Mother, of course, was interested. "The crops are very good right now," she said. "I think we can surely spare a penny, Li-ting; I'll give you one on the day of the thank offering."

The thank offering was only a week away when Li-ting began to feel exceedingly distressed. For days she had heard the girls discussing the things for which they were thankful and for which they were going to give their pennies. "I'm so thankful to the Heavenly Father for the missionary doctor who cured my mother," one girl said. And Li-ting said to herself, "So am I, for the doctor made our baby well again." Another girl said to her friends, "I am so glad I can come to the Christian school." And Li-ting could not help thinking, "So am I; my girl cousins would just love to go to school, too, but uncle won't let them because he doesn't believe girls should learn." The girls mentioned many things for which they were thankful—new friends, good times, a chance to know

about Jesus, American friends, songs to sing, and other things that made them happier than they ever used to be. As Li-ting listened her head was in a whirl. "A penny isn't enough," she thought. "I'm thankful for all the things the other girls are thankful for. How can I show it all with a penny?"

On that thank offering Sunday the girls came, each with her hair oiled and neatly braided and tied with yarn, each in her best coat and trousers and prettiest cloth shoes—and each with a thank offering. What a thrilling service it was! The big girls had prepared a special program and songs, and the teacher gave a little talk. "It's not how much we give that counts with God," she said. "It is our willingness to give all that we can, gladly, that pleases the Heavenly Father."

Li-ting sat on the edge of the bench, eagerly waiting for her turn to come. Wrapped up in red paper in the pocket of her coat was a little bundle of Chinese cash. Li-ting could hardly wait to tell how she had earned it. Nothing had ever been such fun. It was Ruth Ding's turn now. Down the aisle she marched in her beautifully embroidered new shoes, and as she dropped her penny into the ribbon-trimmed basket on the table she said, "I'm thankful because there is a Christian doctor in our city."

Next came Mei Chu. She was thankful that the American doctor had found out why nearly all their cows died, and she was glad he was helping them to get more milk for Chinese children by starting a dairy in connection with the hospital.

Li-ting wondered how she was going to remember everything. Pao Chu came next, and she was thankful that somebody from America had come to show the people of the village how to make their farms bear better crops and so prevent a famine. Li-ting had almost forgotten how the

missionary had helped her father. "That's right," she said to herself. "We would never have known how to irrigate the land. It certainly does make a difference."

"Li-ting," called the teacher; and Li-ting jumped up with a start. Clutching the package of cash in her pocket she made her way quickly to the table. One after another she dropped her Chinese cash into the basket, and one after another came a long string of reasons why Li-ting was thankful. Everybody gasped. The principal stepped forward and said in surprise: "What does this mean, Li-ting? Where did you get all this money?" And then the whole story came out. A very stammering and embarrassed Chinese girl told her story. She had taken care of Dai Kai, Mrs. Chang's little boy, for weeks and weeks in her playtime every day to earn enough to show how very thankful she was. He was so fat and heavy that sometimes it was very hard work, and she had had to get up very early in the morning to get it all in. "It wasn't bad, though," said Li-ting, blushing. "It was troublesome when he ran away and I had to hunt for him, but it was fun to tell him fairy stories and play games with him. Of course, I love babies, and that's how I earned my thank-offering—because I had so many things to be thankful for," she finished.

Of course everybody understood why she thought a penny would never be enough. And all the girls resolved that the next time they would certainly try to express their thankfulness by doing something rather than bringing a penny from home.

From "Here and There Stories" (Pamphlet No. 10). Published by the Missionary Education Department of the Congregational Education Society in coöperation with the American Board and the Homelands Boards. Used by permission.

A CHINESE NEW YEAR

It was three o'clock on a cold winter morning in Peking, China. Boom! Boom! Bang! Pop, pop, pop pop, poppity, pop, pop! Boom! Clap, clap, clap! Bang! Bang!

"Whatever is all that racket? This isn't the Fourth of July, and anyway no Fourth was ever as noisy as that," said the Youthful Tourist. Really one could hardly blame her for being a bit upset, for who likes to be waked up with bangs?

"It's all right," said Old Timer, who had lived twenty-two years in China. "That's only the beginning of the celebrations for the New Year. This is the twenty-third day of the last month of the Chinese year, just one week before New Year's Day, and the Chinese are making all that noise so as to properly escort their kitchen gods up to heaven."

Pop, pop, pop, pop! went the firecrackers, an incessant string of them just over the wall that surrounded the house. Bang, bang! went the sticks in incessant clatter on the tin pans. Certainly sleep was impossible; so Youthful Tourist asked Old Timer to tell her about it.

Old Timer started in. "Well, the kitchen god, painted on a sheet of paper, has decorated the kitchen wall and watched over each household ever since last New Year's. Now he must return to heaven. All the week the different members of the family have tried especially hard to please the god, and they have asked forgiveness for the year's wrong deeds and reminded him of the year's good deeds. They have also placed various sweets before him and even a plate of grass for the horse on which he will ride to heaven. To-night they took him out of his frame and stuck his paper mouth all up with sweet, sticky, malt candy, so that not only will he want to say nice, sweet

things about them all when he gets to heaven, but he won't be able to say anything else. Then they laid a bonfire in the middle of the courtyard, put candy and fine food all around it, and placed on top of it the sticky-mouthed paper god and one sealed paper sack enclosing their good deeds and one empty open paper sack to show that there weren't any bad deeds. When all was ready, they lighted the fire, banged their tin pans, shot off their firecrackers, and shouted with all their might so as to help the god find his way up to heaven. That's what made all the racket that woke us up."

"What will the people do for a kitchen god next year?" asked Youthful Tourist.

"O, in a week he will be called back, and we'll have another wild night," was the answer.

By that time there was only a fitful pop, pop, and a feeble bang; so the two turned over and went to sleep.

On a crisp, sunny afternoon, one week later, the very day before New Year's, Youthful Tourist and Old Timer were having a glorious rickshaw ride along one of the broad, busy streets in Peking. All the gates to the walled-in houses had bright new gate gods pasted on their fronts. Red paper strips, cut in lacy designs, waved gently from the tops of the doorways and windows. The stores were gayly decorated with festoons of paper, fantastically shaped, and the windows of the food shops were filled with very special New Year's cakes topped with fancy designs in red. The out-of-door restaurants gave forth wonderful odors of baked sweet potatoes, hot soups, roasted chestnuts, and such good things. Everything and everybody had an air of happiness and festivity.

Old Timer had the rickshas stop in front of one of the decorated gates, saying, "Let's go in and visit my friends." Youthful Tourist was pleased enough, for she had always

wanted to visit a Chinese home. No sooner had the gate been opened by the dim-eyed old gateman than out rushed two little girls, dressed just alike in bright red silk trousers and coats. Then came their older sisters and brothers and their mother with the little baby brother toddling along in his thickly padded garments that made him look almost as broad as he was long. Even the old grandmother hobbled out on her bound feet to help usher them to the rooms across the courtyard. Still more people came from all sides until Youthful Tourist was quite confused. She was grateful when Old Timer explained to her that in China most sons and their families live in the family homestead, and so the families are large.

When they were all seated and drinking tea from tiny handleless cups, Old Timer asked how the New Year's preparations were coming along. "O, we're all ready now," answered three or four voices.

"We've scoured the brass and cleaned all the house," said one.

"We've all washed our hair and got our new clothes ready," said another.

And the children piped up, "We've peeled and chopped loads and loads of vegetables and got all the food ready for the next four or five days."

"Yes," said the mother, "the children have worked hard. Now there is nothing to do but to give the house its final sweeping this evening. You know, we can't sweep it again until after the holidays, for that would bring us bad luck."

Meanwhile the oldest sister noticed how perplexed Youthful Tourist looked during all this conversation in Chinese, and so she asked her in rather shy English if she wouldn't go with her to the much decorated table against

the wall and look at the things. Youthful Tourist was happy to go.

"This," said the sister, pointing to the middle figure at the back, "is Buddha, and the ones along the sides are our household gods. These things in front are offerings to please them," and she went on to explain them. What an array of things was there! Directly in front of the gods were five piles of honey cakes built up like pyramids from the largest to the smallest. Then there were five piles of round pie-crusty looking cakes, called moon-cakes, built up in the same way, and on the tiniest one at the top of each pile was a gold paper character which meant happiness. Next came five plates of bread and five plates of vegetables, so that the gods might lack for nothing, and in the middle was a saucer of oil in which a twisted cotton wick burned. But strangest of all the offerings was the chicken on the right side. It was made to stand up as though it were alive and was all bound up in red twine, with three long black tail feathers and three feathers in each wing sticking out. On the opposite side were plates of dried fruit, and at the two extreme ends were tiny pine trees covered with rice and bright paper money. In front of everything was an incense burner from which came sweet odors and two candles which must be kept burning. Youthful Tourist was too amazed to talk.

The sister led her out to the kitchen and showed her big plates and very fancy little meat dumplings all ready for the midnight feast. When they came back, it was getting dark, and Old Timer said that they must go home. Already some of the younger members of the family were lighting the paper lanterns that hung in the courtyard, while others were busily shooting off firecrackers.

As they got out onto the street, a little boy, evidently poor, came up to them with a picture of the wealth god to

sell them. Old Timer explained that it was the custom of the poor children to thus earn a little money on New Year's Eve. On their way home they saw numerous skyrockets, and Roman candles filled the sky with glowing, sputtering trails of light. Fiery flowerpots and pinwheels sent out series of sparkles, and beautiful set pieces seemed to drop from the sky.

That evening as the two were sitting cozily before their open fire, listening to the shouts and explosions outside, Youthful Tourist asked Old Timer to please tell her what would happen next.

"It will be something like this. To-night, soon after midnight, the family will go into the courtyard to welcome the kitchen god, the gods of wealth and prosperity, and others to their homes for the coming year. In the center of the courtyard will be a table with candles and incense burning on it and five saucers of meat dumplings as an offering. Each member of the family, beginning with the head of the family and going down to the smallest, will kotow (kneel and bow) before the table and then go into the house with his hands cupped, to represent taking in the god. After that the head of the family will take in the candles, incense burner, and dumplings, and for the rest of the night there will be a great feast and jollification. You need not expect to sleep very soundly to-night. Certainly the Chinese won't sleep at all. Finally, at dawn, each member of the family will go to each of the four sides of the courtyard and kotow, and then they'll all kotow to each other and say 'Hsin Hsi'—which is the way they say Happy New Year."

After the tale, they went to bed to get what sleep they could.

The next day was New Year's, and Old Timer called "Hsin Hsi" to Youthful Tourist almost before she was up.

"Come on," said Old Timer, "I want to take you to the temple where all the Chinese will go to-day, and we'll have to go early, for the crowd will be frightful." So off they went, right after breakfast. Even then their rickshas could hardly crawl along through the crowds. All the Chinese seemed to be out, and to add to the confusion almost every one carried something. Some had big fancy kites, some carried tiny wooden windmills whirling merrily on a stick, and some carried yard-long sticks of candied grapes and apples. Others carried toys and flowers of every description, and a few even carried their birds, in carefully covered-up bird cages.

When Old Timer and Youthful Tourist arrived at the temple, they walked into what seemed like a great fair with booths selling toys, candy, and food on all sides. Beyond these were numerous courtyards where boys were playing marbles and old friends were passing the time of day. On the sides were the idols, hundreds of them, each in its respective niche, and before these the people kotowed and prayed. Youthful Tourist thought, "My, it's interesting! But isn't it pathetic that so many people don't know any better than to pray to these wooden idols, and that they must work so hard to ward off the evil?"

When they were at home once more, out of all the crowd, Youthful Tourist asked if the New Year's celebrations weren't about over. "Um! Not exactly," answered Old Timer; "there's still four more days of visiting and worshiping to be done. It won't be over until the night of the fifth. Then in some of the stores there will be a great beating of tin pans behind closed doors to drive out all the evil spirits. All the New Year decorations will be put away, and the home floors will be swept once more. On the following day all will go on as usual."

Youthful Tourist thought for a bit, and then said: "New Year's in China is a pretty big thing, isn't it?"

Esther E. Nelson, in "Here and There Stories" (Pamphlet No. 2). Published by the Missionary Education Department of the Congregational Education Society in coöperation with the American Board and the Homelands Boards. Used by permission.

HOW ONE METHOD OF SANITATION WAS INTRODUCED IN A CHINESE VILLAGE

One of the great warfares waged by foreign missionaries has been against flies. A story has been told of a little girl who belonged to an American Mission School, and who had been so impressed by having seen a fly's sticky foot under the microscope, and by having heard the part it plays in carrying disease germs, that she determined to save her village from the fly plague. During her summer holiday she introduced mosquito netting into her mother's house, hanging it before the doors and windows to keep out the flies. Of course the neighbors flocked in to learn the meaning of the new fad and were soon full of the story, half amused and half impressed by the vivid accounts of the crimes of flies, and eager to tell all the village of the latest idea at the Mission School. The girl and her mother were partly supported by an uncle, for the father was dead, and this uncle was a fish seller in the market. The new craze spread, and no one would buy his fish, since, as usual, it was thick with flies; he had to sell off at the end of the day at a low price. Almost beside himself with rage at hearing that the new-fangled notions about flies were spread by his niece, and further exasparated when some small Chinese scouts, who had been enlisted in the good cause by the same girl, attempted to clear the outskirts of his stall of the decaying heads and fish refuse, he hurried

to the girl's house, threatening to kill her. The neighbors, scenting a fine scene, hurried to the spot, but were bitterly disappointed when they found the uncle calmed and in conversation with his niece. The next day the offending mosquito curtains from the house were placed on a frame over the fish on the uncle's stall, and a beautifully written placard announced that only superior fish untainted by flies could be obtained from this merchant. The results, when cash was counted at night, were most satisfactory.

From "Working Girls of China," By E. E. Whimster; Church Missionary Society, London.

IV

POETRY, PROVERBS, AND MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES

CHINESE POETRY: AN INTERPRETATION

THE Chinese are known to have been writers of poetry for three thousand years. Their poetry is surely of the finest quality. The difficulties of turning Chinese poetry into English and retaining its charm, its appeal to the cultivated, or even its meaning, are great. The Chinese write in a series of characters, each of which conveys to the Chinese reader what we may roughly speak of as an idea. The language has no alphabet. The written characters may be called, again speaking roughly, pictures—pictures which have been modified in thousands of years of use by abbreviation and combination until they have become complex in the extreme. A series which a writer may set down to form a poem has usually, when sounded, a certain cadence or rythm and often a fairly definite rhyme. The rhythm is so pronounced as to have a tendency to reappear in a literal translation. The several ideographs bear each somewhat of the deep significance they have gained in their centuries of use and growth and betray to the eye and mind of the cultivated Chinese a wealth of allusion and a depth of meaning and a delicacy of suggestion quite beyond the power of English words to give us.

From the leaflet, "China: Poetry, Poems, Books," published by the Museum and Public Library of Newark, N. J.

SELECTED POEMS

LAO-TZU

"THOSE who speak know nothing,
Those who know are silent."
These words, as I am told,
Were spoken by Lao-tzu.

If we are to believe that Lao-tzu
Was himself one who knew,
How comes it that he wrote
A book of five thousand words?

Translated from the Chinese poet Po Chu-I (A.D. 772-846).

Translations of Ancient Verse

GREEN LEAVES

The sun shines on the broken wall,
The wind blows among the whistling trees.
The green leaves are upon the bough,
Surely they are very young.
How can they bear the blows of the cruel wind
And the radiance of the powerful sun?

STUDY IN THE NIGHT

Who will study with me at night?
The gentle wind is blowing—
Look at the moon out of the window—
She spends the whole night with me.
The kindly moon shines that I may read,
She sparkles into my room.

A free translation of some ancient Chinese poetry as given by a class of Chinese girls for their English lesson.

CHINESE PROVERBS: AN INTERPRETATION

The Chinese are very fond of proverbs and aphorisms. They are found in writings, in conversation, on scrolls, in embroidered silks, and on carved pillars. The life of China is threaded with them. They grow out of physical phenomena as well as out of human relationships. Many of the proverbs familiar to Western ears have long been a part of Chinese thought.

"Strike while the iron is hot"; "As the twig is bent, the mulberry grows"; "Prevention is better than cure," and many others are of Chinese origin.

SELECTED PROVERBS

If a stream be not confined, it will soon flow away and become dry; if wealth be not economized, there will be no limits to its expenditure, and it will soon be wasted.

Mencius (371 B. C.) describes the "real man" as follows: "Have you watched the growing grain after the season of drought, how, when the rain falls, it stands up refreshed? Who can keep it back? These shepherds of men all love to destroy men. Were there but one who did not, the people would hasten to obey him as rushing waters that cannot be stayed."

From "China: Its Physical Features," published by the Museum and Public Library of Newark, N. J.

PROVERBS FROM THE CLASSICS

From the "Doctrine of the Mean"

In archery we have something like the way of the superior man. When the archer misses the center of the target, he turns round and seeks for the cause of his failure in himself.

To be fond of learning is to be near to knowledge.

What you do not like when done to yourself, do not to others. (Silver Rule.)

Yaon's Warning

Poem from Hwae Nan

Be tremblingly fearful,
Be careful night and day.
Men trip not on mountains,
They trip on anthills.

A gem is not polished without rubbing nor a man perfected without trials.

From the Analects of Confucius

A man should say: I am not concerned that I have no place; I am concerned how I may fit myself for one. I am not concerned that I am not known; I seek to be worthy to be known.

In youth not humble as befits a junior; in manhood doing nothing worthy to be handed down; and living to an old age—this is to be a pest.

What I do not wish men to do to me I also wish not to do to men.

From "The Book of History"

When you hear words against which your mind sets itself, you must inquire whether they be not right; when you hear words which accord with your own mind, you must inquire whether they be not contrary to what is right. O, what attainment can be made without anxious thought? What achievement can be made without earnest effort?

The wise, not thinking, become foolish; and the foolish, by thinking, become wise.

Seek not every quality in one individual.

From "The Proverbial Philosophy of Confucius," by Foster H. H. Jennings; published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

TO A BRIDGE IN CHINA[1]

You rise, out of silence
Shining and fragile as old porcelain:
The silence of jade trees
Etched on an opal sky,
The silence of sinuous hills,
Onyx, amethyst, and smoky pearl.

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[1]For illustration see facing page 225.

You sink into silence:
The mystic silence of closing lotus blossoms,
The gleaming silence of the sacred lake.

Young men speak in hushed voices
Of your curving marble;
But old men, brown gnomes
With centuries of wonder in their eyes,
Know how One wrought your arching miracle,
Out of the seven hundred perfect sounds
And the old bitter sorcery of dreams.

Theo Battle, in the *Torchbearer*, January 27, 1929; published by Lamar and Whitmore.

JUNKS[1]

Morning

In the eagerness of early morning
I push swiftly into the brightening east.
The sun pokes long fingers of yellow light
Playfully between the meshes of my woven sails.
The other boats follow me,
Turning, swaying, following steadily,
Discovering again the old adventures of the river.
I sing of plaintive song to myself in the morning
Because the joy in my heart is too great
To hold another note of happiness.

Dusk

Now we drift back, one and two, and one,
Down the rose-gold sun path
That reaches out of the west.
Slowly our striped wings fill and flatten
And then flap emptily. . . .
I sing a gay song in the evening,
A song of contentment, of dusk,
Of flickering lights and rice warm and savory.

Theo Battle, in the *Torchbearer*, January 13, 1929; published by Lamar and Whitmore.

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[1]For illustration see facing page 225.

CHINESE MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES

Sweeter Than Sugar

My little baby, little boy blue,
Is as sweet as sugar and cinnamon, too;
Isn't this precious darling of ours
Sweeter than dates and cinnamon flowers?

Baby Is Sleeping

My baby is sleeping,
  My baby's asleep,
My flower is resting,
  I'll give you a peep.
How cunning he looks
  As he rests on my arm!
My flower's most charming
  Of all them that charm.

Ladybug

Ladybug, ladybug,
  Fly away, do,
Fly to the mountain
  And feed upon dew,
Feed upon dew
  And sleep on a rug,
And then run away
  Like a good little bug.

The Five Fingers

This one's old,
  This one's young,
This one has no meat,
  This one's gone
  To buy some hay,
And this one's on the street.

Don't Be Cruel

A mule going uphill,
  A donkey on the street,
Or a horse coming downhill
  You never ought to beat.

The Small Storekeeper

A wee little boy
  Has opened a store;
In two equal parts
  Are his front door,
A wee little table,
  A wee little chair,
And ebony chopsticks
    And plate are there.

The Old Woman

There was an old woman,
  As I have heard tell;
She went to sell pie,
  But her pie would not sell.
She hurried back home,
  But her door-step was high,
And she stumbled and fell,
  And a dog ate her pie.

From "Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes," by Isaac Taylor Headland; Fleming H. Revell Company, publishers.

A Sungkiang Mother Goose Rhyme

Chinese Version	English Translation
Gee mo, gee mo	Ride horse, ride horse
Taw Sungkiang.	To Sungkiang.
Taw tsz Sungkiang.	Come to Sungkiang.
Mah Tsing Dong,	Buy sweets sweet,
Mah tsz tzing dong,	Molasses candy bought,
Weh kah lay,	Come back home,
Bah la dee dee—	Give to baby—
Chuh, chuh, chuh.	Eat, eat, eat.

The Pet Lark

When Wu goes for an evening walk
  Upon the streets of far Hongkong,
He seeks no friend with whom to talk,
  But takes his lark—prefers a song!

In tiny cage of woven reeds
  The lark is held, but ere Wu flings
Into the air his gift of seeds
  The lark's released to try his wings.

Though gay song tells the bird's wild joy
  In freedom, he will soon alight
Upon the shoulder of the boy
  And thus renounce the chance of flight;
For is not Wu his loving friend
  Whose care he would repay with song?
And so, a pretty sight, they wend
  The narrow streets of far Hongkong.

Janet Gargen, in *Everyland*, June, 1925.

The World Is Something Like an Egg.

"The world is something like an egg,"
  Said Mr. Gak to me;
"The yellow, that is China,
  And the white, that is the sea.
The other little countries,
  Like America and France,
Are tiny specks out in the sea—
  You know that at a glance."

You think him very ignorant;
  But tell me, if you can,
Have you a bigger, broader world
  Than had this Chinese man?
Or is your world just like an egg,
  And would the yellow be
America; while Eastern lands
  Are specks out in the sea?

From "The True Tale of Jade Flower," by Evelyn Worthley Sites, in *Everyland*, February, 1922.

V

DRAMATIZATIONS

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHINESE COSTUMES

A CHINESE costume usually consists of two garments, a short coat and trousers for women, a long coat and trousers for men. A young woman's coat comes just below the hips. Old women wear them a little longer. For all classes of men the coat is long, varying only in the materials used. The coolies, when working, often wear a short coat buttoned down the front; in short, it is but the underclothing that all men wear. The coat is nearly always made rather loose, fastening on the right side, and has long straight sleeves and an upstanding collar close about the neck. The elaborately trimmed and embroidered garments commonly associated with China are the left-overs of the old Manchu dynasty and are not worn now. Simple braid is used now as trimming. Narrow braid is used for loops and buttons and fastening garments. It is very similar to the fastening on pajama jackets, except that jeweled or knotted braid buttons are used.

The men and boys sometimes wear over the long coat a short vest or jacket which is dark in color and fastens down the front. The women, too, often wear a short sleeveless jacket, which fastens at the side. The men bind their trousers around the ankles with a tape. Those of the women are wider and worn loose. The skirt is usually considered an ornament to be worn only on special occasions; but, owing to its adoption by many of the mission school girls, it is being worn more and more. It is usually black, made plain in front and back, and pleated on the sides.

Those working outside in the rain or hot sun wear a huge straw hat, sometimes with a peaked crown and some-

times shaped like an inverted bowl. Men generally wear a black skullcap with a black, red, or white button on top, but more and more they are wearing foreign style felt hats and caps. Women wear no head covering. White socks and flat-soled slippers of cloth or silk with leather or cloth soles are worn by nearly every one, those worn by the women usually being made of fancy silk or embroidered. However, many people wear foreign style shoes and colored stockings.

Street scenes in China are not particularly gorgeous. The costumes are dull in color, all shades of blue being most common. Gray and black are also worn. Chinese red is the ceremonial color, being used chiefly in bridal costumes. White is the color of mourning. Gold is used very much for decoration, especially with black.

From "Here and There," Bulletin of Department of Missionary Education, Sunday School Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

AFTER A TRIP TO THE CITY

SCENE: Living room of the Paige home (a recently-arrived missionary family in China).

CHARACTERS: Mrs. Paige; Miss Moore, missionary teacher; Dr. Paige, Bill, and Ivah.

Mrs. Paige and Miss Moore are visiting together.

MRS. PAIGE: The children and their father should be returning very soon from their trip. We have all been so busy that this is the first chance Dr. Paige has had to take the children to the city.

MISS MOORE: I can imagine how much they will enjoy such a trip, for I still remember my first visit to the city. It will be fun to hear the children tell about it, won't it?

MRS. PAIGE [*laughingly*]: Yes, indeed. Ivah and Bill are having the time of their lives getting acquainted with everything Chinese that they can. I believe I hear them now, Miss Moore. It's a good thing we had our visit before they arrived, for we won't be able to get a word in now.

Enter Dr. Paige and the children with toys and curios. They greet their mother and Miss Moore.

IVAH: O, mother, we have had such a good time! We shall never be able to tell you all we have seen!

BILL: See what we brought you, mother: some carved bone beads. [*Hands beads to her.*]

MRS. PAIGE: Thank you very much, children; these are very beautiful and just what I have wanted for my new dress.

IVAH: It was very hard to decide what to get, for there were so many stores with just lots of beautiful ornaments and pretty things.

BILL: Stores—I suppose—if they are stores: but they don't look like our American stores. Why, mother, they are like booths, right on the street, with the whole front open. Some of the storekeepers make everything by hand, and you can stand and watch them. It was awfully interesting.

DR. PAIGE: The signs interested me, although I could make out only a few. Some were long black signs of lacquer, with letters of raised gold; or red ones with the Chinese characters carved and gilded.

IVAH: Is to-day a special holiday or festive day, Miss Moore? There were so many people on the streets—all sorts of men selling candy and things to eat and toys—that we wondered if it might not be some kind of a holiday.

MISS MOORE: No, not that I know of, but I don't wonder you thought so. It is always like that. The very narrow streets crowd people together so that, with people on foot and those riding, it does give one the impression of a large crowd. How many autos did you see?

BILL: O, my! not any. But we saw several other ways of traveling. There were funny little carts, and wheelbarrows with seats on either side of the big wheel. One man pushing a wheelbarrow had on one side a little girl and on the other a pig!

IVAH: We saw people on little donkeys and in jinrikishas pulled by men.

MISS MOORE: The Chinese call a jinrikisha a "man-pull cart." A man will pull you anywhere you want to go for a few cents, and lots of places you don't want to go if you can't talk Chinese.

DR. PAIGE: While you children were busy buying mother's gift, I saw another way of traveling. A woman went past with a sort of yoke over her shoulders from which were hung two baskets.

In one she had fruit and vegetables, and in the other a cunning little baby.

MISS MOORE: That is quite often seen, and the children always seem to like that way of traveling.

IVAH: Another interesting thing we saw was a wealthy woman in a sedan chair carried by four men. She evidently was returning home from a shopping trip, for following her chair were those of several servants who carried all sorts of parcels and packages. On the back of her chair more parcels were tied.

MISS MOORE: No doubt she lived outside the city wall and so was "making a day of it," as we say. Did you happen to see a funeral to-day?

DR. PAIGE: No, we didn't, Miss Moore, and I wish you would tell us about one, for I have often heard that a Chinese funeral is very elaborate.

MISS MOORE: The Chinese are very proud of their funerals and often buy their coffins long before they are needed. Just a few days ago I saw the funeral procession of an official; so of course it was very elaborate. At first there were musicians sounding trumpets and beating on gongs. They were followed by people hired to make the procession longer, who were dressed in long, dingy scarlet frocks, had pointed hats with feathers on them, and they carried a wand or banner of some sort. Behind them came other men, dressed in white from head to foot, for the Chinese wear white instead of black for mourning. These men moaned and wailed and looked as if they were about to faint from grief. The relatives rode in chairs or carts, and they too were all dressed in white.

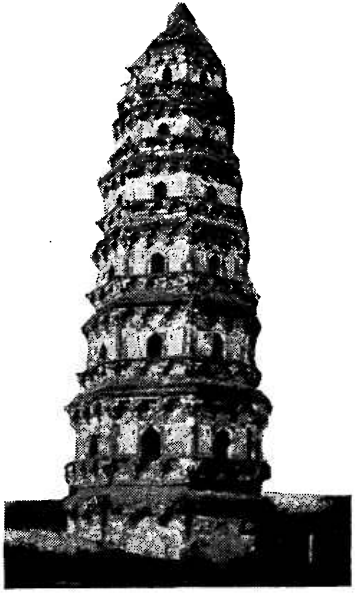
Among the most interesting things in a procession of this kind are the articles made from paper which are to be burned and thus turned into spirit horses, carts, servants, chairs, etc., for the use of the dead person. "Spirit money," made out of paper and burned at the grave, is to be used by the dead in the spirit world to which his friends think he has gone. Of course, all this is very expensive; but the Chinese think it is one of the best ways of showing their love and respect for their relatives, especially their parents.

IVAH: That doesn't sound like a funeral, does it? It is more like a parade of some kind.

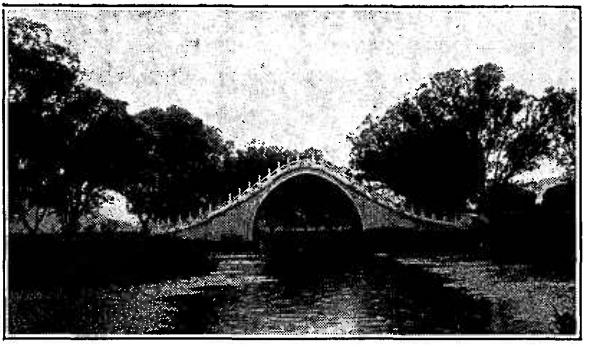
BILL: The Chinese certainly believe in fortifying their city gates, don't they, Miss Moore? Why, the gate in the main wall looks strong enough, but they have an inner wall also, with another gate.

DR. PAIGE: Did you notice, Bill, that the gates were not opposite

A RAINCOAT THAT KEEPS OUT THE RAIN

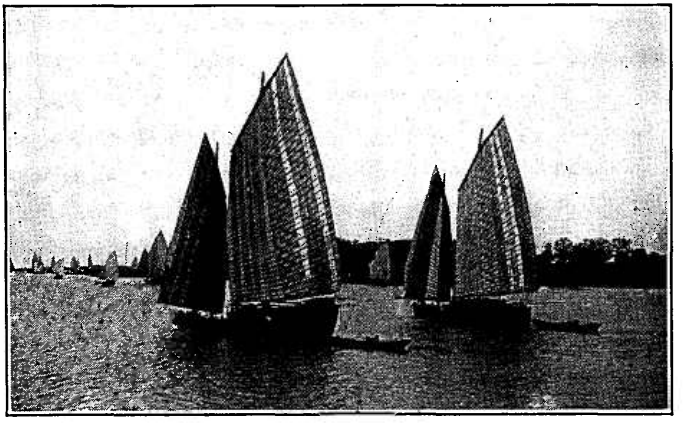


A PAGODA AT SOOCHOW



A BRIDGE IN CHINA

A BAMBOO HOUSE AND A MULBERRY TREE



JUNKS

each other? This is intended to make it harder for the enemy to enter the city.

BILL: Yes, I noticed that, but hadn't stopped to think why it was that way. With the watchman there all the time and the watch towers every little way in the city wall, it must be pretty hard work for any one who is not wanted to get in.

DR. PAIGE: Then the moat, or canal, outside the wall makes it still harder.

MISS MOORE [*rising and looking at her watch*]: Dear me, how the time has gone! I didn't realize I had been here so long, for I have so enjoyed hearing about your visit to the city.

IVAH: O, before you go, Miss Moore, won't you please tell us a little about the house boat we saw on the canal? I never saw so many boats before in my life.

MISS MOORE: Yes, Ivah, there certainly are a lot of them, and I feel so sorry for the hundreds of people, especially the children, who have to live on these tiny tucked-up boats. Sometimes I have seen a duck or a chicken tied to a boat by its leg so it couldn't get away.

IVAH: I saw a cat tied up to-day, and it was the dirtiest, most miserable cat I think I ever saw. It must be hard to keep pets happy on such a tiny boat.

MRS. PAIGE: I imagine it must be hard for the family in the boat to keep happy, to say nothing of the pets.

MISS MOORE [*rising*]: Yes, Mrs. Paige, that is very true. About the poorest people in China live on these boats. I really must go now. How would you children like to take a trip with me some day? There is a happy side to the boat life I would like you to see.

CHILDREN: Thank you, we would love to. [*They say good-by to Miss Moore and go with her to the door.*]

From "Friendship Center in China," by Stooker-Hill. Missionary Education Movement, publishers.

THE GIRLS' SCHOOL

SCENE I: Reception room of the school. (This scene is adapted from "Chinese Lanterns," Chapters IV and V.)

CHARACTERS: Miss Mason, a teacher; Mei Chu; Pao Chu; Mr. Chang, Mei Chu's father; Mr. Brown, a missionary.

Mr. Brown is introducing Miss Mason to Mr. Chang and his daughter.

MR. BROWN [*to Miss Mason*]: Mei Chu's brother has just come

to enter the boys' school, and the Honorable Father of the children says that his daughter is as ambitious as her brother.

MISS MASON: Another girl! Our school is already so crowded! We would like to keep her, Mr. Brown, but I will have to see what arrangements can be made before I make a decision. Would you like to leave her with us and let her be our guest to-night, Mr. Chang?

[*Mr. Chang thanks Miss Mason very politely and leaves. Mr. Brown leaves also.*]

MISS MASON [*to Mei Chu*]: You may sit here by the window, Mei Chu; I will come back in a few moments. [*Mei Chu seats herself, looking out of the window at some girls playing a game.*]

Enter Pao Chu.

PAO CHU: May I come and stay with you? Miss Mason asked me to come in. I am glad you are coming to our school, and I hope you will like it. My name is Pao Chu [Precious Pearl].

MEI CHU: My name is Mei Chu [Beautiful Pearl], and I know I shall like the school if only there is room for me. After coming and seeing the school and thinking of all the things I'd learn, I'd just die if I had to go back.

PAO CHU: If Miss Mason can possibly squeeze you in, she will, for it makes her very sad to turn a girl away. I, too, hope you can stay.

MEI CHU: Thank you. What is it those girls are doing out there? Is that part of your studies?

PAO CHU [*looking out the window*]: O, that is not a study or work; that is a game called tennis. Miss Mason says it is played a great deal in her country, and we all like it very much. Isn't it fine that your feet aren't bound, for you will be able to play with us.

Enter Miss Mason.

MISS MASON: I am glad you girls are getting acquainted. I think I have found room for Mei Chu, by squeezing in an extra bed; and since it is almost supper time now, Pao Chu, you may take Mei Chu to the dormitory so that you will both be ready when the gong sounds.

The following scene shows how a section of "Chinese Lanterns" might be adapted and played.

SCENE TWO: The school room.

CHARACTERS: Miss Mason; Mei Chu, Pao Chu; several other girl students.

Some of the girls are seated, others are coming in. Miss Mason is at the desk. Mei Chu and Pao Chu enter together, Mei Chu a little timidly.

MEI CHU: I hope I can sit by you, for then you can tell me what to do when I don't understand. I have never been to school before and have never had any teacher but mother.

PAO CHU: O, you won't be afraid of Miss Mason. She is a lovely teacher, and she tells us such interesting things. This is a class in geography.

MISS MASON: We will have a review to-day. Each of you may tell me some important fact that you have learned about China. [*All the girls except Mei Chu raise their hands.*]

FIRST GIRL: China and its four outlying territories extend over one-fourth of Asia.

SECOND GIRL: Four hundred million people, nearly a fifth of the people of all the world, live in China.

THIRD GIRL: The highest mountains are in the west and southwest. Far to the west, in the mountains of Tibet, rise the two great rivers of China: The Yangtze—China's Joy—and the Hwangho—China's Sorrow.

More information may be given—see pages 58, 59, 60 of "Chinese Lanterns."

MISS MASON: The time is up now, girls, and class is dismissed. [*Girls go out, talking and laughing, Pao Chu and Mei Chu last.*]

PAO CHU: Now, don't you like our school?

MEI CHU: I think it is perfectly wonderful to learn about our magnificent country. Just suppose there hadn't been room in the school for me!

PAO CHU: After supper to-night we will have a service in the chapel, and I'd like to have you go with me.

MEI CHU: Thank you, I'd like to very much. [*Exit girls.*]

The following service is taken from "Chinese Lanterns," pages 51-54.

SCENE THREE: In the Chapel.

CHARACTERS: A Chinese teacher; Mei Chu; Pao Chu; Chinese girls; Ivah, who may act as pianist, if desired.

The girls sing the hymn, "How Strong and Sweet My Father's Care." Then the Scripture is read by the Chinese teacher—Psalms 135: 15-18; 145: 8-10, 13-19.

TEACHER: Some of us were in the streets to-day and saw the idol procession, and our hearts were made sad. We saw poor women, who did not have enough money to buy good food for their children's

supper, give their little savings to pay for having the idols carried into their poor little homes to drive the evil spirits away. Just as if these pieces of wood, with their homely faces, could keep away trouble and sickness. We wish so much that these mothers might know the great Spirit of Spirits, the Lord, about whom we have just been hearing: the God who lives and who gives life; who does good and who helps us to do good; who loves us as a good father loves his children. We cannot see him, but we know he is near us, and so we need never have any fear in our hearts of evil spirits or of anything else, except the fear of doing wrong.

PRAYER: Blessed be Thy name, O Lord, for thou livest among us and even now thou art here in thy house with thy children. We ask thee that in this house thy holy name may be worshiped in spirit and truth and that by thy word, both read and taught, thy children may know what things they should do and may also have the strength to perform the same. Amen.

HYMN: "The King of Love My Shepherd Is."

From "Friendship Center in China," by Stooker-Hill. Missionary Education Movement, publishers.

CHRISTMAS IS CHRISTMAS

"Make me merry both more and less,
For now is the time of Christymas!"
—*From a Ballad Manuscript of about 1540.*

CHARACTERS: Mrs. Lewis, Mother; Mr. Lewis, Father; Dorothy (aged about sixteen), Jack (aged about thirteen), Peggy (aged about eleven); Children; Peter (as young as possible, but he must be old enough to learn his part well. A boy who is small for his age but bright would be a good one. Peter as written up in this play ought not to look older than six); Lao Wong, the Chinese Cook; Mr. Song, the Chinese Pastor; Mrs. Li, an old Chinese Lady; Guests (fifteen or twenty Chinese children and grown people).

A beautiful addition to the play would be to have a group of children dressed in long white robes, with crowns on their heads and little wands in their hands, who could march in before the curtain rises and take their positions in front of the platform and join in the Christmas carols that are brought into this play.

SCENES: Every scene in this play is acted in the same room, the Lewis's living room. The room should be very simply but tastefully

furnished with one or two pictures on the walls, among them the picture of the Sistine Madonna by Raphael. There should be an Oriental note in it, for we must remember that they are missionaries, and the ornaments they get are the ones bought in China. The curtains could be made of cotton crape, found in Japanese stores, but this is not altogether necessary. As the Chinese costumes are bright colors, blues and reds and a plain color background would be a good setting. An Oriental screen and one or two good Chinese vases would look well. There need to be several chairs (one roomy armchair for the mother to use in front of the fire during the last scene when the children are grouped around her). A table (with a lamp on it) large enough for six people to sit around comfortably. A round table is better.

FIRST SCENE—In daylight with no lamp lighted on the stage. Peggy and Jack seated at a table with school books in front of them. Mrs. Lewis darning stockings. Peter at her feet, cutting out pictures, and Dorothy knitting a sweater near a window.

SECOND SCENE—A lighted lamp on the center of the table, around which the family (except Mr. Lewis) are gathered. One or two lights in the room.

COSTUMES[1]: The Chinese costumes can be obtained from some of the Mission Boards, or loaned by friends. They can be easily made if one or two are borrowed as copies. The children and Mrs. Lewis are dressed as they would be in this country. Their frocks should be becoming but simple. And an eye should be had to the background of the room so that they will harmonize with that.

SCENE ONE

MRS. LEWIS: Christmas is Christmas, Dorothy, wherever it is spent. It doesn't depend on the country we live in; it's the spirit we bring to it that makes it pleasant or a failure.

DOROTHY [*plaintively*]: But Christmas at home is so wonderful, with the tree and Santa Claus and the shops and all our relatives giving us presents. What is there to buy in the heart of a Chinese city? Nothing, simply nothing, particularly when you have no money with which to buy anything.

PEGGY [*taking up the cry*]: I just hate being brought up in a city that's next door to the jumping-off place; when you can never go into the street without a grown person tagging along, and you can't leave your doll in the garden for fear some one steals it. I am tired

[1]See Chinese costume suggestions on page 221. Few Boards have costumes available.

to death of eating boiled chicken, fried chicken, roast chicken every day in the year, with at Christmas time a goose if you are lucky.

MRS. LEWIS: O, dear, dear, you poor things! But just look out in the garden and what do you see?

PETER [*solemnly*]: Lao Wong, and he's sneezing his head off.

MRS. LEWIS [*laughing*]: I didn't mean for you to look at him. I meant for you to look at the chrysanthemums and the little Christmas roses. If you were in America, would you find roses in your garden at Christmas? And think of the plum blossoms and iris in the spring. And the house is nice, isn't it?

PEGGY [*looking around*]: Yes, it's just a home, and the very nicest home in the wide, wide world. You're nice, too, mother, and I guess we wouldn't see as much of you if we lived in America. [*Peggy hugs her mother.*]

JACK: There's something to be said for Lao Wong's cooking, too; and the bamboo sprouts and the Spanish chestnuts mashed like potatoes.

DOROTHY: Pooh, the way to a man's heart is always through his stomach. Mother is taking a moral tone like the motto I saw at the dentist's once. It read: "Keep right on smiling." I am tired to death of looking on the bright side of things, when there isn't any bright side, and Christmas presents don't come from America until a month after we have forgotten there was such a day. Let's forget all about it!

MOTHER: Then you want to do without the Christmas vacation, the plum pudding, and the roast goose?

JACK, PEGGY, and PETER [*in chorus*]: No, no, no! We want Christmas!

MRS. LEWIS: Then suppose we start the spirit of Christmas right here in this room. Dorothy, you might come up in the attic with me, and we will see what we can find stowed away in trunks. Peter, you can come, too. Peggy and Jack, go on with your lessons. Jack had better learn to bound China. If Peggy learns to spell her words without a mistake, we will have another celebration.

Exit Mrs. Lewis, Dorothy, and Peter.

PEGGY: C-E-L-E-B-R-A-T-I-O-N—Celebration. That's the first word in my lesson and mother just said it. What does it mean?

JACK: Look it up in the dictionary, Peg. You will remember better than if I told you.

PEGGY: Don't believe you know yourself, for all your airs. How long is it until Christmas, anyhow?

JACK: It's only a month, and we will have to hustle to get ready. I've five dollars saved up, and I expect to get something swanky for father and mother on the street; the rest of you will have to be satisfied with what I can make. By Jove, I forgot! I've spent four of those dollars already. Two for a stamp album; two and a half for the *Youth's Companion*, and fifty cents for an Eversharp and twenty-five cents for a sling. I guess there isn't much of that five dollars left.

PEGGY [*scornfully*]: I guess there isn't. What you have told me already amounts to just five dollars and twenty-five cents.

JACK [*with a meek groan*]: Then I'm a bankrupt! But, Peg, you're a wizard at figures, aren't you? Top of your class, eh?

PEGGY: Be quiet, Jack. You know I hate arithmetic, and I'm the only one in my class. Besides, I want to study my spelling.

JACK [*whispering*]: Hush, here they come! [*louder*]: China is bounded on the north by the Gobi Desert and Manchuria; on the east by the Pacific. My stars! Peter, where did you get that hat?

PETER [*prancing in with a high hat on that almost rests on his shoulders*]: It's dad's wedding hat! I'm to be the mad hatter in the play at school, and mother says I'm to wear it.

JACK: My word, Dorothy, what can you do with all that junk?

DORTHY [*in an old-fashioned silk skirt of her mother's and with her arms full of remnants*]: That's just your limited masculine imagination. This skirt has possibilities for bags, and these squares will make needle books and pincushions, and I can cover coat hangers with this Japanese silk. I mean to make a water color of the old city gate for dad. As for mother, mum's the word!

JACK: I shall make things with my new tools. I can carve a pen tray and a footstool and lots of things.

PETER: I can make bookmarks, can't I, mother?

PEGGY: What's the use of making all these things if we have no Christmas tree to hang them on?

PETER: If you want to be a damper, Peg, you'd better go and talk to the kitchen range!

MRS. LEWIS: If you children make the decorations and candy, somewhere, somehow we shall get a Christmas tree.

DOROTHY: Well, mother, you are clever, but who ever heard of a Christmas tree in the heart of China?

MRS. LEWIS: We will have one this year, then, if I have to make

it myself. Moreover, I suggest that we invite some of our dearest Chinese friends to see it. What do you think of it?

JACK: It's a bully idea, mother. What are you scribbling, Dot?

DOROTHY [*solemnly chewing her pencil*]: Genius burns—wait a minute. [*Writes a few words more and then reads:*]

Who sympathizes with my mood,
Who darns our socks and plans our food,
Who often chides us when we're rude?
Our Mother.
Who never grumbles at the rain,
And when ink blots removes the stain,
Who gives us soda for a pain?
Our Mother.
Who thinks up games for us to play,
Who always finds the cheerful way,
Who'll make a real tree Christmas Day?
Our Mother.

JACK: Hurrah for mother! Let's bound her! [*Children all hug her.*]

JACK [*solemnly*]: Mother, you are bounded on the north by your eldest daughter; on the east by Peter, your rising son; on the south byPe ggy; and on the west by me, who am your setting son. [*Gravely takes a seat.*]

Curtain Falls.

Voice sings behind the stage, while the scene is changing, "Good King Wenceslas." (The music and the words of this carol may be obtained at Schirmer's, in their third set of Christmas Carols, edited by F. Flaxington Harker.)[1]

SCENE TWO: THE CEREMONY OF THE PLUM PUDDING

Dorothy, Jack, Peggy, and Peter, sitting around a table on which is placed a lamp. There are places for two more at the table. Children busily working. Dorothy and Peter filling bags of candy for the Christmas tree. Jack hammering on a piece of wood and Peggy sewing a handkerchief. Peggy and Jack have their chairs drawn so that the light falls over their shoulders, while the other two have their chairs drawn in, facing the lamp.

DOROTHY: The committee for the proper celebration of Christmas being duly assembled, I call the meeting to order.

PEGGY: How can you call the fun we are having a meeting and talk about order? Who likes order? I'm sure I don't! I am so

[1]If this carol is not available, substitution can be made of "The First Noel" (Hymnal for American Youth).

thrilled about everything. I just found dad whispering to mother in the kitchen pantry, and she said, "Sh-s-sh! I hear some one coming."

DOROTHY: It is jolly around the house, isn't it? I find secrets in every drawer. Even Lao Wong whisks things out of the way when I go into the kitchen. Last night I dreamed the wind came down the chimney and blew out my candle, then ran away laughing. "Hush, be quiet!" he called to me, "I'm the spirit of Christmas, and Christmas is coming!" Look out, Peter; if you put so much candy in your mouth, there won't be enough to go around.

JACK [*hammering away*]: Dorothy's getting poetical again. Let's call her Mrs. Tennyson. She always chatters, chatters as she goes anyway. Where are mother and Lao Wong?

Mrs. Lewis enters.

MRS LEWIS: Run and call your father, Dorothy. Lao Wong is almost ready. Leave a place for your father, children, and turn your chairs in to the table. [*Dorothy runs out.*]

Mr. Lewis and Dorothy enter arm in arm. He places her with great ceremony as he seats himself.

MR. LEWIS: Dorothy says it's time for the sacred rites of the plum pudding. I was writing my Christmas sermon. The pudding may have rites, but I don't seem to have any.

A knock comes on the door, and Peter runs and opens it. Peter returns, followed by Lao Wong, who is holding a bowl aloft in his two hands. A large wooden spoon is in the bowl. The bowl contains the ingredients of a plum pudding. The children and parents say in unison:

Father takes a stir first,
  Mother follows soon,
Each in turn the children,
  With a wooden spoon.
If we mix them smiling,
  Plums and fruit and spice,
Christmas Day and pudding
  Will be everything that's nice.

Lao Wong passes the bowl.

DOROTHY: Father comes first, of course, because his hard-earned salary paid for the ingredients; then mother as head of the household, and I [*with great emphasis*] next as eldest daughter. Isn't it wonderful to think that that strange-looking mess will one day be a delectable dainty like a plum pudding?

PEGGY: I think it's just lovely that the whole family has had a finger in the making of it.

JACK [*as Peter puts his hand in and pulls out a plum and puts it in his mouth*]: So does Peter. He has put his whole fist in.

PETER [*with a beatific smile*]: That's going to be the very bestest plum pudding I ever ate.

LAO WONG: [*with a grin*]: Velly good pudding, Lao Wong can do. [*Exit Lao Wong.*]

MR. LEWIS: Let's shake hands all around! [*Each person takes the hand of the one sitting next and shakes it heartily, while they say in unison:*]

> Here we shake, here we shake, here we shake the six;
> So we shake, so we shake, while we the pudding mix.

DOROTHY [*returning to her work*]: Well, we must get busy again. Mother, can't we do something for the famine refugee family in the vacant lot opposite? I should like to give them a Christmas dinner they would not forget.

MRS. LEWIS: Well, dear, there isn't much to give unless you are ready to give up something every day until Christmas. You see your father and I have already given away every penny we could scrape together for the famine.

DOROTHY: I'll give up sugar, and let's have chicken only every other day for the next few days. What do you say, children?

JACK: So say we all of us, so say we all of us, and say we all of us, so say we all.

MRS. LEWIS: All right, children.

DOROTHY [*holding up a bag for inspection*]: Are these little bags all right for the Chinese children? I don't want them to be too small, but my supply of cloth is limited. Wasn't it fun on the street today? It was too wonderful that the Marshals gave us the ten dollars to spend. Life has looked entirely different ever since. We can use the little Japanese things we bought to decorate the tree and give to the Chinese guests. Going Christmas shopping just topped off everything.

MRS. LEWIS: But did you notice that there was not a sign of Christmas anywhere? At home you almost see Christmas written on people's faces.

PETER: When I'm a big boy I'm going through the streets, and I'm going to call very loud, "Come, all you children, and hear about

Christmas!" I'm sorry for little children that don't know about Christmas. Aren't you, mother?

MRS. LEWIS: Indeed I am, honey!

PEGGY: I guess that's why we're here.

DOROTHY: Well, I am glad, anyhow, that they have the pretty things in the shops; but it didn't do us much good until we had some money to buy with.

PEGGY [*with rapture*]: Wasn't it lovely we could buy the dragon—

[*Dorothy suppresses her by putting her hand over Peggy's mouth, with a "Hush! "Hush!"*]

PEGGY: What are you smiling at, daddy?

MR. LEWIS [*who is reading a book*]: Nothing.

PEGGY [*with a deep sigh*]: O dear, it's all lovely and nice, but we have made presents for a Christmas tree, and asked guests to see a Christmas tree, and [*her voice is almost a wail*]—there isn't any Christmas tree!

A knock is heard.

MR. LEWIS: Was that a knock? Run to the door, Peggy, and see who it is!

PEGGY: Oh! Ah! Oh! Quick, all you people, come here! There's a Christmas tree outside, and here's a note for you, daddy!

MR. LEWIS [*opening the note and reading*]: "To your high excellency and your most honorable and distinguished family, we, the humblest of your class who possess the poorest and shallowest talents, presume to present this contemptible Christmas tree taken from our university nursery on Purple Mountain. May you have the support and enjoyment of Heavenly Peace. Prostrate, we wish you golden enjoyment. Signed by the Junior Class of the University."

[*Peggy jumps up and down, and Jack turns a somersault.*]

PEGGY: Let's sing something quick, or I'll burst!

DOROTHY: Let's sing a Christmas carol. Come on, father, come on, Mumsey, hands all around.

They sing "Glad Christmas Carol of Christmas Day." From Schirmer's "Old Christmas Carols," edited by S. Archer Gibson. Second set. (The carol, "It Came upon the Midnight Clear," can be substituted if necessary.)

Scene Three: Christmas Eve

Stage dimly lighted except for the Christmas tree that stands on one side, with room enough around it for people to pass in marching round it. The tree is lighted by electric lights or candles. If real candles are the only ones obtainable, care should be used to have water on the stage in case of fire. It would be pretty to have as one of the pictures on the wall Hoffman's Christ or the Madonna de San Sisto, and to have a light burning below that throws a light on the Christ's face. This room is the same living room of the Lewis house in which the other scenes have been acted. When the curtain goes up, distant voices are heard singing, "We Three Kings of Orient Are." The singers draw nearer, and then enter two by two, the two smallest leading, and the others following according to size. The procession consists of the Lewis family, with fifteen or twenty Chinese guests. Among them are a tall, dignified Chinese pastor and an old, bent Chinese woman, Mrs. Li. They march around the tree and then seat themselves according to age, the oldest guests in the best places, with the children grouped on the floor at their elders' feet.

Procession enters singing, "We Three Kings of Orient Are." As the children catch sight of the tree they say, "Ah!" But we must remember that they will be far more dignified than American children and will take things more quietly.

Mr. Lewis [*when the singing ceases, with a deep bow and shaking his hands toward Mrs. Li*]: Mrs. Li, will you take this seat?

Mrs. Li: You are far too polite. I am not worthy of such an honorable seat.

Mr. Lewis: You are doing us far too much honor to come at all. It will be a great condescension if you take that seat.

Mrs. Li is seated, and Mrs. Lewis sits next her at her earnest request.

Mrs. Li: I will take this seat if Mrs. Lewis sits next me to explain things.

Mr. Lewis [*when the guests are seated makes a deep bow to the Chinese pastor and to the ladies, shaking his own hand*]: Merry Christmas to you all!

Guests: Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!

Mr. Lewis: Pastor Song, I think it would be appropriate to begin our festivities to-night by your reading to us the account of the first Christmas Eve.

Pastor Song rises, makes a deep bow to the audience, and, opening the Bible, reads Luke 2: 8-15. When he reaches the words after the fourteenth verse he pauses, and the guests and children sing, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing."

PASTOR SONG: The song of those angels was the most glorious ever heard on earth. There are many beautiful legends that have grown up around Christmas, and to-night I would like to tell you one I heard the other day which seemed to me very lovely. Long ago there was a poor woodcutter who with his family lived in a deep forest. They had very little to eat, and when Christmas Day came their larder was almost empty. Their Christmas dinner would have to consist of a little milk for each child, some coarse black bread, and honey. On the night before Christmas the woodcutter went out into the wood to cut down a tree, and in the heart of the forest he found a tiny child scantily clad, crying bitterly. "Where do you live, little one?" he asked; but the child only shook his head and did not speak. "I cannot leave you here," said the kindly man, although his heart sank at the thought of the empty cupboard at home. So he lifted the child in his arms and carried him to his own cottage. When he reached home the children gathered eagerly around the little stranger; and although they had the thinnest of clothes they each offered some garment to their poor guest, and at the evening meal they vied with each other in giving him of their scanty share. Then suddenly the appearance of the stranger began to grow more beautiful before their eyes. His garments became dazzlingly white; his curls looked like a halo of gold around his head, and children and parents exclaimed, "It is the blessed Christ Child himself." Then the little figure grew taller, and two white wings, soft as pigeon wings, suddenly appeared, and he held out his hands in blessing over the children and vanished. The next day in the forest the woodcutter found some beautiful white flowers on the spot where he had met the Christ Child, and he called the blossoms chrysanthemums. And ever after that, at Christmas time, the woodcutter's family saved a portion of their food and gave it to some destitute child in memory of the night when the Christ Child supped with them.[1]

When Pastor Song finishes, the Lewis family and their friends join in singing "Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne," No. 91, "Hymnal for American Youth.")

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[1]This Christmas legend was written by Florence Scannell for *St. Nicholas* and is used by permission of the Century Compauy.

MR. LEWIS: Pastor Song has told us very beautifully this Christmas story. At this happy season there is one thing we ought to remember, and that is that Christmas time belongs to China almost more than to America, because Jesus first came to an Oriental country. It was paths like these paths of China that he walked through, and he watched men thresh the grain on threshing floors like these we see any autumn day in walking through the country fields; so let us never forget that on that starlit night, twenty hundred years ago, it was over an Oriental stable that the wonderful star stood still, and it was to an Oriental family that the little baby came who was to be the light of the whole world.

DOROTHY: O, can't we all sing, "The Light of the World Is Jesus"?[2]

PETER: Let's stop talking now, and have the presents. [*Knock at the door and in prances Santa Claus.*]

SANTA CLAUS [*going to the tree*]: All those who have been good girls and boys this year hold up your hands.

Every boy's and girl's hand goes up except Peter's.

SANTA CLAUS: What's the matter, Peter? Haven't you been good?

PETER: I guess I've been good sometimes, but I can be pretty naughty. Mother says so.

SANTA CLAUS: Never mind; you shall get something for trying. But Mrs. Li must have hers first because she's our honorable guest. [*Hands present to Mrs. Li with a deep bow, holding the present in both hands. Mrs. Li receives it in both hands with a deep bow. Then, turning, she makes a bow to Mrs. Lewis.*]

MRS. LI: O, Mrs. Lewis, I cannot thank you, but I feel it here (*pointing to her heart*]. I never understood, when you talked to me, that your kind Jesus whom you spoke about so much came from an Eastern land and was not a strange foreigner. If I had only known this, I would have been a Christian long ago.

Curtain Falls.

SCENE FOUR: THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Peter on his mother's lap in front of the fire in night clothes and kimono. Fireplace can be made by having two or three of the footlights covered with red paper and a fender and andirons placed so that a fireplace is represented. In this way Peter and his mother face the audience. The room is dim except for the light of the fire.

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[2]Suggested substitute, "Light of the World We Hail Thee" (No. 9, in the "Hymnal for American Youth").

PETER: Mother.

MRS. LEWIS: Hush! they are singing.

Voices outside singing:[1]

PETER: That sounds sort-er as if real angels were singing, don't you think so, mother?

MRS. LEWIS: Yes, sonny, it does.

PETER: I guess they'll all be back soon. I thought I heard Peggy's voice. I wish they'd hurry. It's time for the children's hour, and you promised we could have a game of Still Pond, 'cause it's Christmas night.

Door opens, and in troop the other children with hats and coats on.

MOTHER: Hurry up, children! Peter's pleading for the evening game and story, and the Sandman is almost here.

PEGGY [*runs up to her mother*]: Oh, mother, we have had the most wonderful Christmas!

DOROTHY: Hurry up, Peggy; take off your things. We'll be ready in a jiffy.

When the children come in they group around their mother; Dorothy and Peggy on the arms of her chair, Jack hanging over the back.

JACK: How'd you like our singing, mother? We sang all around the city—at the university and the schools and the hospital, and, last of all, for Li Sao Tze (Mrs. Li), because she liked it so last night.

MRS. LEWIS: I am glad you went to Mrs. Li's. I've tried for three whole years to make her understand, and she has made it so hard for her children and grandchildren, and now she knows at last!

DOROTHY: It was such fun at the refugee hut, too. The children ran and hid when they saw us coming, but when they caught sight of the steaming hot bowls of rice they caught hold of our dresses and made such pitiful noises in their throats.

PEGGY: Let us each tell the nicest thing that has happened this Christmas. Dorothy first, because she is the oldest, and mother last, because she's best.

DOROTHY: I've had so many thrills it's hard to choose. But one of the times I love best is this children's hour, when we have sat around the fire each night and mother has told us our favorite legend.

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[1]The carol, "O'er the Cradle of a King," may be used. Published by Schirmer, in "Old Christmas Carols," Second Set. Edited by S. Archer Gibson. If this set is not available, use "Sleep, My Little Jesus" (No. 82, "Hymnal for American Youth").

JACK: Well, the tiptop thing for me was when I put my hand in my stocking and pulled out this scout knife. My, but it's some knife! [*Puts his hand in his pocket, pulls out a knife, and holds it up for admiration.*]

PEGGY: I liked most when I opened the door and saw the Christmas tree. It made me believe in miracles.

PETER: I liked the plum pudding bestest of everything. It feels good even yet. [*Puts his hand on his little tummie with a sigh of satisfaction.*]

MRS. LEWIS: I've loved every minute of it. Of course the dragon bowls were the greatest surprise. I have to touch them even yet to be sure they're mine, but the time I nearly cried for joy was when Grandma Li told me she had at last understood the Christmas message.

PEGGY: Yes, it's been the most perfectest Christmas; even the goose was tender and kind, but [*with a stretch and a yawn*] I'm almost tired of rejoicing.

PETER: You promised we could have a game of Still Pond, and then it's my turn to choose a story, and I choose St. Christopher.

JACK: Where's dad? He promised to play.

DOROTHY: He'll be here soon. I'll be it. Tie the handkerchief on, Jack.

Jack ties on the handkerchief, and the children scatter to various parts of the room.

DOROTHY: One, two, three, four, five—I give you five steps. Who's coming in the door?

Mr. Lewis walks in, his arms full of bundles which he puts on the table.

MR. LEWIS [*in an excited voice as the children run forward*]: The mail's in, and the Christmas packages have come from America!

PETER [*throwing his arms around his mother*]: O mother, now this is a really, truly Christmas!

Curtain.

From *Everyland*, December, 1928. By Jean Carter Cochran, author of "The Bells of the Blue Pagoda," "Church Street," and "Foreign Magic," published by the Presbyterian Board of Education.

Photo by Ewing Galloway, New York

CHINESE BOYS PLAYING BASEBALL

Keystone View Co., Inc., New York

CHINESE BOY EATING RICE

DESCRIPTION OF AN INTERNATIONAL CHRISTMAS SERVICE IN A CHINESE SCHOOL

TWENTY-FOUR hours of praise services! Whoever *thought* of such a thing? An *international* twenty-four-hour service at that! Really, truly international, we mean! It took a geography class of Chinese girls to plan such a unique program. The teacher of that geography class, a Southern Methodist missionary, wrote home about it and added the following postscript: "I told the plan in detail, thinking that some of you might like to use the idea in a missionary program. I think I will work it out again at Easter, bringing out the idea of the universality of the risen Christ, as contrasted with his circumscribed sphere when he was on earth."

It was eight o'clock Christmas morning, before breakfast. "Supposing," a class of Chinese girls had said, "just supposing that Christians of every place would like us have an eight-o'clock service, then the sound of Christmas praise would belt the globe in twenty-four hours without a break." With that thought in mind they had taken the countries in turn from East to West, beginning with New Zealand, since that is just west of the International Date Line. They had constructed a clock face with movable hands to show just what time it would be when each began, and at this eight-o'clock hour in the school these girls presented their unique program.

An assistant turned the hands of the clock and pointed out the places on a large map. They showed something representative for as many countries as there was time for. For instance, a girl in a light summer dress told about the summertime celebration of New Zealand; a girl in Japanese kimono sang "Jesus Loves Me" in Japanese; a girl in an Indian sari told what the coming of Christ had meant to the women of India; for Persia there were the "Wise Men"

reading the Bible; for Palestine, the angels' message to the shepherds and "O Little Town of Bethlehem"; for Russia, the legend of St. Nicholas; for England, a missionary who was born in England told about her childhood memories of Christmas. When the hands of the clock had completed the circle and the Date Line had again been reached by way of Honolulu, the entire group sang "In Christ There Is No East Nor West." A teacher prayed a most wonderful prayer that the kingdoms of the world might be unified through their allegiance to Christ and that his kingdom might come in its fullest power in men's lives.

The following letter written by one of the pupils is interestingly descriptive both in content and form of expression:

LAURA HAYGOOD SCHOOL,
SOOCHOW, CHINA,
January 15, 1929.

My Dear Friend: I should like to tell you a little about Christmas at our school.

Christmas comes on 25th of December and commemorates the birth of Jesus. At this festival every Christian nation and school must have a celebration.

Our school, Laura Haygood, is a Christian school. There was many Christian celebration in Christmas time. When the Christmas came, we sang the Christmas songs every day, such as "Joy to the World," "Silent Night," "Angel Song," etc. And each class room was decorated very pretty.

In the night before Christmas, there was a party in our school. Each class had to have a comical stunt and an interesting game. After that the Santa Claus gave each of us a gift, which was allowed not more than twenty cents.

In the Christmas morning we had a devotional service in our chapel. Our school mate, Miss Tong, was the leader, and Miss Dao was the assistant. There was a sun made of yellow paper, and a clock-face with movable hands, and a large world-map, and a globe.

The leader held the globe to opposite the sun and told us the continuous devotional service. The assistant who pointed out the

map each place and turned the clock's hands referred to by the leader.

At first the leader turned the international line to opposite the sun, because the day comes from at this line. Close by the line there was a country, named New Zealand. One girl has dramatized a New Zealand lady, who dressed in summer dress, and take a pretty fan in her hand. It is because in New Zealand was very hot at Christmas time.

Second was the country of Japan. One girl has dramatized a Japanese kindergarten child, who wore the kimono and sash and sang "Jesus Loves Me" in Japanese.

Third was the country of India. One girl has dramatized an Indian woman, who wore the Indian costume, and told what Christianity had done for Indians.

Fourth was the country of Jew. One girl has dramatized a Jewish woman, who was wearing Jewish costume, and recited the story of the Jesus birth from Bible. After that the whole audience sang "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing."

Fifth was the country of Russia. One girl wore a fur coat and a cap, it is a Santa Claus. She told the history of legend Santa Claus. Santa Claus originated in Russia, whose name was Nicholas. He was born at 25th of December 400 A. D. He loved children very much, so at his birthday he must give the gift and food to the children.

Sixth was the country of Germany. We have heard a Christmas song in German from the Victrola.

Seventh was the country of England. Our teacher, Miss Hackney, told a story of her own childhood in England of Christmas custom.

After all this had done, then we sang "In Christ There Is No East Nor West," and then we prayed. We also sang "Joy to the World" when we went to dining room to eat Chow Mien. It is the Chinese custom to eat Mien on birthday. That means persons life will be as long as the Mien.

Yours truly, PAO YE DZU.

Postscript of English teacher: "As you see, this is uncorrected and unexpurgated. It does not lack internal evidences of authenticity. I think it will show you that the standard of our English has gone down before the rising tide of nationalism, but as the standard in Chinese seems to be rising, we don't mind."

VI

GAMES

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ORGANIZED GAMES

In most of the Christian schools in China and in many government and private schools the following organized games are played by boys and girls just as enthusiastically as in America: Baseball, football (soccer), basketball, captain ball, tennis, center ball, volley ball, and many others. Track meets are held in both boys' and girls' schools. They are inter-class and inter-school events, with "rooting" fans loyally encouraging the teams they represent.

SIMPLE GAMES

Simple forms of recreation among the children are similar to those in America—spinning tops, flying kites, jumping rope, playing of adapted games much like our "fox and geese," "cat and rat," "chasing the snake's tail" (a long line of players one behind the other with the head attempting to catch the tail), "drop the handkerchief," "tag games," and variations of "hide-and-seek."

CHINESE GAMES

Call the Chickens Home

One player is blindfolded, the rest of the players are chickens. The blind man says, "Tsoo, tsoo"—"Come and seek your mother." (Just as we say, "Chick, chick.") Then the chickens run up and try to touch him without being caught. The one caught becomes the blind man.

Forcing the City Gates

Captains are appointed to choose sides, which then form into two lines facing each other, those of each line taking

tight hold of hands. A player then runs out from one side and presses with all his force against the hands of the other line. If he breaks through, he takes back to his side the two whose hands he has separated. He has to join the other side if he does not succeed in breaking through. Then a boy from the other side runs out. This is kept up until one side is entirely broken up.

From *Junior Lessons*, April-May-June, 1929; Lamar and Whitmore, publishers.

Tiger Trap

One child is the tiger and one the kid. The others stand in two lines facing each other, with a wide space between the two lines. The kid stands at one end and bleats, "Ma-a-a, Ma-Ma." Then the tiger comes in at the other end. The children form a trap by taking hold of hands. They must keep hold of each other's hands and try to keep him in while the kid runs about outside, bleating as hard as he can. If the kid can run around the circle from five to ten times (depending on the size of the circle) before the tiger catches him, he can be the kid again and choose a new tiger—the old tiger going back to the circle. If the tiger escapes from the trap and catches the kid, the kid goes back to the circle, and the tiger becomes the kid and chooses a new tiger.

From "Books of Goodwill—Through the Gateway." National Council for Prevention of War.

Water Sprite

The Chinese children form in two lines facing each other. The wide space between is the river. One child is the Water Sprite who, standing in the middle of the stream, beckons to a child to cross the river. That child will then beckon to some one on the other side to change places with him. As they run across the river the Water Sprite tries

to catch one of them. The one who is caught must be the Water Sprite.

From "Books of Goodwill—Through the Gateway." National Council for Prevention of War.

A Form of Chinese Shuttlecock

A large coin—say, half a dollar—forms the body of the toy. It can be wrapped or tied tightly in cloth like a small sack with two or three feathers sewed to the top side, the bottom being a flat smooth surface. This game calls for much agility and can only be played by one who is "light on his feet." The player bends his left leg to the right, bringing the foot up even with his right knee. The shuttlecock is placed, feather up, on the inside of his heel just below the ankle. The foot is lowered slightly, keeping the toy balanced, then with a quick toss it is sent into the air. The player twists his body, so that the left knee is turned inward and the left foot is brought up in position to catch the shuttlecock on the outside of his heel just below the ankle, from which position it is immediately tossed into the air again to be caught on the other side of the foot. Chinese boys use first one foot and then the other, keeping the shuttlecock in the air for several minutes. They count to see how many times they can toss without letting the shuttlecock hit the ground.

"Dou Tung-Lou"

The players are seated in a circle with one in the center who is "It." The center player goes up to one in the circle and, spreading hands wide apart, says, "*Small* lantern." The one in the circle must respond immediately by placing hands close together and saying, "*Big* lantern." The point is to make the gesture for "small" when the "big" adjective is used. Also, the response must be opposite to

the challenge called out by "It," who may label the lantern *big* or *little* just as he chooses. The game can be made more interesting if the Chinese words are used; "tung-lou" meaning "lantern"; "Dou" or "Dah" meaning "big"; and "Sih-aw" meaning "small." Thus, "It" would call out "Dah tung-lou," with the gesture for its opposite, "little lantern"; and the one he faces replies, "Sih-aw tung-lou," making the gesture for its opposite, or *big* lantern. If any player fails to respond with the correct "opposites" in gesture and in words, he must take "It's" place. The game must move rapidly. Sometimes forfeits are taken as a form of variation in the fun.

CHINESE PROVERB GAMES

CHINA is noted for the excellence and the number of its proverbs. Many games are centered around the proverb idea. Two of the most popular are as follows:

1. One player is sent from the room. The others are seated in a circle. Some proverb is selected and, beginning at any point in the circle, is parceled out word by word in consecutive order around the circle. When all the words are used up, the first one is given again and so on until the proverb is repeated as many times as necessary to complete the circle. Each member is thus responsible for a word of the proverb. When the "outsider" returns he begins at any point of the circle and asks any question he may choose. The one asked must reply, using his word (from the proverb) in the answer. After the outsider has asked several questions on round the circle he is generally able to guess the proverb chosen.

2. Captains choose sides. Each side separately chooses a proverb. The captain parcels out the selected proverb word by word consecutively to his team, which is lined up

in a row. (The proverb—or part of it—may be repeated, if necessary, in order that each player may have a word.) After a team is prepared to "attack," the captain calls the other to attention. At a signal from the captain each of his players in line at one time shouts the word for which he is responsible. The result is a confusion of sounds, but the other team must guess the proverb from this unified shout. Three trials are permitted. Various penalties are possible. Sometimes a man is forfeited if a team fails to guess the proverb shouted by their opponents. Sometimes the attackers are permitted to choose another proverb.

RIDDLES

THE solving of riddles is very popular among all classes in China. At various times during the year, especially at the time of the Feast of Lanterns, it is a common sight to see a group of people, composed of literary and uneducated men alike, gathered around a doorway over which hangs a lantern upon which several riddles are written. Prizes, varying from several hundreds of cash down to some trifling gift of nuts, sweetmeats, etc., are offered for their correct solution; but the thousands of people who engage in the competition do so rather on account of the sport afforded than for the value of the prize offered. Riddles are also the favorite pastime at dinner parties. Some of these riddles follow:

It takes away the courage of a demon; its sound is like that of thunder; it frightens men so that they drop their chopsticks; when one turns one's head around to look at it, it is turned to smoke. What is it? (Answer: A firecracker.)

It was born in a mountain forest; it dies in an earthen

chamber; its soul was disbursed to the four winds; and its bones are laid out for sale. (Answer: Charcoal.)

What is the fire that has no smoke? and the water that has no fish? (Answer: Lightning; rain.)

What are the eyes of heaven? the bones of water? and the looking-glass of the sky? (Answer: Stars; ice; lake.)

What is it that has a gaping mouth and marches on like an invading army, devouring at every step? (Answer: Scissors.)

A little house all fallen in; yet it holds five guests. What is it? (Answer: Shoes.)

From "Young China," by Kerschner. Missionary Education Movement, publishers.

VII

RECIPES

HOME LIFE IN CHINA: DINING

If there is a dining room, it will probably contain tables, chairs, a case of large drawers, and a large cupboard—all of which are made of dark, hard wood, finely finished and highly polished. The tables are usually of dark, polished wood, four feet square, the legs square and slender, and with the open decorative work between them that is so characteristic of Chinese furniture. A seam, where the two halves of the table join, runs through the top of the table. In seating guests, etiquette requires that the seam should run at right angles to an imaginary line drawn between the host and guest. The first guest of honor sits directly opposite the host and facing the entrance door; the next in honor sits at the left of the host; while the third guest sits directly opposite the second guest. At first the guest declines the seat his host assigns him, and not until the third urging will he accept it. It is considered impolite in China to accept a place of honor at the first invitation. Usually there are only four persons at a table. If there are more guests, additional square tables are provided and placed in different parts of the room.[1]

As a general thing no table linen is used. Chopsticks and spoons are placed before each place. The food is brought to the tables in large bowls and plates. These are placed on the table in a circle around a central main dish. No plates or individual dishes are provided, except for the rice; each one helps himself to whatever he desires from the assembled dishes. Rice, dry and unsalted, is carried to the table in a wooden pail or wicker basket, from which it is served to the individual bowls. Tea is

[1] See page 25.

also served in tiny cups without handles. It is taken without sugar or milk. Tea is the national beverage and is drunk at all times and on all occasions as water is in America. The teacups and ricebowls are refilled constantly. When one finishes, he bids the rest to "Eat leisurely," which is equivalent to our mode of saying, "Excuse me."

The Chinese are rated among the best cooks in the world. They have practically all the fruits, nuts, and vegetables that we have, and some in addition. The most common vegetables are cabbage, turnips, beans, spinach, sweet potatoes. In southern and central China, the basic food is rice; in the north it is white bread. Vegetables are cut up and stewed in oil (usually bean oil), or with meat that has first been cut into small pieces.

Fowls, including ducks and geese, are abundantly bred and consumed. Comparatively little beef is eaten. The festival meat is pork. In addition, the seaboard, rivers, lakes, and streams supply a great variety of fish, and these are sold and eaten in great quantities. Fish is usually broiled and served whole; meats and fowls are stewed and served in small pieces. Soy-bean sauce is a favorite seasoning. Salt, cayenne, and vinegar are also used.

It should be understood that the people of China have never heard of chop suey, which is an American concoction. Foo yong dan (Chinese omelet), however, is typically Chinese and is made as follows: Boil sliced celery, pepper, and onion—and almonds if desired—in salt water until they are nearly tender. Stir these vegetables, after they have been drained, into eggs beaten light. For each egg used, add a tablespoonful of the juice in which the vegetables were cooked. Fry like pancakes in fat a quarter of an inch deep. Thicken the rest of the vegetable juice with a little cornstarch, and pour a suitable amount of

this gravy into the dishes in which the omelets are to be served.

The national festival dish is the dumpling. In the making of this, a mixture of chopped vegetables and fowl or meat is rolled in thin dough and steamed.

A simple menu might consist of tea, tangerines, rice, fish, cabbage (stewed in bean oil), chestnuts, and pork. A more elaborate menu might consist of oranges, water chestnuts, peanuts (fried in oil and served cold), watermelon seeds, rice, salted chicken cold, salted pork, clover leaf and bamboo, fish with rich gravy, shark's fin, and fermented bean-curd soup. In a Chinese meal, the fruits and sweetmeats come first, and if there is soup, it comes last.

For dinner, at which guests are to be present, the food is often provided by a caterer and brought to the home by coolies in steam-heated containers. Very frequently, for a dinner of this sort, performers are engaged, and occasionally there is a whole theater troupe.

In greeting a guest, the host or hostess takes two steps forward and bows. As they bow, the men clasp their own hands and move them up and down. The women take hold of the left sleeve with the right hand and move the arms up and down several times. The conversation begins with very personal questions, such as: "How old are you?" "How many sons do you have?" etc. To departing guests, the host or hostess says, "Go slowly." And all bow.

Tea is always served to guests, even to those who just drop in. It is always the last part of the ceremony before the end of a call. If there is a servant—and there usually is except in the homes of the poor—she brings in a tray, containing cups, saucers, and teapot, and places it on a table near the hostess. After the hostess pours the tea, the servant, grasping the saucer in both hands, passes it to

the guests. The guests receive it with both hands. They do not drink immediately, but hold the cups as they talk. Finally, after a slight bow, they all drink their tea together, finishing before speaking again.

From "Young China," by Kerschner. Missionary Education Movement, publishers.

GENERAL NOTES ON CHINESE COOKING

ALL ingredients, whether meat, vegetables, or fruits, are cut up in small pieces before cooking. Meat is never served in large "chunks."

Peanut oil, sesamun seed oil, and soy sauce are used instead of butter.

RICE

RICE is cooked with much water and should not be stirred. For one cup of rice add two or more cups of water. Cover and cook over hot fire until the water has evaporated. Set to one side of stove and leave from five to ten minutes. The grains should be whole, fluffy, and glutinous.

MEAT DUMPLINGS

ANY variety of meat is ground up with perhaps the addition of a little onion. Stiff dough is rolled thin and cut in circles. A ball of meat is rolled in each circle. These dumplings are boiled about five or ten minutes. They can be eaten plain or served with soy sauce.

CHOP SUEY

(Americanized Chinese Dish)

½ pound lean pork, veal, or beef tenderloin cut in pieces

2 cups celery cut same size as meat.

1 cup dry chipped onions.
1 can bean sprouts.
2 tablespoons soy sauce.

Heat lard or cooking oil in a skillet. When almost at boiling point put in meat with tablespoon of soy sauce and cook until done—stirring constantly.

Add celery, onions, and either soup stock or juice from the can of sprouts. Add tablespoon of sauce. Cover and cook until vegetables are done. Add sprouts and heat thoroughly. A "thickening" of flour and water can be added if needed.

Candied Apples

Small apples (like crab apples) are cored and dipped in a sugar sauce (sirup made of brown sugar and water cooked until brittle when tried in cold water). Use skewers to dip them out of the sirup by sticking the skewer through the center of the apple. The Chinese have 5 to 10 apples on each stick. They are among the most popular sweets sold on the streets.

Board of Missions, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Nashville, Tenn. Single copies, 10 cents; $1 per year.

National Geographic Magazine. Washington, D. C. Single copies, 50 cents. November, 1920: "Peking the City of the Unexpected," "The Eden of the Flowery Republic," "The World's Ancient Porcelain Center," "Shifting Scenes on the Stage of New China." February, 1926: "The Road to Wang Ye Fu," "Scenes in the Celestial Republic." April, 1927: "The Chinese: Farmers Since the Days of Noah." June, 1927:[1] "Ho for the Soochow Ho," "The Geography of China," "Life Afloat in China," "New China and the Printed Page," "Among the People of Cathay."

SUPPLEMENTARY MATERIALS

Pictures

Picture Roll. (Pictures can be mounted as separate posters.) Six colored pictures on "Life in China." Size 18 x 24 inches. $1.65 a set. Subjects: "Chinese River Boats," "Harvesting Millet in China," "At Play in a Chinese Courtyard," "On the Way to School," "At the City Gate," "A Chinese Street Scene."

Parable Pictures. Ten colored pictures interpreting the parables in Chinese life. Size 7 x 9 inches. (Published in Shanghai, China. Scripture account of parable in Chinese characters on reverse of each picture.) 50 cents a set.

Post Card Series, "Life in China." (Some scenes identical with Large Picture Roll.) Post card size. 30 cents.

Children of China Post Card Painting Book. This book contains six colored pictures of child life in China and three duplicates of each on black and white post cards. The children color the post cards to match the colored key and send them to sick or absent friends in the class. 60 cents.

Chinese Snapshot Series: A large sheet having twelve or fifteen page folders covered with pictures of Chinese life (in black and white—not colored) and also giving several lines of descriptive text for each picture. 25 cents.

China Picture Stories. A set containing a pamphlet of five or six short stories suitable for telling, accompanied by illustrative pictures 9 x 13 inches. (Especially good for Primaries.) 50 cents.

Playing Together Picture Stories. 50 cents.

[1]This number of the *National Geographic* is especially recommended.

Pictorial Geography. National Geographic (Division of School Service). China-Philippines. (A set of pictures.) Order from National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.

Cut-Outs

Chinese Home Cut-Out. A large sheet of heavy paper containing outlines of the various buildings making up a Chinese home, also patterns and directions for constructing other buildings and the layout of a mission station. 25 cents.

Wen Bao's Birthday Game. 40 cents.

Cut-Out of a Chinese Village. Lulu Maud Chance. 50 cents.

Cut-Out of Other Girls and Boys. Elise Reid Boylston. 35 cents.

Miscellaneous

Flag of China. Size 11 x 17 inches. Price, 25 cents.

Map of China. (Area of Southern Methodism marked and cities where the larger mission stations are located.) Size 19 x 26 inches. Price, 30 cents per copy or special rate of $1 for four copies.

Keleher Silk Culture Exhibit—glass case including eggs of silkworm moth, mature silkworm, crysalis, moths (male and female), cocoons, mulberry leaves, etc. $1.50. Goods sent postpaid. Cash or stamps may be sent to T. A. Keleher, Washington, D. C.

Miniature Silk Cocoon Exhibit. 25 cents.

Manual on Life History of Silkworm and Making of Silk. 25 cents.

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